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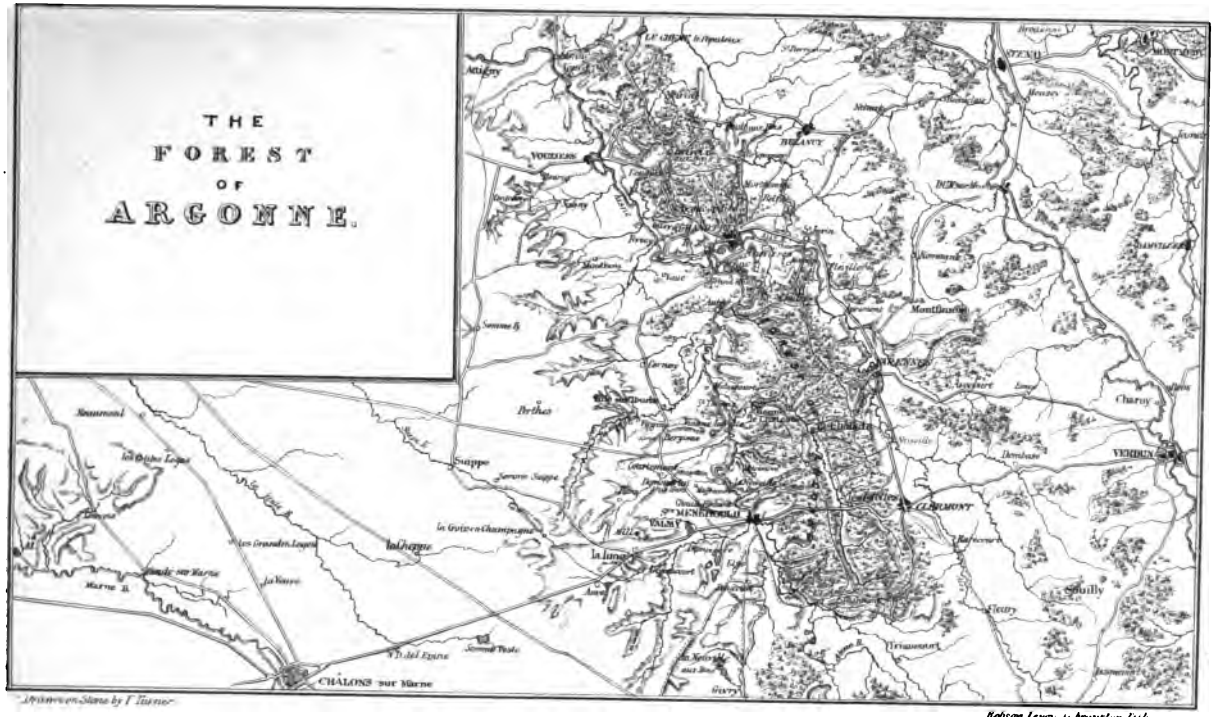

THE
FOREST
OF
ARGONNE.
CHALONS sur Marne
VERDUN
CLERMONT
VOUZIERS
Drawn on Stone by F Turner
Robson Lowe s Brooklyn Studio.

CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE

IN THE YEAR 1792.

Translated from the German of Goethe

BY

ROBERT FARIE,

BARRISTER AT LAW.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL.

MDCCCXLIX.

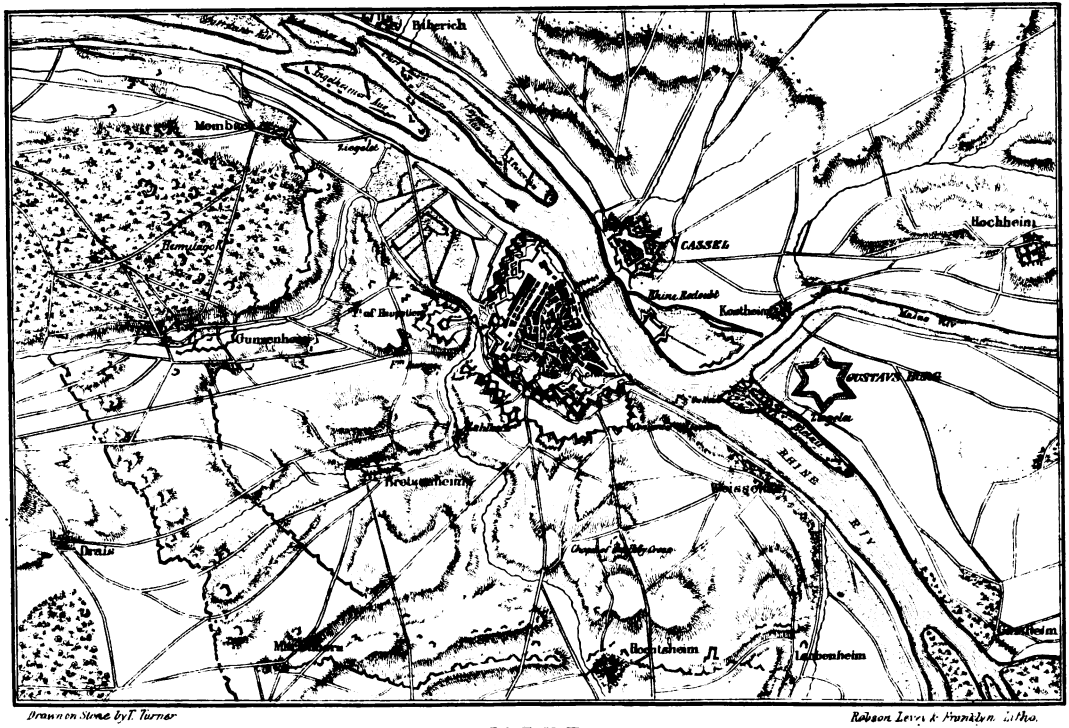
LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

As some of the readers of this little book may be ignorant of the personal history of Goethe, I think it right to mention that he was born on the 28th of August 1749, at Frankfort on the Maine, where several of his ancestors had filled the most important offices in the government of the town. Being intended for the profession of the law, he went through the regular course of study to fit himself for it; but pursued it with little vigour. He was early distinguished for his poetical genius and literary performances; and was introduced, when still a very young man, to the Duke of Weimar, who invited him to his court in the year 1775. Here he was soon made a Member of the Council, and afterwards filled various offices in the government of the state. On the invasion of France, in the year 1792, by the allied army, under the command of the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick, he accompanied his Prince, who held a command in

the army, into that country; and the following pages are the record of the observations and reflections which he made during the campaign. His writings are very voluminous, and they were principally composed during the time of his connexion with the Duke of Weimar, to whom he is never weary of expressing his gratitude for his generous friendship and unceasing regard. He died at Weimar, on the 22d of March, 1833.

For the translation of the verses at pages 239, 261, and 298, I am indebted to my friend, the Author of the *Annals of the Artists of Spain.*



Drawn on Stone by T. Turner

Robson Levy & Franklyn Lithro.

CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE.

23d August, 1792.

IMMEDIATELY after my arrival in Mentz, I visited Herr von Stein, Chamberlain and Chief Forest-Ranger to the King of Prussia, who filled in some sort the office of Resident Minister there, and was distinguished by his violent hatred of every thing revolutionary. He gave me a rapid sketch of the progress of the allied army up to that time, and furnished me with an abstract of the topographical atlas of Germany, arranged by Jäger at Frankfort, and entitled "Theatre of the War."

At dinner in his house I found several Frenchwomen, whom I had reason to observe with some attention: one of them (who was the mistress, it was said, of the Duke of Orleans), a stately woman, already of a certain age, with proud manners, and raven-black eyes, eye-

brows, and hair; her conversation on the whole being dignified and agreeable. Her daughter, who was a youthful picture of herself, did not speak a word. The livelier therefore, and more fascinating, appeared the Princess Monaco, the intimate friend of the Prince of Condé, and the ornament of Chantilly in better days. Nothing could be more charming than this slender, fair woman; young, sparkling, and humorous, no man whom she assailed could be proof against her. I surveyed her unmoved, and was surprised at thus meeting Philina again, whom I did not expect to find here, fluttering about so bright and gay. She did not appear so uneasy and excited as the rest of the party, who lived in an agitation of hopes and anxieties. The Allies had lately entered France. Would Longwy immediately surrender, or stand an assault? Would the French republican troops also unite with the Allies, and every body, as had been promised, declare for the good cause, and further its progress? All this, just at this moment, was suspended in doubt. Couriers were expected; the last had only announced the slow progress of the army, and the impediments arising from the bad state of the roads. The suppressed wish of these people became the more irksome to them, seeing that they could not conceal their desire of returning as

fast as possible to their own country, that they might take advantage of the assignats, the invention of their enemies, and thus be able to live more cheaply and comfortably than they did before.

Afterwards I passed two pleasant evenings with Sömmerings, Huber, Forsters, and other friends. Here I already felt myself in my native air again. Almost all of them being former acquaintances and fellow-students connected with Frankfort (Sömmerings' wife being a Frankfort person); the whole of them intimate with my mother, whose genial qualities they valued, repeating many of her most successful sayings, and asserting more than once my great resemblance to her in cheerfulness of manners and liveliness of conversation; what recollections and sympathies were excited in us by our unaffected, innate, and habitual confidence in each other! Some good-natured jokes about scientific and learned matters, which we could indulge in without restraint, put us in the best humour. About political matters we were silent, as we felt the necessity of mutual forbearance; for whilst they did not altogether repudiate republican opinions, I, on the other hand, was hastening undisguisedly to join an army which had taken the field to crush these opinions and destroy their influence.

Between Mentz and Bingen, I witnessed a scene which gave me immediately some new insight into the character of the time. Our light carriage soon made up to another with four horses, and covered with luggage. The hollow road we were in, being up-hill and full of ruts, compelled us to get out; and the postilions having done the same, we asked them who was in the carriage before us. The postilion of the other carriage began to curse and swear, and said that they were Frenchwomen, who expected to make their way with paper money, but that he intended to upset them as soon as a good opportunity presented itself. We reprimanded him for his abominable ill-humour, without having any effect upon him. As we went very slowly along, I walked up to the carriage-window, and spoke kindly to the lady; and her young pretty face, which was somewhat overclouded by the anxiety she suffered, brightened up a little.

She confided to me at once, that she was following her husband to Treves, and wished, as soon as possible, to get from thence into France. When I represented to her the imprudence of such a step, she confessed that, besides the hope of finding her husband once more, the *necessity of living again upon paper* had induced her to take it. Moreover, she shewed

such confidence in the allied forces of the Prussians, Austrians, and Emigrants, that, had time and place not been against it, it would have been difficult to prevent her following them.

In the midst of this conversation a singular occurrence took place: above the hollow way which we had entered, a wooden gutter had been placed, to carry the water to a mill, which stood at the other side of the road. One would have thought that the height of the framework must have been calculated to allow at least a hay-waggon to pass. However that may have been, the carriage was so excessively loaded on the top,—trunks and boxes heaped like a pyramid above one another,—that the gutter presented an insuperable obstacle to its further progress.

Now commenced in real earnest the cursing and swearing of the postilions, at the loss of time which they were obliged to suffer: however, we offered our services, and assisted in unpacking and repacking the carriage on the other side of the dripping barrier. The young, good, terrified woman was at a loss how to express her thanks to us; but her confidence in us at the same time increased by degrees. She wrote down the name of her husband, and earnestly requested us, as we should arrive

before her in Treves, to leave his direction in writing at the gate of the town. With every desire to comply with her request, we despaired of being able to do so, on account of the size of the place. She, however, did not give up hope.

When we arrived in Treves, we found it full of troops, vehicles of all kinds driving about, and nowhere a lodging to be found; the carriages stopped in the squares; the people were running about the streets; and the officers charged with the providing of quarters, besieged on all hands, knew not what to do. A confusion of this kind is like a lottery, in which those who are fortunate obtain the prizes; and such was the case with me, as I encountered Lieutenant von Fritsch of the Duke's regiment, who, after the kindest of greetings, conducted me to a Canon, in whose large house and extensive premises both myself and my compendious equipage were satisfactorily established, and abundant refreshment was immediately supplied to me.

The young military friend I have mentioned, whom I had known from his childhood, and who was besides a kind of *protégé* of mine, had been ordered to remain in Treves, and was commissioned to provide for the sick and stragglers, and to receive and forward the baggage-waggons, and such other things as were delayed

upon the road; his presence being also a great advantage to me, although he did not relish being left in the rear of the army, where, as a young and ambitious soldier, there was not much prospect of advancement for him.

My servant had scarcely unpacked such things as I stood most in need of, when he begged permission of me to go and take a walk about the town: he did not return till late at night; and next morning early the same cause of anxiety drove him out of the house. This singular behaviour was at first unintelligible to me; but at length the riddle was solved: the pretty Frenchwomen had made some impression upon him; and having searched carefully, he was lucky enough to find them in the large square amongst a crowd of carriages, recognising them by the pyramid of trunks, but without having found the husband.

On the road from Treves to Luxembóurg I was soon gratified with a view of the monument in the neighbourhood of Ygel. As I knew that the ancients always chose a favourable position for their buildings and monuments, I put aside in imagination all the mean buildings that surrounded it, and then its position appeared in the highest degree appropriate to it. The Moselle flows close by, and is joined on the opposite side by a considerable stream

called the Saar; the winding of the rivers, the undulation of the ground, and the luxuriant vegetation, giving loveliness and dignity to the spot.

The monument itself might be called an obelisk, architecto-plastically ornamented. It rises up in several stories placed artistically one above another, till it ends at last in a pinnacle, which is decorated with scales in the manner of tiles, and is surmounted by a ball, a serpent, and an eagle.

If the present warlike events should lead any engineer to this part of the country, and detain him there for some time, I hope he will not consider it too great a trouble to measure the monument, and, in case he is a draughtsman, that he will provide us with a drawing of it, and preserve for us the figures of the four sides, as far as they are still recognisable.

What numbers of miserable obelisks I have seen erected in my time, and nobody ever thought of this one! It belongs indeed to a later period; but the pleasure and desire are still seen of handing down to posterity sensible representations of the personalities, together with the surrounding objects and evidences of industry. Here parents and children are seen opposite to each other, and feasting in the family circle; but that the spectator may

learn whence the abundance is derived, beasts of burden are to be seen going about, and trade and commerce are represented in various ways; for it was, in fact, war commissaries who raised this monument to themselves and their countrymen, as evidence that, in this region, at that time as well as at present, an abundance of all things was to be obtained by industry.

In building this structure, they had first of all heaped massive unhewn blocks of sandstone upon one another, and then, as out of a rock, had carved the architecto-plastic images. The preservation of this monument for so many centuries may well be attributed to such a solid foundation having been laid at the beginning.

I was unable to indulge long in this agreeable and fruitful train of thought, for close at hand, in Grevenmachern, a spectacle of most modern description awaited me. I found here the corps of Emigrants, consisting entirely of noblemen, mostly Knights of St. Louis. They had neither servants nor grooms, but acted as their own servants, and groomed their own horses. Many a one I have seen leading the horses to drink, and holding them when they were shod. But the most singular contrast to this humble kind of occupation was presented by a crowd of vehicles and travelling carriages

of all kinds collected on a meadow. They had arrived at the same time with their wives and sweethearts, children and relations, as if they wanted to make a display of the utter incongruity of their present condition.

As I was obliged to wait here several hours for post-horses in the open air, I was able to observe another thing. I sat in front of the window of the post-house, near the place where the box was, into the opening in which the unfranked letters were thrown. Such a crush I never saw before; by hundreds they were dropt into it. The boundless anxiety of every man to rush through the breach thus effected with body, soul, and spirit, to the land of his birth could not be more vividly or impressively depicted.

From ennui and a wish to discover secrets or to create them, I set about guessing the contents of this multitude of letters. I thought I discovered there a girl who had been separated from her lover passionately expressing the pain and misery of her privation in such a separation; one friend demanding money of another, to supply his urgent necessities; women, driven out with children and domestics, whose money-chests had been emptied of all but a few pieces of money; vehement adherents of the Princes, hoping that all would yet go well, exhorting

each other to take courage; others who already saw the catastrophe in the distance, and mournfully deplored the impending loss of their estates. And I think I guessed pretty near to the truth.

A variety of information was given me by the Postmaster, who, in order to overcome my impatience about the horses, purposely sought to amuse me. He shewed me several letters with stamps upon them from distant quarters, which were to be sent after those who had gone forward, and those who were still advancing. France, he said, was beleagured on all its frontiers by these unfortunates, from Antwerp to Nice; on the other hand, the French armies were every where prepared, either for defence or attack. He related many circumstances of portentous import; and the state of things appeared to him very doubtful, to say the least of it.

As I did not seem so frantic as the others who were rushing towards France, he took me for a republican, and shewed more confidence in me; he called my attention to the miseries endured by the Prussians, from the state of the weather and the roads, on their march through Coblentz and Treves; and gave me a fearful description of the condition in which I should find the camp in the neighbourhood of Longwy.

He was well informed about every thing, and seemed not unwilling to impart his information to others; he begged me, finally, to mark how the Prussians, either the troops themselves, or the baggage-servants and stragglers, had plundered quiet and unoffending villages; the culprits apparently being punished, but the people exasperated against them to the utmost degree.

I thought then of the general in the Thirty-years war, who, when complaint was made to him of the hostile behaviour of his troops in the territory of an ally, replied: "I cannot carry about my army in my pocket." On the whole, however, I could perceive that our rear was but ill protected.

Longwy, whose capture had already been triumphantly announced to me on the way, I left at some distance on the right, and arrived on the afternoon of the 27th August near the camp of Brocourt. It could be seen stretched over a plain; but to reach it was an affair of some difficulty. The ground, which was wet and cut up, impeded the horses and carriage; it was strange, too, that one met neither sentinels nor outposts, nor any body else to examine the passports, and to whom also one could have applied for the requisite information. We drove through a wilderness of tents, as every body had crept under them to get some indif-

ferent shelter from the dreadful weather. Only after considerable difficulty, we succeeded in obtaining intelligence of where the Weimar regiment was to be found, and arrived at the place at last, where we found familiar faces, and were cordially received by our fellow-sufferers. Wagner the Chamberlain and his black poodle were the first to greet us; both of them recognised an old comrade of many years' standing, who was destined again to struggle through a time of difficulty and danger with them. I heard, at the same time, of an unfortunate occurrence. The Prince's favourite horse, Amarant, after a frightful scream, had fallen down dead upon the ground.

I had to see and hear of a much worse state of things in the camp than the postmaster had predicted. It stood upon a plain at the foot of a gently inclined hill, in which of old a ditch had been dug to drain the water from the fields and meadows. This, however, became immediately a receptacle for all kinds of filth and offal; the outlet was stopped up, heavy showers of rain during the night broke down the dam, and brought disgusting havoc among the tents. Bones and garbage of all sorts, which the butchers had thrown aside, were borne into the sleeping-places, which were wet and uncomfortable enough before.

I was also to have had a tent provided for me, but I preferred remaining with my friends and acquaintances during the daytime, and at night I went to sleep in the large *sleeping-carriage*, the comfort of which I had known in former times. It appeared strange, however, that, being only thirty paces from the tents, it should have remained so difficult of access as to make it necessary for me to be carried into it in the evening, and out of it again in the morning.

28th August.

Thus strangely this time did my birth-day dawn upon me. We mounted our horses and rode into the captured fortress. The little town, which is well built and strongly fortified, stands upon an eminence. My object was to buy some large woollen blankets. And we went at once to a shop, where we found a mother and her daughter, who were both of them pretty, and willing to serve us. We did not beat them down much, and paid them handsomely, and were as polite as Germans without *tournure* can be.

The house had been the scene of some most strange occurrences during the bombardment. Several grenades in succession fell in the parlour, putting the inmates to flight; the mother

snatched a child from the cradle and fled, and at that very moment another grenade dashed through the cushion on which the boy had been lying. Luckily none of the grenades had burst. The furniture was broken, and the wainscot burnt, but no further damage was done, the balls not having entered the shop.

It was evident that the patriotism of the people of Longwy was not very great, from the fact that the citizens had very soon compelled the commandant to surrender the fortress; and we had scarcely moved a step from the shop, before the internal dissensions of the townspeople became manifest to us. Some adherents of royalty, and consequently friendly to our cause, and who had effected the speedy surrender of the place, expressed to us their regret that accident had brought us to that particular magazine; and had thus given to one of the worst of the Jacobins, who, with his whole family, was good for nothing, an opportunity of getting so much money from us. At the same time we were warned not to go to a showy hotel, which they named, giving us to understand that it might be dangerous to trust too much to the dishes; and they pointed out a smaller one that might be depended upon, where we were, in fact, well received and tolerably served.

And now we sat joyously together again, all of us old comrades and friends; the officers of the regiment united with the official and private attendants upon the Duke, relating the latest occurrences, and what a commotion there had been in Aschersleben in the beginning of May, and how imposing it was to see the regiments when they received orders to hold themselves ready to march, the Duke of Brunswick and several distinguished persons being then on a visit, and, as a foreigner of importance who had a powerful influence in the operations, the Marquis of Bouillie was mentioned. As soon as the landlord, who was listening, heard this name, he demanded eagerly if we knew the gentleman. Most of the party were able to answer in the affirmative, on which he became very respectful, and he expressed great hope from the co-operation of this excellent and energetic man; and it appeared, in fact, as if we were better served from that time forward.

As now all of us who were here assembled professed allegiance, with soul and body, to a prince who, during a reign of several years, had developed many great qualities, and was now about to approve himself also in the business of war, to which from youth upwards he had been devoted, and which he had exercised for a considerable time, his health, and that of his family,

was drunk in the good old German way; but particularly the health of the Prince Bernhard, to whom, just before the marching of the troops, Sergeant-major von Weyhrach, as delegate of the regiment, had stood godfather.

And now everybody had some anecdote to tell of the march itself, past Goslar to Nordheim and Göttingen, leaving the Harz to the left; we heard of the good and bad quarters, the boorish-uncivil, polished-illnatured, and hypochondriacal-obliging landlords they had encountered, of nunneries, and all manner of adventures, and alternations of the weather and the roads. Their route then lay along the eastern edge of Westphalia to Coblentz; and many a pretty woman they had met had her praises sung; and a checkered account was given of singular-looking priests, unexpected meetings with friends, broken wheels, and carriages overturned.

Great complaints were made of the hilly state of the country on leaving Coblentz, of the bad roads, and want of all conveniences; and scarcely had the present state of things been forgotten in the description of past occurrences, when it again presented itself in its disagreeable reality. The march into France, in the midst of frightful weather, was described as most dismal, and as a worthy prelude to the present

condition of the camp, which, on our return, could be seen stretched out before us. However, in such companionship, each man is encouraged by his neighbour; and, for my part, I took comfort in contemplating the delicious woollen blankets which had been tied up in a bundle by the groom.

In the camp in the evening I found very good company in the large tent, where they had remained together, not being able to move a foot out of doors; all in high spirits and confident of success. The speedy surrender of Longwy seemed to confirm the predictions of the Emigrants, that we should be received every where with open arms, and there appeared no obstacle but the weather to our great undertaking. The same hatred and contempt for the French Revolutionists which had been proclaimed in the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, was displayed, without exception, by Prussians, Austrians, and Emigrants.

Indeed, it was only necessary to state the information authentically received, to shew that a nation so disunited, not split even into contending factions, but broken up into mere isolated units, and paralysed to the core, could never withstand the lofty sense of unity of the gallant confederates.

Some military achievements also were al-

ready related. Immediately after the entry into France, five squadrons of Wolfrat hussars fell in with a thousand chasseurs, who had come from Sedan to watch our advance. Our troops, ably commanded, commenced the attack, and as their antagonists made a gallant defence, and would accept no quarter, there was a fearful struggle, in which we conquered after dreadful slaughter, and took many prisoners, horses, carbines, and sabres; by which prelude the warlike spirit was raised, and hope and confidence were more firmly established.

On the 29th of August we broke up out of these coagulated waves of earth and water, slowly and not without difficulty; for how could the tents, baggage, uniforms, and other things, be kept even tolerably clean, as there was no dry place where any thing could be properly laid out and stretched?

The attention, however, which was bestowed by the greatest generals upon this march gave us fresh confidence. All vehicles, without exception, were most rigorously ordered to keep behind the column, only every commander of a regiment was entitled to have a light carriage in front of his men; so that I, in my open light little carriage, had the good luck for this time to lead the main body of the army. Both commanders, the King as well as the Duke of

Brunswick, had stationed themselves with their attendants where every thing had to pass them. I saw them from a distance; and as we came close to them, his Majesty rode up to my little vehicle, and asked, in his laconic way, whom the carriage belonged to. I answered, in a loud voice: "The Duke of Weimar!" and we moved forwards. One could not easily be examined by a more distinguished official.

Further on we found the road here and there somewhat better. In a singular district of country, where hill and valley alternated, there was dry space sufficient, particularly for those who were on horseback, to enable them to move forwards comfortably. I threw myself upon my horse, and in this way got along more freely and pleasantly; the regiment had precedence in the army, we could always be in front consequently, and quite escape the annoying movement of the whole.

The line of march left the main road. We came through Arancy; Chatillon l'Abbaye, as first token of the Revolution—a church property, which had been sold—lying on our flank, with its walls half broken down and in ruins.

But now we saw, over hill and valley, the King's majesty on horseback in rapid motion, like the nucleus of a comet, attended by a train like its tail. Scarcely, however, had this phe-

nomenon vanished past us with lightning speed, when a second one from another quarter crowned the hill or filled the valley. It was the Duke of Brunswick, who carried along with him and after him elements of a similar description. We, however, although more inclined to observe than to criticise, could not avoid the consideration as to which of these two powers was in reality the highest? Which would have to decide in doubtful cases? Unanswered questions, which left only doubt and suspicion behind them.

But what gave even more serious matter for reflection was, that we saw both commanders so openly and unguardedly entering a country, where, not improbably, in every bush an exasperated mortal enemy might be lurking. However, we were obliged to confess, that bold personal abandonment to danger had in all times obtained and secured the victory.

With a clouded sky, the sun shone very hot. The carriages made slow progress in the splashy ground. Broken wheels of carriages and guns occasioned many a halt, with here and there worn-out fusileers, who could no longer drag themselves along. We heard the cannonade at Thionville, and wished success to our friends in that quarter.

In the evening we rested from our fatigues

in the camp near Pillon. A delicious woody meadow received us; the shade had already a refreshing effect upon us. Plenty of branches were ready for our kitchen fire; and a brook flowed close at hand and formed two clear basins, which were both of them in immediate danger of being polluted by men and beasts. One of them I gave up, but defended the other vehemently, and got it immediately enclosed with stakes and cords: this was not effected without some disturbance from those who were pressing round it. Here two of our troopers were very quietly cleaning their accoutrements, and one of them asked the other, "Who can this be that gives himself such airs?" "I know not," answered the other, "but he is right."

Thus did the Prussians, Austrians, and a portion of the French, come to carry on their warlike operations on the French soil. By whose power and authority did they this? They might have done it in their own name. War had been partly declared against them—their league was no secret; but another pretext was invented. They took the field in the name of Louis XVI.: they exacted nothing, but they borrowed compulsorily. *Bons* had been printed, which the commander signed; but whoever had them in his possession filled them up at his pleasure, according to circumstances, and Louis

XVI. was to pay. Perhaps, after the manifesto, nothing had so much exasperated the people against the monarchy as did this treatment. I was myself present at a scene which I remember as a most tragic one. Several shepherds, who had succeeded in uniting their flocks, in order to conceal them for safety in the forests or other retired places, being seized by some active patrols and brought to the army, were at first well received and kindly treated. They were asked who were the different proprietors: the flocks were separated and counted. Anxiety and fear, but still with some hope, fluctuated in the countenances of the worthy people. But when this mode of proceeding ended in the division of the flocks among the regiments and companies, whilst, on the other hand, the pieces of paper drawn on Louis XVI. were handed over quite civilly to their proprietors, and their woolly favourites were slaughtered at their feet by the impatient and hungry soldiers, I confess that my eyes and my soul have seldom witnessed a more cruel spectacle, and more profound manly suffering in all its gradations. The Greek tragedies alone have any thing so purely, deeply pathetic.

30th August.

To this day, which was to bring us towards

Verdun, we had looked forward, and promised ourselves adventures from it; and they did not fail. The road, which ascended and descended alternately, was drier by this time; the carriages moved less obstructedly, the horsemen rode more easily and pleasantly.

A lively party had met, and being well mounted, we rode forwards so far that we came up to a troop of hussars, who formed properly the advanced guard of the main army. The captain, a grave man, already past middle age, appeared not to like our arrival. The strictest attention was enjoined upon him; every thing was to be done with the greatest circumspection, every unpleasant accident handled with caution. He had skilfully separated his people: they advanced singly at certain distances, and every thing took place with the greatest order and quiet. The country was void of inhabitants, the utter loneliness bringing forebodings to the mind. Thus had we surmounted hill after hill, passing through Mangienne, Damvillers, Wauville, and Ormont, when, on a height which afforded us a beautiful view, a shot was fired in the vineyards to the right of the road, on which the hussars rushed forward to search the immediate neighbourhood. They did in fact capture a black-haired, bearded man, and brought him up, who looked rather wild, and

on whose person they had found a bad pocket-pistol. He said sulkily, that he was frightening the birds out of his vineyard, and intended no harm to anybody. The captain appeared quietly to consider and compare this case with his positive orders, and released the menaced captive with a few blows, which the fellow took with him so hastily in his flight, that when his hat, with loud shouts of laughter, was thrown after him, he seemed to feel no call to take it up.

We moved forwards, and amused ourselves with these occurrences, and with many adventures which we expected still to come. It may be mentioned, that our little party, which had obtruded itself upon the hussars, having come together accidentally, consisted of the most heterogeneous elements; they were for the most part blunt sort of men, every one devoted to the business of the hour, each after his own fashion. One of them, however, I must distinguish from the rest,—a serious, very worthy man, of a kind which was frequently found amongst the Prussian military at that time; cultivated æsthetically rather than philosophically; earnest, with a slight touch of melancholy; quietly absorbed in his own thoughts, and disposed to benevolence, with tender passion.

As we thus proceeded onwards in our course,

we came upon a vision which was as singular as it was pleasing, and excited general interest. Two hussars brought a one-horse two-wheeled car up the hill; and when we were inquiring what was contained under the stretched canvass, a boy of about twelve years of age, who drove the horse, made his appearance, and a most beautiful girl, or young wife, who leant forward out of the corner to look at the numerous cavalcade which encircled her two-wheeled screen. There was nobody who did not feel interested about her; but we had to commit the effective intercession for the beauty to our sentimental friend, who from the moment that he had observed more closely the necessitous vehicle, felt himself uneasy till he could effect its rescue. We retired into the background; he, however, inquired particularly about all the circumstances; and it turned out that the young person, who dwelt in Samogneux, wishing to avoid the impending confusion, by turning aside to some friends who lived at a distance, had flown straight into the jaws of danger; as in such cases of anxiety mortals always fancy that every other place is better than the one where they are. In the kindest way we unanimously made known to her that she must go back. Our leader also, the captain, who at first suspected some espionage,

allowed himself at length to be persuaded by the rhetoric of the good man; who then, with two hussars at her side, conducted her, rather less frightened, to her home, where, shortly afterwards, as we were passing through with military regularity and order, we saw her standing upon a low wall with her relations, when she saluted us cordially, and hopefully too, as the first adventure had gone off so well.

A kind of pause sometimes occurs in campaigns, when confidence is sought to be obtained by means of temporary discipline, and a kind of compulsory peace is proclaimed in the midst of the confusion. These moments are invaluable both for the townspeople and the peasantry, and for every one from whom the horrors of war have not robbed all belief in humanity.

A camp is formed on this side of Verdun, and we counted on a few days rest.

On the morning of the 31st, I was lying in the sleeping carriage, certainly the driest, warmest, and most cheerful resting-place, half awake, when I heard something rustling on the leather curtains, and on opening them I perceived the Duke of Weimar, who introduced an unexpected stranger to me. I recognised at once the adventure-loving Grothhus, who, inclined here also to sustain his character as partisan, had arrived in order to undertake the

hazardous office of summoning Verdun to surrender. In pursuance of which he had come to demand a staff trumpeter, who, rejoiced at this particular mark of distinction, was ordered instantly to undertake the charge. We saluted each other very heartily in remembrance of old frolics, and Grothhus hastened to his task; which, when accomplished, was the cause of many a jest. They described him as having ridden down the high road in front of the trumpeter, and with the hussars behind him; the Verdun people, however, in their character of Sansculottes, not knowing, or despising the law of nations, firing upon him; and as having tied a white handkerchief to the trumpet, and ordering it to be sounded always louder the farther they went; as having been met by a detachment, and led with blindfolded eyes alone into the fortress, where he made some fine speeches, but effected nothing, and so on to the like effect; whereby, according to the world's way, they succeeded in throwing disparagement upon services performed, and diminishing the credit of him who had undertaken them.

Now as the fortress, as was to be expected, had refused to surrender on the first summons, it was necessary to proceed with the preparations for the bombardment. The day was passing away; meanwhile I transacted another little

piece of business, whose beneficial consequences for me reach to the present day. In Mentz, Herr von Stein had furnished me with the Jäger Atlas, which exhibited, in several sheets, the present, and it was to be hoped also, the immediately succeeding theatre of the war. I took out one of them, the forty-eighth, within the compass of which I had entered at Longwy, and as there was at that time an enchaser among the Duke's people, it was cut out and put upon canvass, and serves me still as a remembrance of those days, so full of importance for the world and myself.

After these preparations for future advantage and present comfort, I went to look about me on the meadow on which we were encamped, and from whence the tents extended as far as the hill. On the large green carpet spread out before me, a curious spectacle attracted my attention. A number of soldiers had formed themselves into a circle, and seemed to be engaged with something inside of it. On closer examination I found them lying round a funnel-shaped sunken part of the ground, which was filled with the purest spring water, and might be about thirty feet in diameter at the top. It turned out that the soldiers were angling for a small kind of fish which abounded in the hole, for which purpose they had brought tackle with

them, along with their other baggage. The water was the clearest in the world, and the sport amusing enough to look at. But I had not been looking at it long, before I remarked that different colours sparkled on the fish when in motion. At the first glance, I took this appearance to be the changing colours of the movable little bodies; but a welcome explanation of it was soon disclosed to me. An earthenware pot had fallen into the hole, which yielded me out of the depth the most beautiful prismatic colours. Clearer than the bottom, being placed opposite to the eye, it exhibited, on the side furthest from me, the blue and violet colour; on the nearest one, the red and yellow. When I moved round the spring, the phenomenon, of course, in an experiment of this subjective description, followed me, and the colours relatively to me appeared always the same.

Passionately occupied, besides, with these subjects, it gave me the greatest pleasure to see a thing here so freshly and naturally in the open air, to observe which the teachers of natural philosophy had been in the habit, for nearly a hundred years, of shutting themselves up with their pupils in a dark room. I procured some more pieces of earthenware, which I threw in, and I could easily remark, that the appearance, under the surface of the water,

commenced very soon, increased always in sinking, and at last a small white body, coloured all over, like a little flame, reached the bottom. On which I remembered that Agricola had already thought of this appearance, and was induced to class it among the fiery phenomena.

After dinner, we rode up the hill which concealed the view of Verdun from our tents. We found the position of the town, as such, very pleasant, surrounded by meadows and gardens, in a cheerful plain, several branches of the Meuse flowing through it, among contiguous and more distant hills; but, as a fortress, exposed to a bombardment on every side. The afternoon was passed in erecting batteries, as the town had refused to surrender. With good telescopes, meanwhile, we inspected it, and could discern quite distinctly what was passing on the rampart opposite to us, and saw a number of people moving about, who appeared very busy at one particular place.

About midnight, the bombardment commenced, as well from the battery on our right bank, as from the other on the left, which was the nearest, and, playing with rockets, produced the greatest effect. These tailed fire-meteors, we had only to observe quite quietly gliding through the air, and shortly afterwards a part of the town was seen in flames. Our telescopes,

pointed in that direction, enabled us to observe these disasters in detail; we were able to discern the people on the top of the walls exerting themselves actively to extinguish the flames; we could remark the timbers left standing, and distinguish them from those falling in. All this happened in the company partly of acquaintances and partly of strangers; and all manner of unspeakable, often contradictory, observations were made, and widely different opinions were expressed. I had entered a battery which was hard at work, but the frightful thundering noise produced by the discharge of howitzers was intolerable to my peaceful ears, and I was soon obliged to retire. I then met Prince Reuss the Eleventh, who had been always kind and gracious to me. We walked up and down behind some vineyard walls, protected by them from the balls which the besieged were incessantly hurling at us. After talking about sundry political matters, by which we only got entangled in a labyrinth of hopes and cares, the Prince asked me what I was occupied with at present, and was much surprised when, instead of speaking of tragedies and novels, excited by the phenomenon of to-day, I began to speak, with great animation, of the doctrine of colours. For it was the same with me in my investigations of these natural phenomena as in poems; I did not

make them, but they made me. The interest once excited maintained its sway; production took its own course, without allowing itself in the slightest degree to be interfered with by cannon-balls and fire-balls. The Prince requested me to inform him how I had come to take an interest in this subject, and for this purpose the occurrence of to-day did me good service.

With such a man one does not require to use many words to convince him that a lover of nature who is in the habit of passing his time in the open air, whether it be in gardens, in hunting, travelling, or campaigning, always finds leisure and opportunity sufficient to observe nature on a large scale, and to make himself acquainted with phenomena of every kind. Now the atmospheric air, vapours, rain, water, and the earth, present to us ever-varying appearances of colour, and this under such different conditions and circumstances, that you feel a desire to know them more accurately, to separate them from each other, to bring them under certain rubrics, and to search out their proximate and more distant relationship. By this means you gain new views in every department, differing from the learning of the schools and from printed traditions. Our ancestors, endowed with great perfection of their senses, had made excellent observations, but had not

carried them far enough, nor perfected them; and least of all had they been successful in placing the phenomena in proper order, and bringing them under the fitting rubrics.

These things were discussed whilst we walked up and down the wet grass; I was proceeding with my doctrine, excited by the questions and remarks of the Prince, when the cold of the dawn drove us towards a bivouac of the Austrians, which having been kept up the whole night, presented an enormous round fire, which was very acceptable under these circumstances. Enamoured of my subject, with which I had busied myself for the first time about two years before, and which, therefore, was still fermenting in me in an immature and incomplete state, I should scarcely have been able to know whether the Prince was listening to me or not, if he had not occasionally interrupted me with some intelligent remarks, and at the conclusion taken up my discourse, and encouraged me, by approving of what I had said.

As, indeed, I have always remarked that with men of business and the world, who require to have many things laid before them extempore, and consequently are always on their guard to prevent their being deceived, it is much better to have to do even in scientific matters, because they keep their minds free, and listen to the

person speaking without other interest than a desire to get information; whereas learned people, on the contrary, generally hear nothing but what they have learnt and taught, and about which they have come to some agreement with their brethren. The place of the object is usurped by some word-credo, by which it is perhaps as well to abide as by any other.

The morning was fresh but dry; we were again walking up and down, partly roasted and partly frozen, when all at once we saw something move on the vineyard walls. It was a picket of riflemen, who had passed the night there, but now took up their muskets and knapsacks again, and marched down into the burnt suburbs, in order to annoy the ramparts from thence. Although destined, in all probability, to encounter death, they kept singing very libertine songs, which were perhaps excusable in such a situation.

Scarcely had they left the place, when I thought I remarked a very striking geological phenomenon on the wall where they had lain. I saw on the little limestone wall a cornice of bright green stones, exactly the colour of jasper, and was very much puzzled to know how in the middle of these limestone strata such a remarkable kind of stone, and in such quantities, should be found. I was disenchanted, however, in a

very peculiar way, when, approaching the spectre, I immediately observed that it was the inside of mouldy bread, which, being unable to eat it, the riflemen had, in a frolic, cut out and spread for an ornament upon the wall.

This immediately occasioned some talk about the poisoning, which, ever since we entered France, had been the subject of conversation, infusing panic into an army engaged in war, seeing that not only every piece of meat, but even the bread baked by themselves becomes suspected, although the fact of its becoming rapidly mouldy is to be ascribed to quite natural causes.

It was the first of September, at 8 o'clock in the morning, when the bombardment ceased, although balls still continued to be exchanged on both sides. The besieged especially had turned a twenty-four pounder against us; the shots from which becoming unfrequent were fired more in jest than earnest.

Upon the open rising ground at the side of the vineyard, exactly in front of this enormous gun, two hussars were stationed on horseback, to observe attentively the town and the intermediate space. These remained their appointed time without being attacked. As, however, on relieving guard, not only the number of the men was increased, but likewise at the same moment

a number of lookers-on came running up, and a considerable knot of people was collected, the enemy held themselves ready to fire. I was standing at this moment with my back turned to the troop of hussars and people, about a hundred yards from them, speaking with a friend, when all at once the dreadful, whistling, crashing sound came rushing up behind me, so that I turned round on my heel, without being able to say whether it was the sound, the vibration of the air, or an inward psychical or moral cause, which had produced this movement. I saw the ball, a long way behind the crowd which it had dispersed, still rebounding through some hedges. With loud cries the people ran after it when it had ceased to be dangerous; nobody was hit; and the lucky ones who had got possession of this round lump of iron carried it about in triumph.

Towards noon the town was summoned for the second time, and obtained twenty-four hours' delay. Of this we also availed ourselves to make our quarters somewhat more comfortable, to obtain provisions, and ride about the country; and I did not fail to return frequently to the instructive spring, where I could now make my observations more quietly and deliberately; for the water had been fished quite clean, and had become perfectly clear and un-

disturbed, allowing the play of the sinking flames to be renewed at pleasure; and I was in the most agreeable mood. Some unlucky accidents happening very soon changed our condition, and gave it a warlike aspect again. An officer of the artillery had been seeking to water his horse; the want of water was general in the district; and my spring, which he rode past, not being level enough, he proceeded to the Meuse which flowed close by, where he fell from a sloping bank and was drowned; his horse was saved, and he himself was carried past us dead.

Shortly after this a loud explosion was seen and heard in the Austrian camp, on the hill within our view; the report and the smoke being renewed two or three times. In charging a bomb, through carelessness fire had broken out, and the greatest danger was to be apprehended; it came in contact with some bombs already charged, and it was feared that the whole of them might explode. These apprehensions, however, were soon removed by the brave conduct of some imperial soldiers, who, despising the threatened danger, dragged out the powder and the filled bombs beyond the compass of the tents.

Thus passed this day also: the following morning the town surrendered, and fell into

our hands; but at the same time a trait of republican character was presented to us. The Commandant, Beaurepaire, pressed by the distressed townspeople, who saw their whole town in flames and in ruins by the continuance of the bombardment, could no longer refuse to surrender; immediately, however, after giving his vote for it in full council in the town-hall, he drew out a pistol and shot himself, thus giving one more example of the highest patriotic devotion.

After this so speedy capture of Verdun, nobody doubted any longer that we should soon get beyond it, and compensate ourselves for our previous sufferings with the good wine of Chalons and Epernay. I therefore ordered the Jäger maps which shewed the road to Paris to be cut out without delay, and to be carefully put upon canvass, and white paper to be pasted upon the back of them, as I had done with the first, to enable me to make short remarks upon them from day to day.

3d September.

In the morning a party had collected to ride into the town, and I joined myself to them. We found immediately after entering it the signs of great preparations, which had been made early during the siege, and which seemed

to indicate a more protracted resistance; the street-pavement had been quite dug out in the middle, and heaped up against the houses, the wet weather making it therefore unpleasant to walk about. We visited, however, immediately the shops particularly celebrated for the sale of the best liqueurs of all kinds. We tried them all, and provided ourselves with a variety of sorts. Amongst the rest there was one called *Baume humain*, less sweet, but stronger than the rest, and which had a peculiarly refreshing effect. The dragéen also, small sugar-plums in neat cylindrical boxes, were not neglected. In such a profusion of good things, we thought of those we loved who had been left at home, to whom they would probably have been a great treat on the peaceful banks of the Ilm. Small boxes were packed; obliging good-natured couriers, employed in carrying intelligence to Germany of the successes of the army up to that time, willingly took charge of some of these packages, by means of which our friends at home were able in perfect tranquillity to satisfy themselves that we were pilgrims in a country where genius and tenderness can never become extinct.

When we afterwards surveyed the half-ruined and desolate city, we were induced to repeat the observation, that in cases of misfortune like

this, which man inflicts upon his fellow-man, as well as in those which nature prepares for us, isolated cases occur which appear to denote a destiny, a favouring providence. We saw in the lower story of a corner house in the market-place a porcelain shop lit by a number of windows; we were made to observe, that a bomb, springing upwards from the ground in the square, had struck the slight stone door-post, but, recoiling from it again, had taken another direction. The door-post indeed was injured, but it had performed the duty of a good defender. The brilliant heap of fragile porcelain was still standing in glittering splendour behind the clear well-burnished windows.

At dinner at the table-d'hôte we were treated with good legs of mutton and vin de Bar, which must be drunk in the country itself, as it does not bear carrying. At these table-d'hôtes it is the custom to furnish you with spoons, but you get neither knives nor forks, which therefore you must bring along with you. Aware of this custom of the country, we had already procured them in cases which are sold there, flat and with ornamental workmanship on them. Some lively active servant-girls waited on us, just as they had done a few days before on their own garrison.

At the capture of Verdun there happened

an occurrence, which, although an isolated case, created a great sensation, and excited general interest. Whilst the Prussians were marching in, a musket-shot was fired from the midst of a crowd of French people, which hurt nobody, but which piece of daring a French grenadier who was accused of it neither could nor wished to deny. At the chief guard-house to which he was brought, I myself saw him: he was a very handsome, well-made young man, with a firm look and composed manner. Until his fate should be decided, he was allowed to stand free. Close to the guard-house there was a bridge, under which flowed a branch of the Meuse; he placed himself upon the parapet, remained some time still, then threw himself backwards into the abyss, and was only taken dead out of the water.

This second heroic, ominous exploit excited passionate hatred among the Allies; and I heard otherwise sensible people declaring that honourable burial should not be granted either to this man or the commandant. They had indeed promised themselves a different state of feeling, and there did not appear as yet the slightest movement amongst the French troops to go over to us.

A better spirit, however, was diffused by the description of the King's reception in Verdun;

fourteen of the most beautiful and accomplished women had welcomed his Majesty with graceful speeches, flowers, and fruit. His attendants, however, fearing poison, dissuaded him from tasting it; but the magnanimous monarch did not fail to receive, with gallant gestures, these acceptable presents, and unsuspectingly tasted the fruit. These charming creatures appeared to have inspired our young officers too with some degree of confidence; those among them certainly who had had the good luck to be present at the ball could never cease talking of their amiability, grace, and good manners.

But for more solid enjoyments provision had likewise been made; for, as had been hoped and expected, excellent and abundant supplies were found in the fortress, and great despatch (perhaps too great) was manifested in making use of them. I could very easily observe that sufficient frugality was not employed with the smoked bacon and beef, with the rice and lentils, and other good and necessary things, which seemed imprudent in our situation. It was amusing, too, to see how coolly an armory or any collection of arms was plundered. Into one of the monasteries all kinds of armour, but more of the ancient sort than the modern, and many curious things, had been conveyed, with

which man, when put upon his defence, wards off his assailant, or slays him.

This mitigated kind of plunder took place in the following way: after the capture of the town, the chief military people wishing to satisfy themselves as to what supplies there were of all kinds, repaired, amongst others, to this collection of arms, and whilst they claimed it for the general purposes of the war, they found many curious things which were likely to take the fancy of individuals, and it was difficult for any body to be employed in the inspection of these weapons without being tempted to pick out something for himself. Now this went through all ranks, till at last the treasure became open almost to all. Every body gave the sentry stationed at the gate a small gratuity to be allowed to see the collection, and at the same time took away with him any thing that had taken his fancy. My servant in this way appropriated a long, flat stick, strongly and skilfully bound with thread, which at the first glance gave no indication of any thing farther; its weight, however, indicated more dangerous contents, and it did also contain a very broad sword-blade four feet long, with which a strong hand could have done wonders.

Thus, betwixt order and confusion, preservation and destruction, plundering and paying,

time passed away; and this may be the reason why war is so peculiarly injurious to the mind. You are daring and destructive one day, and humane and creative the next; you accustom yourself to phrases adapted to excite and keep alive hope in the midst of the most desperate circumstances; by this means a kind of hypocrisy is produced of an unusual character, and is distinguished in quite a peculiar way from the priestly, courtly kind, or whatever else it may be called.

A remarkable person, I must also mention, whom I saw at some little distance behind the prison-railings: it was the Postmaster of St. Menehould, who had been so maladroit as to allow himself to be captured by the Prussians. He did not by any means avoid the looks of the curious, and appeared quite composed, notwithstanding the uncertainty of his fate. The Emigrants declared that he deserved a thousand deaths, and kept urging the highest authorities to that effect; to whose credit, however, it is to be said, that in this as in other cases, they conducted themselves with becoming and dignified self-possession and equanimity.

4th September.

The numerous company which kept going

and coming enlivened our tents during the whole day; many things were related, discussed, and criticised, the state of affairs becoming more intelligible than before. It was the unanimous opinion that we must advance towards Paris as fast as possible. The fortresses of Montmedy and Sedan had been left unreduced on our flank, and little fear seemed to be entertained of the army stationed in that quarter.

Lafayette, who possessed the confidence of the soldiers, had been obliged to abandon the cause; seeing himself driven to go over to the enemy, and being treated as one. Dumourier, although as minister he had displayed insight in military affairs, had not distinguished himself in any campaign; and being promoted from a government office to the command-in-chief of the army, he appeared only to evince the inconsistency and embarrassment to be expected at the moment. From the other side news of the melancholy occurrences which had taken place in Paris in the middle of August was brought to us, where, in defiance of the Brunswick manifesto, the King had been taken prisoner, dethroned, and treated as a criminal. The most detailed discussions, however, took place about what was most critical in the immediately impending military operations.

The forest-clad ridge of mountains, which forces the Aire to flow in a direction parallel to it from south to north, called the Forêt d'Argonne, lay immediately in our front, and checked our movements. Mention was often made of the Islettes, the important pass between Verdun and St. Menehould. Nobody could understand why it was not taken possession of, and why it had not been occupied before. The Emigrants were said to have taken it for a moment by surprise, without being able to hold it. The garrison retreating from Longwy had, so much was known, retired into it; Dumourier also, whilst we were on the march to Verdun, and engaged with the bombardment of the town, sent troops across the country, in order to strengthen this post, and cover the right wing of his position behind Grandpré, and thus to plant a second Thermopylæ in the way of the Prussians, Austrians, and Emigrants.

We confessed to each other the unsatisfactory nature of our situation, and had to reconcile ourselves to the dispositions made for marching the army, which was to have advanced straight forwards without stopping, down the Aire, in order to try its fortune upon the entrenched mountain defiles; in which state of things it was thought highly advantageous that Clermont had been wrested from the French,

and was now occupied by Hessians, who, operating against the Islettes, would be able to annoy it, if not to carry it.

6th September.

With this view, the position of the camp was now changed, and was brought behind Verdun: the head-quarters of the King, called Glorieux, and those of the Duke of Brunswick, Regrets, gave occasion to some curious observations. I arrived myself at the first place by an unpleasant accident. The Duke of Weimar's regiment was to be stationed at Jardin Fontaine, near the town and the Meuse: we drove safely out of the town, smuggling ourselves in among the string of vehicles of another regiment, and allowed ourselves to be carried along by it, although it was evident we were going too far; being unable, in fact, to get out of the line, without driving irrecoverably into the ditch. We looked right and left without discovering any thing; we asked also, and received no answer; for all were strangers like ourselves, and full of ill humour at the situation. At length, having reached the top of a gentle eminence, I saw on the left, down below in a valley, which at a more favourable season would be pleasant enough, a pretty village, with considerable castellated buildings in it, down to which

luckily a smooth green strip of ground promised us an easy descent. I gave directions for leaving the frightful track, and for going down here, particularly when I saw officers and grooms galloping about below, and baggagewagons and carriages driven up. I guessed it to be one of the head-quarters, and so it turned out: it was Glorieux, the quarters of the King. But then, also, my question: Where Jardin Fontaine lay? was quite in vain. At last I fell in, as with a messenger from heaven, with Herr von Alvensleben, who had previously shewn me some kindness, and now directed me to follow the village road, which was unobstructed by carriages, through the valley to the town, then to make my way in front of it to the left, and thus I should very soon discover Jardin Fontaine.

I succeeded in both, and found our tents pitched, but in the most dreadful situation; every thing was sunk in bottomless mud, the rotten loops of the tents torn one after the other, and the canvass flapping about the shoulders and head of any one who thought of seeking shelter under them. For a time this was endured; however, at last it was decided that we should occupy the little place itself. We found in a well-arranged house, with a court-yard, a good, facetious kind of man, who occupied it, and

who had formerly been a cook in Germany. He received us gaily. There were some handsome cheerful rooms on the ground-floor, with a good fireplace, and whatever else was necessary for our comfort.

The suite of the Duke of Weimar was supplied from the Prince's kitchen; but our landlord eagerly requested that I would, for once only, taste a specimen of his skill. He did, in fact, prepare for me a very savoury meal, which, however, made me very ill; so that I also might have suspected poison, had it not occurred to me soon enough that it was garlic which had made these dishes so tasty, but which, even in the smallest quantity, had generally the most violent effect upon me. The evil soon passed away, and I resolved all the more willingly to stand by the German kitchen, now as before, as long as it could provide the smallest supply.

When we parted, the good-humoured host delivered a letter to my servant, which he had previously promised, addressed to his sister in Paris, whom he wished particularly to recommend; but added good-naturedly, after some other observations: "You shall, however, never arrive there."

11th September.

We were thus, after several days of kind treatment, again driven out into the fearfullest

weather; our way lay towards the mountain ridge, which, separating the waters of the Meuse and the Aire, compels them both to flow towards the north. In the midst of great sufferings we arrived at Malancour, where we found empty cellars and kitchens unprovided, and were forced to content ourselves with being able to enjoy, under cover and on a dry plank, the scanty provisions we brought along with us. The arrangement of the dwellings themselves pleased me; it indicated the existence of quiet domestic comfort: every thing was plain, natural, and adapted to meet the most immediate necessities. This we had violated, this we were now violating; for from the neighbourhood a cry of distress resounded against plunderers, on which, hastening to the spot, we succeeded in quieting the disturbance, but not without some danger. It was striking enough to listen to the complaints of the poor unclad delinquents, from whom we had torn cloaks and shirts, accusing us of barbarous cruelty, because we would not allow them to cover their nakedness at the expense of the enemy.

We had, however, to experience a still stranger reproach. On our return to our first quarters, we found a distinguished Emigrant formerly known to us. He was saluted kindly, and did not despise our frugal meal; but some

inward commotion was visible in him; he had evidently something on his heart, of which he sought to rid himself by means of exclamations. When we, for old acquaintanceship's sake, tried to inspire him with some confidence in us, he complained bitterly of the cruelty which the King of Prussia inflicted on the French Princes. Startled, almost confounded by this, we demanded some further explanation. Then we learnt that the King had, on leaving Glorieux, in spite of the drenching rain, put on no great-coat, had wrapped no cloak about him, and consequently the Royal Princes had also been obliged to deny themselves these weather-proof garments; our Marquis, however, could not behold these illustrious persons lightly clad, wet through and through, and dripping with rain, without the greatest distress; indeed, if it would have served, he would have laid down his life to see them riding in a dry carriage,—they upon whom rested the hopes and happiness of the whole country, who were accustomed to a quite different way of life.

We had, indeed, nothing to reply to this; for the reflection would have been no consolation to him, that war, as a foretaste of death, makes all men equal, abolishes all property, and threatens even the most exalted persons with pain and danger.

12th September.

The next morning, however, I resolved, in respect of such distinguished examples, to leave my carriage, which, although a light one, was drawn by four requisitioned horses, under the protection of the trusty Chamberlain Wagner, who was ordered to bring after us the equipage and the ready money so needful to us. I leaped upon my horse with some pleasant companions, and thus we betook ourselves on the march to Landres. We found on the way some bundles of brushwood, from a small birchwood that had been cut down, the internal dryness of which soon overcame the outward moisture, and supplied us speedily with a blazing fire, and fuel sufficient both for warming us and cooking. But the fine arrangement of a regimental mess was already destroyed; tables, chairs, and benches were wanting; and you made shift for yourself standing, perhaps leaning against something, the best you could. However, the camp was reached in good order towards the evening; thus we encamped not far from Landres, exactly opposite Grandpré; but we knew very well how strongly and advantageously the pass was guarded. It rained incessantly, with occasional gusts of wind, the tent-covering affording little protection.

Happy he, however, whose bosom was filled

with a higher passion; the colour phenomenon of the spring had never for a moment left me these last few days; I thought it over and over again, that I might carry it high enough to enable me to make fitting experiments in it. I then dictated to Vogel, who here also proved himself a good secretary, a loose sketch of it, and drew the figures afterwards beside it. These papers I possess still, with all the marks of the rainy weather, and as witnesses of faithful study in the dubious path I had entered. To be on the way to truth, however, has this advantage, that we always look back with pleasure to the steps of our progress, however uncertain and circuitous, and even to our failures.

The weather got worse, and became so bad during the night, that one felt oneself most fortunate in being able to pass it under cover of the regimental carriage. How fearful, then, was the situation, when we considered that we were encamped in face of the enemy, and exposed to an attack from him at any point of his mountain and forest entrenchments!

From 13th till 17th September.

Arrived in good time at our quarters Wagner the Chamberlain, along with the poodle, and the whole of the equipage. He

had passed a fearful night; and after a thousand other hindrances, had fallen away from the army in the dark, deceived by the sleepy and drunken servants of a General whom he followed. They reached a village, and imagined the French quite near. Tormented by all kinds of alarms, and left without the horses, which did not return after being taken to the water, he contrived, however, after all, to get away from the illstarred village; and we found ourselves together again with all our movable goods and chattels.

At length there was a kind of trembling movement, and at the same time a feeling of hope. A loud cannonade was heard on our right wing, and it was said that General Clairfait had arrived from the Netherlands, and attacked the French on their left flank. There was the greatest anxiety every where to learn the result. I rode to head-quarters, to learn more accurately what the cannonade meant, and what, in fact, was to be looked for. Nothing was known there for certain, except that it must be General Clairfait engaged with the French. I met Major von Weyhrach, who, from impatience and ennui, was just mounting his horse to ride to the outposts; I accompanied him, and we soon reached a height where we had a wide view round about. We came

upon an outpost of hussars, and spoke with the officer, a young, good-looking man. The cannonade was at a great distance, on the other side of Grandpré, and he had orders not to go forwards, as this might occasion some movement. We had not been speaking long before Prince Louis Ferdinand, with several attendants, came up, and after a rapid salute, and some conversation with the officer, he desired him to go forward. The latter protested strongly against this; but the Prince paid no attention, and rode forwards, and we had all to follow him. We had not gone far before a French rifleman made his appearance at a distance, ran up to us to within musket-shot distance, and then, turning round, disappeared as fast as he came. To him succeeded a second, then a third, who, in the same way, again disappeared. The fourth, however, who was the same probably as the first, fired his musket very deliberately at us, and one could hear quite distinctly the ball whistle past us. The Prince was not to be deterred, and the riflemen, too, continued their operations, so that several shots were fired whilst we pursued our way. I had looked often at the officer, who hesitated between his duty and the respect due to a Royal Prince. He thought, no doubt, he saw some sympathy in my looks, and rode up to me and said: "If

you have any influence with the Prince, beseech him to turn back; he exposes me to the greatest peril. I have the strictest commands not to leave my appointed post; and nothing can be more reasonable than that we should not provoke the enemy, encamped, as he is, in a strong position behind Grandpré. If the Prince does not turn, the whole chain of outposts will soon be alarmed; it will not be known at head-quarters what it means, and the blame will first of all fall upon me, quite without my fault." I rode up to the Prince, and said: "The honour has just been done me of being supposed to have some influence with your Highness, consequently I beg a favourable hearing." I brought the whole affair clearly before him, which seemed scarcely necessary, for he saw it all for himself, and was good-natured enough to turn round immediately with some kind words; on which the riflemen also disappeared, and ceased firing. The officer thanked me most gratefully, shewing that a mediator is welcome every where.

The situation became gradually intelligible. The position of Dumourier at Grandpré was excessively strong and advantageous: that he could not be attacked on his right wing was well known; on his left were two considerable passes,—la Croix aux Bois and le Chêne le Populeux, both of them well barricaded, and

considered inaccessible; but the latter was confided to an officer who was either unfit for such a post, or neglected his duty. The Austrians attacked him: at the first charge, the Prince de Ligne, the son, was killed, but it was successful; the post was overpowered, and the great plan of Dumourier was destroyed: he was forced to abandon his position, and march up the Aisne, and Prussian hussars were now able to advance through the pass and pursue him on the other side of the forest of Argonne. They spread such a panic amongst the French army, that ten thousand men fled before five hundred, and were with difficulty made to halt and rally again. The regiment Chamborand particularly distinguished itself here, and checked the further advance of our troops, who, being sent out in some measure only for the purpose of reconnoitering, returned victorious and in high spirits, and did not deny having captured several wagon-loads of good booty. Such things as were for ordinary use (as money and clothes) they had divided amongst themselves; the papers, however, fell to my share, as a literary man, amongst which I found some previous orders of Lafayette, and several very fairly written lists. But what most of all surprised me was, a pretty recent number of the *Moniteur*. The

peculiar type and size of this paper, with which I had been acquainted for several years past uninterruptedly, and which I had not seen for some weeks, greeted me in a somewhat unpleasant way, as a laconic article of the 3d September called to me in menacing tones: "*Les Prussiens pourront venir à Paris; mais ils n'en sortiront pas.*" Thus, in Paris it was considered possible that we might arrive there; as to our return, for that the higher powers could provide.

The frightful condition in which we found ourselves, between heaven and earth, was in some degree alleviated when we saw the army in motion, and one division of the avant-guard after the other marching forwards. At length our time came; we marched over hills, through valleys, and past vineyards, wherein we found also something to revive us. We then came, in better weather, into a more open country, and saw, in a cheerful part of the valley of the Aire, the castle of Grandpré, finely situated on a height, just at the point where this river forces its way westward, between the hills, to form a junction on the other side of the mountain with the Aisne, whose waters, flowing always to the west, finally, by a junction with the Oise, fall into the Seine; from which it is evident that the mountain ridge which separated us from

the Meuse, being of no considerable elevation indeed, but exercising a decisive influence on the course of the water, was so placed as to bring us into the region of other rivers.

On this march I came accidentally among the attendants of the King, afterwards of the Duke of Brunswick; I conversed with Prince Reuss and other diplomatic-military acquaintances. These masses of horsemen constituted a rich addition to the pleasing landscape; one would have wished a Van der Meulen to immortalise such a march; all was cheerful, lively, full of confidence, and heroic. Some villages, indeed, in front were in flames; but smoke has not a bad effect in a war picture. The people had fired, it was said, out of the houses on the advanced guard, and they, according to the laws of war, had exercised the right of self-revenge. This was blamed, but could not be altered; on the other hand, the vineyards were protected; which, however, held out no prospect of a good vintage to the proprietors. And thus, among peaceful and warlike occurrences, we pursued our onward course. Leaving Grandpré behind us, we reached and crossed the Aisne, and encamped near Vaux les Mourons; here we were in the much-abused Champaigne, —it did not yet, however, look so bad. Over the water, on the sunny side, lay some well-culti-

vated vineyards; and, on inspecting the villages and barns, sufficient provision was found both for men and beasts; only, unfortunately, the wheat was not threshed out, nor was there a sufficient number of mills. Ovens for baking, also, were rare; and thus our situation began really to resemble that of Tantalus.

18th September.

A large party assembled to discuss the state of affairs, who generally came together when there was a halt, particularly when coffee was served after dinner, and always in a friendly sort of way. It consisted of curious elements: Germans and Frenchmen, warriors and diplomatists, all people of some note, experienced, shrewd, clever, excited by the importance of the moment; all men of character and weight, but still not admitted into the secret councils, and consequently all the more anxious to ascertain what had been decided on, what was likely to happen.

Dumourier, when he could no longer maintain the pass of Grandpré, had marched up the Aisne, and as his rear was secured by the Islettes, he took up a position on the heights of St. Menehould, fronting France. We had advanced through the narrow pass, and had in our rear and on our flank the uncaptured

fortresses of Sedan, Montmedi, and Stenay, which could interrupt all access to us at their pleasure.

We were entering a singular kind of country, whose inhospitable chalk soil afforded only a scanty subsistence to some widely scattered villages. To be sure, Rheims, Chalons, and their blessed environs, were not far off; an abundance of good things was to be hoped for in our front; our party, therefore, was almost unanimously of opinion that we must march upon Rheims, and take possession of Chalons; Dumourier would then be unable to remain in his advantageous position, a battle would be inevitable somewhere, the victory was considered as already certain.

19th September.

Many doubts, therefore, were felt when, on the 19th, we were ordered to direct our march upon Massige, to follow up the course of the Aisne, and either close to them or at a distance, keep this stream as well as the forest-clad mountains on our left.

We relieved ourselves from the burden of these reflections by taking an interest in the numerous accidents and occurrences which happened on the way. A singular phenomenon engrossed my attention. In order to push for-

ward several columns together, some of them had been led across the fields, over some low-lying hills; and at last, when they were about to descend again into the valley, they found a steep declivity in their way. This was immediately made as level as possible, but continued a considerable declivity still. Exactly at noon the sun shone brightly forth, and was reflected in all the arms. I kept upon a hill, and saw advancing this glittering river of arms glistening in the sunlight; but the effect was surprising when the column arrived at the steep declivity, for the hitherto closed ranks here separated from each other at a bound, and each man singly made his way to the bottom the best way he could. This produced a confusion that gave quite the idea of a waterfall: innumerable bayonets intermingled, flashing backwards and forwards, displayed the liveliest commotion. And when they formed again at the bottom in rank and file, and marched forwards in the valley in the same way as they had arrived at the top, its resemblance to a river became more vivid. The spectacle, too, was rendered more pleasing from its continuance being favoured by uninterrupted bright sunshine, which was the more agreeable to us in such critical circumstances, after the long-continued rains.

In the afternoon we arrived at Massige, only a few leagues' distance from the enemy; the camp was marked out, and we occupied the space assigned us. Stakes were already stuck in the ground, the horses tied to them, a fire was lit, and the cooking carriage opened. Quite unexpectedly, therefore, the report was spread that no encampment was to take place; for information had arrived that the French army was marching from St. Menehould upon Chalons; that the King intended to prevent their escape, and had given orders to break up. I inquired about the truth of this at the proper quarter, and learnt what I had already heard, only with this addition: that on this uncertain and improbable intelligence the Duke of Weimar and General Heymann, with the same hussars who had raised the disturbance, had gone to the front. After some time the generals came back, and assured us that there was not the slightest movement to be observed; the patrols also were obliged to confess that they had inferred rather than seen what they reported.

The impulse, however, was given, and the command sounded for the army to advance, but without the smallest portion of the baggage; all vehicles of every description were to return to Maison Champaigne, to form a wagon bulwark,

and await the presumed successful issue of a battle.

Without a moment's hesitation as to what I should do, I committed carriage, baggage, and horses, to my resolute and careful servant, and mounted my horse forthwith, with my military comrades. It had often previously been the subject of conversation, that any one who goes into a campaign should remain constantly throughout with the regular troops, to whichever division he may have attached himself, and shun no danger; for whatever may then befall us is always honourable; as, on the other hand, to remain with the baggage or elsewhere is dangerous and disgraceful at the same time; and thus I had arranged with the officers of the regiment, that I should always join myself to them, and if possible to the first squadron, as thereby the best relations could always be kept up. The way was traced out through the most melancholy valley in the world, up the little stream la Tourbe, between some low-lying hills, without a tree or a bush; orders and injunctions were given to march with as little noise as possible, as if we were going to surprise the enemy, who, however, from his position, was no doubt able to discover the approach of a mass of fifty thousand men. Night came on: neither moon nor stars were shining in

the heavens, the wind was howling dismally; the silent movement of so large a body of men in profound darkness had a most singular effect.

As you rode alongside the column, you met occasionally officers of your acquaintance, who were galloping about, sometimes to accelerate the movement of the troops, at others to retard it. We entered into conversation, or kept still, and sometimes several collected together. In this way a circle of about twelve, partly acquaintances and partly strangers, had come together. All sorts of questions, complaints, and expressions of surprise were uttered, and disputes and arguments abounded: the interruption of the dinner was not to be forgiven to the General. One facetious fellow wished to have some sausages and bread, another jumped immediately with his wishes to venison and anchovy salad: as, however, all this took place without any effect, there was no want of tarts and other dainties, nor of expensive wines; and so complete a meal was collected, that at last one of them, whose appetite had been excited beyond all bounds, cursed the whole party, and, with loud complaints, described as insupportable the torment of an excited imagination in contrast with the greatest scarcity. They separated from each other, and

each singly was no better than they had been all together.

19th September, at night.

Thus we arrived at Somme-Tourbe, where a halt was called; the King had retired into a hotel, before the door of which the Duke of Brunswick had established his head-quarters and offices in a kind of shed. The ground was spacious; several fires were burning, fed by large bundles of vine-branches. The Prince Field-marshal complained several times that the flames were made to blaze up too strongly; we talked together about this, and nobody could bring himself to believe that our presence had remained a secret to the French.

I had arrived too late, and, let me look about as much as I pleased in the neighbourhood, every thing was already appropriated, if not consumed. While I was thus searching about, I saw a sight which shewed me what clever cooks the Emigrants were; they were sitting round a large circular flat smouldering heap of ashes, in which many a vine-stake had crackled and burnt; with great tact and rapidity they had got possession of all the eggs in the village, and it had a really appetising effect to see the eggs standing upright together in the ashes, and taken out, one after the other, at the proper time, when ready to be eaten.

I knew none of the noble assistants in the cooking, unknown I did not like to address them; as, however, just at that moment I met a favourite acquaintance, who was suffering like myself from hunger and thirst, I bethought me of a plan which had been suggested by an observation I had occasion to make during my short military career. I had, namely, remarked, that whilst foraging in the villages, the men were in the habit of going clumsily to work; those who came first fell to, plundered, destroyed, demolished; the next comers found always less and less, and what was lost was of use to nobody. I had already decided that a more skilful plan ought to be adopted, and when the crowd was pressing forward in front, a search ought to be made in the opposite direction. This could scarcely take place here, for all was overflowed; but the village was a very long one, and lay chiefly on one side of the street by which we had entered. I asked my friend to go down the long street with me. From the last house but one a soldier came out swearing that every thing was already consumed, and nothing more was to be had. We looked through the windows, where we saw some riflemen sitting very quietly; we entered, that we might have, at all events, a bench to sit on and be under cover, saluted them as com-

rades, and complained of course of the general scarcity. After some conversation, they desired us to promise them secrecy; on which we gave them our hands. They now disclosed to us that they had found in the house a capital well-filled cellar, the entrance into which they had themselves concealed, but they had no wish to refuse us a share of the supply. One of them drew out a key, and, on removing some obstructions, a cellar-door was found to open. On descending, we found several casks on the floor; but what was of more interest to us, there were various partitions full of bottles filled and laid in sand, where our good-natured comrade, who had already tried them all, pointed out the best sort to us. I took two bottles between the outstretched fingers of both my hands, and drew them under my cloak; my friend did the same; and thus, in hopes of soon getting something to refresh us, we strode up the street again.

Perceiving close to the large watch-fire a heavy, strong harrow, I sat down upon it, and pushed my bottles under the cloak between the teeth of it. After some time I brought out one bottle, which caused exclamations from my neighbours, to whom I offered a share. They took good pulls at it, the last one modestly, as he saw very well that he left me little

behind. I concealed the bottle beside me, and soon afterwards brought out a second, drank to my friends, who were well pleased to taste it again, at first not observing the miracle; at the third bottle, however, they exclaimed loudly against the conjuror; and in this melancholy situation the joke was welcome in every respect.

Among the numerous persons whose figures and faces were lit up by the fire, I perceived an elderly man whom I thought I knew. Upon inquiry, and on approaching him, he was not a little astonished to find me here. It was the Marquis de Bombelles, whom I had visited two years before in Venice, when I was with the Duchess Amalia, where he, residing as French Ambassador, had done every thing in his power to make the visit of this excellent Princess as pleasant as possible. Exclamations of surprise on both sides, joy at meeting again, and recollections of former times enlivened this solemn moment. His splendid residence on the grand canal became the subject of conversation, and honourable mention was made of the hospitable reception he gave us, when we visited him in gondolas, and of his having contributed so much to the amusement of this lady and her friends, by the little fêtes he gave, quite suiting the taste and fancy of one who was equally a lover

of nature and of art, of cheerfulness and decorum; and of his having procured for them the enjoyment of many other things from which strangers are usually excluded.

How much was I surprised, however, when I heard him who I supposed would be overjoyed by my genuine panegyric, exclaim sorrowfully: "Let us be silent about these things; those times lie only too far behind me; and even at the time when I was entertaining my noble guests with apparent cheerfulness the worm was already gnawing at my heart; I foresaw the consequences of what was taking place in my native land. I admired the lightness of heart which prevented you from having any forebodings of the danger which was also impending over you; I was preparing myself in silence for a change in my condition. Soon afterwards I was obliged to abandon my honourable post, and leave Venice, and commence my wanderings, which at length have led me also here."

The air of secrecy which from time to time they sought to give to this undisguised march made us suspect that, before this night was over, we should break up and go forwards; but the dawn had already commenced, and with it a drizzling rain began to fall; it was already quite light when we put ourselves in motion. As the Duke of Weimar's regiment composed

the vanguard, some hussars, who were made acquainted with the road to our destination, accompanied the first squadron as the foremost of the whole column. We now advanced, sometimes at a sharp trot, over fields and hills without a bush or a tree; in the distance only, to the left, we saw the Argonne forest; the drizzling rain struck more sharply in our faces; but shortly afterwards we perceived an avenue of very fine poplars, which lay directly across our path. It was the high road from Chalons to St. Menehould, being the way from Paris to Germany: we were led across it, and proceeded onwards in our course.

Some time before this we had already seen the enemy, encamped and drawn up in front of the forest; we could also perceive that fresh troops were arriving; it was Kellermann, who was just at that moment uniting with Dumourier, in order to form his left wing. Our troops were burning with the desire of pouncing upon the French, officers as well as men glowed with the anticipation that the General would instantly make the attack; our impetuous advance, too, seeming to indicate that such was his intention. But Kellermann had placed himself in too favourable a position; and now commenced the cannonade of which so much has been spoken, but the violence of which at the time

it is impossible to describe, or even to recall in the imagination.

The high road lay already a long way behind us; we kept storming always towards the west, when all at once an adjutant came galloping up, who ordered us to go back again: we had been led too far, and now we were ordered to cross the road again, and draw up with our right flank close to the left side of it. This was done, and we thus made front against the outwork La Lune, which was seen on a hill, about a mile in advance of us, close to the road. Our commander came up to us; he had just brought up the half of a horse-battery; we received orders to go forwards under cover of this, and found on the way an old driver of the baggagewagons, as the first victim of the day, lying stretched upon the ground. We rode on quite unconcerned, and had a nearer view of the outwork, the battery on which was firing fiercely away.

Soon, however, we found ourselves in a curious situation; cannon-balls were flying wildly amongst us, without our understanding from whence they came; for we were advancing behind a friendly battery, and the hostile guns on the opposite hills were much too distant to be able to reach us. I placed myself in the front on one side, and had the

most extraordinary view: the balls were falling by dozens in front of the squadron, not rebounding, luckily, as they sank into the soft ground; but mud and dirt bespattered man and horse; the black horses, admirably held together by their gallant riders, snorted and plunged; the whole mass, without being separated or falling into confusion, fluctuated to and fro. A curious sight brought other times to my remembrance. In the first rank of the squadron the standard was wavering backwards and forwards in the hands of a handsome boy; he held it firmly, but was frightfully shaken by his furious horse; his sweet face, singularly enough, but naturally, brought, in this fearful moment, his still sweeter mother before me; and I could not help thinking of the peaceful moments I had passed at her side.

At length the command was given to go back, and down the hill; it was done by the whole cavalry regiments with great order and steadiness; only a single horse, Von Lottum, was killed, although the rest of us, particularly those on the outside of the right wing, ought all, *by rights*, to have been killed.

After we had withdrawn out of the range of the inexplicable fire, and had recovered from our surprise and astonishment, the riddle was solved: we found the half battery, under whose

protection we fancied we were marching, down below, quite in a hollow, of which there are great numbers in this district, formed accidentally by the position of the ground. It had been dislodged from above, and had gone down in a ravine on the other side of the road, so that we could not remark its retreat. Hostile guns took its place; and what was intended for our protection, had very nearly become the means of our destruction. The fellows only laughed at us when we reproached them, and assured us, jestingly, that it was much better down there in the penthouse.

When, afterwards, however, we saw with our eyes how a horse-battery of this kind had to be dragged painfully along among the terrible splashy hills, we were made to reflect once more upon the critical situation into which we had brought ourselves.

Meanwhile the cannonade continued without interruption. Kellermann occupied a dangerous post at the Mill of Valmy, at which the fire was principally directed; a powderwagon exploded there, and we rejoiced in the mischief probably caused to the enemy thereby. And thus all remained, properly speaking, merely spectators and listeners, as well those who were exposed to the fire as those who were not. We kept upon the road from Chalons,

near a post which pointed out the road to Paris.

This capital, therefore, we now had in our rear, and the French army stood between us and our native land. Stronger barricades were perhaps never placed in any one's path, causing the greatest apprehension to one who had been incessantly studying for four weeks an accurate map of the theatre of the war.

However, the necessities of the moment make good their claims even in spite of dangers that may be immediately impending. Our hussars had been lucky enough to capture several bread-cars, which were on their way from Chalons to the army, and brought them along the high road. Now, as it appeared strange to us to be posted between Paris and St. Menehould, so the people at Chalons could never imagine that the enemy would be found on the road leading to their army. For some pieces of money the hussars gave up a part of the bread; it was of the finest white kind, a Frenchman being terrified at a morsel of black. I distributed more than one loaf among my immediate followers, upon condition that they should keep a share for me during the ensuing days. I found an occasion, also, for another piece of foresight. A rifleman belonging to the retinue had likewise purchased of these hussars a thick wool-

len blanket; I offered to make an agreement with him, that he should give it up to me for three consecutive nights, every night for eight groschen, and in return he should keep it during the daytime. He considered this condition as very advantageous for him; the blanket had cost him a florin, and in a short time he received it all back again with interest. I, however, had also reason to be satisfied; my delicious woollen coverings from Longwy had remained behind with the baggage; and now, in the general want of shelter and covering, I had obtained a second protection besides my cloak.

All this took place with the uninterrupted accompaniment of the cannon-thunder. On each side, this day, ten thousand shots were fired, by which, on our side, only twelve hundred men fell, and these, too, quite in vain. The sky was cleared by the tremendous concussion; for they fired the cannon exactly as if it had been platoon firing, unequally, stopping, and then commencing again. In the afternoon, at one o'clock, after a pause of some duration, it was at its height; the earth trembled quite in the most literal sense, and still we saw not the slightest change in the positions. Nobody knew what was to be the result.

I had heard so much of the cannon-fever, and I wanted to know what kind of thing it

was. Ennui, and a spirit which every kind of danger excites to daring, nay even to rashness, induced me to ride up quite coolly to the outwork of La Lune. This was again occupied by our people; but it presented the wildest aspect. The roofs were shot to pieces, the cornshocks scattered about, the bodies of men mortally wounded stretched upon them here and there, and occasionally a spent cannon-ball fell and rattled among the ruins of the tile-roofs.

Quite alone, and left to myself, I rode away on the heights to the left, and could plainly survey the favourable position of the French: they were standing in the form of a semicircle, in the greatest quiet and security; Kellermann, on the left wing, being the easiest to reach.

I fell in with good company on the way, officers of my acquaintance, belonging to the general staff and the regiment, greatly surprised to find me here. They wanted to take me back again with them; but I spoke to them of particular objects I had in view, and they left me, without further dissuasion, to my well-known singular caprice.

I had now arrived quite in the region where the balls were playing across me: the sound of them is curious enough, as if it were com-

posed of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistling of birds. They were less dangerous by reason of the wetness of the ground; wherever one fell, it stuck fast. And thus my foolish experimental ride was secured against the danger at least of the balls rebounding.

In the midst of these circumstances, I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within me: I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can be described only by similitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel yourself, as it were, quite one with the element in which you are. The eyes lose nothing of their strength or clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown-red tint, which makes the situation, as well as the surrounding objects, more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood; but every thing seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible uneasy feeling arising from it is produced in us solely through the ears. For the cannon thunder, the howling, whistling, crashing of the

balls through the air, is the real cause of these sensations.

After I had ridden back, and was in perfect security, I remarked with surprise that the glow was completely extinguished, and not the slightest feverish agitation was left behind. On the whole, this condition is one of the least desirable, as indeed, among my dear and noble comrades, I found scarcely one who expressed a really passionate desire to try it.

Thus the day had passed away: the French stood immovable, Kellermann having taken also a more advantageous position. Our people were withdrawn out of the fire, and it was exactly as if nothing had taken place. The greatest consternation was diffused among the army. That very morning they had thought of nothing short of spitting the whole of the French and devouring them; nay I myself had been tempted to take part in this dangerous expedition from the unbounded confidence I felt in such an army and in the Duke of Brunswick; but now every one went about alone, nobody looked at his neighbour, or if it did happen, it was to curse or to swear. Just as night was coming on, we had accidentally formed ourselves into a circle, in the middle of which the usual fire even could not be kindled: most of them were silent, some spoke, and in fact the power of

reflection and judgment was awanting to all. At last I was called upon to say what I thought of it; for I had been in the habit of enlivening and amusing the troop with short sayings. This time I said: "From this place and from this day forth commences a new era in the world's history, and you can all say that you were present at its birth."

In these moments, when nobody had any thing to eat, I claimed back again a morsel of the bread captured that morning; there was also remaining about as much as would fill a brandy-bottle of the wine so freely used the day before; and I had, therefore, completely to abandon the part of conjuror, so acceptably and bravely acted at the fire on that occasion.

The cannonade had scarcely ceased when rain and wind again commenced, and made our condition most uncomfortable on the spungy clay soil, without protection from the weather. However, with the long watching, and agitation of mind and body, sleep asserted her empire as the night drew near. We had lain down behind an elevated part of the ground, which protected us from the cutting wind, when it occurred to somebody that for this night we should bury ourselves in the earth, and cover ourselves with our cloaks. Preparations were immediately made for this, and several holes

were dug with tools supplied by the horse artillery. The Duke of Weimar even did not despise this kind of premature burial.

Here I demanded, on payment of eight groschen, the blanket mentioned above, wrapped myself in it, and spread my cloak over me, without feeling much of the dampness from it. Ulysses, I am sure, did not repose with greater comfort and satisfaction in the cloak which he obtained in a similar way.

All these preparations were made contrary to the wish of the colonel, who made us observe that the French had a battery standing upon a hill opposite to us, behind a copsewood, with which they could bury us in real earnest, and annihilate us at their pleasure. But we could not abandon the sheltered spot and our sagaciously invented snuggery; and this was not the last time that I remarked, that people do not shun danger to escape from inconvenience.

21st September.

The mutual salutations of the awakened sleepers were by no means lively or animated; for they were conscious of being in a shameful and hopeless situation. We found ourselves placed on the edge of an enormous amphitheatre; where on the other side the enemy formed a semicircle, nearly boundless to the eye, on

heights which were secured by rivers, ponds, brooks, and morasses at their feet. On our side, we stood exactly as we did the day before, lighter by ten thousand cannon-balls, but not a whit better situated for an attack; we looked down into a widely-expanded arena, where the hussars of both armies kept chasing each other backwards and forwards among the cottages and gardens, and in their sham fight, hour after hour, succeeded in chaining the attention of the spectators to them. But from this galloping to and fro, and popping at each other, there was no result in the end, except that one of our people, who had ventured too boldly within the enclosures, was surrounded and shot, as he obstinately refused to surrender.

This was the only victim of this day's operations; but our uncomfortable, oppressive, and helpless situation was rendered more melancholy and frightful by the prevailing sickness.

However pugnacious and ready for battle the day before, it was confessed that a suspension of hostilities was now desirable, as, on reflection, even the boldest and most passionate were obliged to declare that an attack would be the greatest madness in the world. Opinions wavered for this day still, during which, to save appearances, the same position was maintained

as during the time of the cannonade; towards the evening, however, it was slightly changed, the head-quarters being ultimately established at Hans, and the baggage carried there. We had now to hear of the alarm, the danger, the destruction which had nearly befallen our servants and effects.

The wooded mountains of Argonne, from St. Menehould to Grandpré, were occupied by the French; from whence their hussars carried on the most daring and annoying little war. We had learnt yesterday that a secretary of the Duke of Brunswick, and some other followers of the Prince, had been taken prisoners between the army and the bulwark of wagons. This, however, did not in the least deserve the name of a bulwark, for it was badly constructed, was not enclosed, and had not a sufficient escort. They were tormented by one groundless alarm after the other, as well as by the cannonade, which was not far distant. Afterwards they were deceived by the fable, or fact, that the French troops, having come down out of the forests, had been on the way to seize the whole of the baggage; on which General Kalkreuth's runner, who had been taken prisoner by them and again liberated, took great credit to himself, declaring that he had prevented an attack from the enemy by some successful lies he had in-

vented about numerous escorts, riding batteries, and the like. Possible enough! Who is there that has not done something, or has not something to do, in moments of such importance?

Tents, carriages, and horses then we had; but food for no living thing. With the rain falling, we were in want even of water; and some of the ponds were polluted by the bodies of dead horses which had fallen into them. All this together made the situation most frightful. I could not understand what he meant, when I saw my faithful pupil, servant, and companion, Paul Göze, very busily baling out the water collected on the leather covering of the travelling carriage; he confessed that it was intended for the chocolate, a supply of which he had luckily brought along with him. In fact, I have seen some persons scooping out the water from the horses' footmarks to quench their burning thirst. Bread was bought from the old soldiers, who were accustomed to fasting, and had laid by some, in order to cheer themselves with brandy, if again to be had.

22d September.

We heard that Generals Mannstein and Heymann were at Dampiere, in the head-quarters of Kellermann, where Dumourier also was expected. Their apparent object was, to effect

an exchange of the prisoners, and make proper provision for the sick and wounded; but, on the whole, they expected to effect a change in the state of affairs in their present disastrous condition. Since the tenth of August the King of France had been taken prisoner, and innumerable massacres had taken place in September. It was known that Dumourier was in favour of the King and Constitution; he would therefore be obliged, for his own safety and security, to oppose the present state of things; and a great event, indeed, it would have been if he had united with the Allies and advanced upon Paris.

Since the arrival of the equipage the quarters of the Duke of Weimar were much improved, for we had to acknowledge that the chamberlain and cook, and other household officials, had never been without provisions, and even during the greatest scarcity had always supplied us with some kind of warm food. Fortified by it, I went to ride about the country, in order to get some acquaintance with it, but without success; those flat hills possessed no striking characteristics, one object was undistinguishable from another. To ascertain, however, whereabouts I was, I searched for the long avenue of tall poplars, which had struck us so much the day before; and not

finding it, I thought I had wandered far out of my way; but on closer examination I found it had been cut down, carried away, and was, no doubt, already burnt.

The places within the cannon's range presented a horrible aspect. Men were lying unburied, and beasts, writhing in pain, and unable to die. I saw one horse whose fore-feet had become entangled in its own entrails projecting from its body, and limping about in this shocking fashion.

In riding home, I met Prince Louis Ferdinand in the open field, sitting upon a wooden chair, which had been brought up from a village in the plain; at the same time some of his people were dragging along a kitchen cupboard, containing, they asserted, something that rattled in it, and they were in hopes of having captured a rich prize. They broke it open eagerly, but found only a thick cookery-book: and now, when the shattered cupboard was blazing in the fire, they read aloud the precious cookery receipts, which so excited their imaginations, that hunger and desire were again raised to the pitch of desperation.

24th September.

The worst weather in the world was rendered, in some measure, less dismal by the news

that a suspension of hostilities was decided on, and that therefore there was the prospect of being able at least in some tranquillity to suffer and starve. But this served only half to console us, as we soon heard that it was only an agreement that the outposts should cease fighting, and that, with this exception, it was not forbidden to prosecute the operations at pleasure. This condition was properly in favour of the French, who could change their position in all directions round about, and hem us in more closely; but we, in the centre, were compelled to keep stationary, and remain in our stagnant position. The outposts, however, gladly availed themselves of this permission. At first they agreed that whichever side had the wind and weather in their faces should be entitled to turn round, and, wrapped in their cloaks, have nothing to fear from the other side. They went further; the French had still some small supply of food, but the Germans were in want of every thing; the former therefore bestowed a portion of theirs upon them, and they grew more friendly every moment. At length printed papers were handed about good-naturedly on the part of the French, which proclaimed the blessings of freedom and equality to the good Germans; imitating the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick in the inverted sense, they offered good

will and hospitality; and as greater numbers had already taken the field than they knew how to manage, by this proclamation they intended, at least for the present, to weaken the enemy rather than strengthen themselves.

24th September.

As companions in distress at this time, I could not help pitying two handsome boys of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. Being put in requisition with four light horses, they had succeeded so far in dragging my little carriage along, and were suffering in silence more for their horses than themselves; but it was as difficult to give relief to them as to the rest of us. As they were enduring all these hardships on my account, I felt bound to do something for them, and wished to divide with them honestly the commissariat bread before mentioned; but they refused it, and assured me that they could not eat that kind of bread; and when I asked what they eat in ordinary times, they replied: "*Du bon pain, de la bonne soupe, de la bonne viande, de la bonne bière.*" Now, as every thing with them was good, and every thing with us was bad, I forgave them freely, when, leaving their horses behind, they shortly afterwards made their escape. They had endured much misery besides this; but I think it

was the commissariat bread which induced them, like a frightful spectre, to take the last decided step. White and black bread is properly the shibboleth, the battle-cry, between Germans French.

One observation I must not omit here: we came at an unfavourable season, certainly, into a country unblessed by nature; but which, at all events, supports its scattered, industrious, orderly, and contented population. Richer and more favoured districts may look down upon it; but it was not by any means wretchedness and beggary that met me there. The houses are well built, and covered with tiles, and sufficient industry is visible every where. The really bad portion of the district, too, is, at the utmost, from sixteen to twenty miles broad; and, as well in the direction of the Argonne mountains as towards Rheims and Chalons, has a more favoured region close at hand. Children who had been picked up in the first good village, spoke contentedly of the way in which they were fed; and I had only to recollect the cellar at Somme Tourbe and the white bread which had fallen into our hands quite fresh from Chalons, to perceive that, in a time of peace, it was not hunger and misery exactly that were at home here.

25th September.

That during the suspension of hostilities the French on their side would be active, was to be expected and seen. They were trying to re-establish the broken communication with Chalons, and to crush the Emigrants, or rather drive them upon us in our rear; but our greatest misfortune for the moment was, that they could obstruct, if not completely destroy, our communications, as well with the Argonne mountains as with Sedan and Montmedy.

As I was known to take an interest in various things, they brought me every thing that appeared in any way extraordinary. Amongst the rest they brought a cannon-ball, seemingly about four pounds weight, the extraordinary part of which, however, was, that the whole of its surface was covered with little crystallised pyramids. Balls enough had been shot on that day, and it was not wonderful if one of them had made its way over here. I thought of all kinds of hypotheses to account for this peculiar shape of the ball, whether it had arisen in casting the metal or afterwards. I was enlightened as to this by an accident. On returning after a short absence to my tent, I inquired for the ball, but it could not be found. Persevering in my demand, they confessed it had burst, after all kinds of experiments had been made

upon it. I asked for the fragments, and found, to my great astonishment, crystallisation at the centre, which, commencing there, radiated towards the surface. It was pyrites, and must have formed itself into this shape in some open place. This discovery led to others: more of this kind of pyrites was found, but smaller, in the shape of balls and kidneys, and in other less regular shapes, all, however, alike in this, that they had not become fixed any where, and that the crystallisation had always relation to a particular centre; they were not rounded off either, but quite freshly and plainly crystallised on the surface. Can it be that they had produced themselves spontaneously in the earth, and are such things found elsewhere in the fields?

But it was not I alone that had my attention directed to the minerals of the district; the fine white chalk which was found every where appeared decidedly valuable. The soldiers had only in fact to dig a hole to come upon the finest white chalk, so necessary an article to them for keeping their accoutrements white and clear. An order of the day was actually issued: the soldiers were ordered to provide themselves with as much as possible of this necessary commodity, which was here to be had for nothing. This indeed encountered some

derision: sunk in the frightfullest mud, they were ordered to load themselves with the materials for cleanliness and ornament; languishing for bread, they had to content themselves with dust. The officers, too, were not a little annoyed on being ill-received at head-quarters, because they did not appear so clean and well dressed as they used to be on parade at Berlin or Potsdam. The commanders, it was thought, not being able to mend it, ought to have let it pass.

27th September.

A somewhat singular expedient for encountering the dreadful hunger was at the same time made public in the army; they were ordered to thresh out as well as possible the whole of the barley sheaves in their possession, to boil the corns thus obtained in hot water till they burst, and with this kind of food seek to appease their hunger.

Our immediate neighbourhood, however, was destined to have better succour afforded to it. Two carts were seen at some distance sticking fast, to which assistance was willingly conveyed, as they contained provender and other necessaries. Von Seebach, Master of the Horse, immediately sent horses to them, and they were brought away, but conducted also at the same

time to the Duke's regiment; the drivers protesting against this, as they were destined for the Austrian army, to which, indeed, their passports bore witness. But their fate was already decided: in order to keep off the crowd, and at the same time to retain possession of the carts, sentinels were placed over them; and as they were also paid by us all that they demanded, they were obliged to submit to this change in their destination, and see themselves pass into our hands.

First of all, the stewards and cooks pressed forward, with their assistants, and took possession of the butter-vats, hams, and other good things. The crowd increased, the greater number calling for tobacco, which also was given out in great quantities at a high price. The carts, however, were so hemmed in, that at last nobody could get near them, and I was therefore called upon by our people and troopers, and in the most earnest way entreated to assist them in procuring some of this most necessary of all commodities.

I ordered some soldiers to make way for me, and immediately mounted the nearest cart, to prevent my being entangled in the crowd; here I purchased and filled my pockets as full as they would hold with tobacco; and when I descended again, and freely dispensed it among

the people, I was praised as the greatest benefactor that had ever taken pity on suffering humanity. Brandy also was amongst the arrivals, and was welcome to many, who were glad to pay a French crown for a bottle of it.

27th September.

At head-quarters themselves, to which access was sometimes obtained, as well as of all those who were met coming from thence, inquiries were made as to the state of affairs, which could not be more alarming. More and more was heard of the horrors that had occurred in Paris; and what was at first considered as fable, appeared at last as the truth overflowing with terror. The King and his family were prisoners, his dethronement already spoken of, hatred of royalty in general was gaining strength every day, and, in fact, it was now to be expected that judicial proceedings would be commenced against the unhappy monarch. Our immediate antagonists in the war had again opened up a communication with Chalons; here Luckner was stationed, in order to form into military corps the crowds of volunteers streaming out from Paris; but these, coming from the capital during the first fearful days of September, through the wild flowing

torrents of blood, brought with them a taste for murder and robbery rather than for legitimate warfare. Following the example of the savage population of Paris, without authority they selected victims for themselves, to rob them of all they possessed, be it authority, possessions, or life. To let them loose, undisciplined as they were, was all that was wanted to complete our ruin.

The Emigrants had been driven in upon us, and we were told of many a danger that threatened both our rear and flanks. In the neighbourhood of Rheims twenty thousand peasants were said to have collected together in bands, armed with agricultural implements, and other rural weapons, snatched up wildly at the moment; there being great fear that these also might fall upon us.

These matters were discussed in the evening in the Duke's tent, by some of the distinguished commanders in the army; each one brought his share of information, conjecture, and anxiety, to this helpless counsel, for it appeared as if only a miracle could save us. However, it occurred to me at this moment, that, in a time of misfortune, people are fond in general of drawing comparisons between themselves and persons in an exalted station; thus I felt myself induced, as a diversion, to recount

some of the most hazardous events in the history of St. Louis. The King, during his crusade, first undertakes to humble the Sultan of Egypt, for the promised land was then an appendage of his. Damietta falls without a siege into the hands of the Christians. Spurred on by his brother, the Comte d'Artois, the King undertakes a march to Babylon-Cairo, up the right bank of the Nile. They succeed in filling up one of the canals which draws water from it. The army marches over this; but now they find themselves hemmed in between the Nile and its larger and smaller canals, whereas the Saracens are advantageously posted on both sides of the river. To get over the larger water-courses becomes a matter of difficulty. Blockhouses are built, and opposed to those of the enemy; but the latter have the advantage of the Greek fire. With this they spread havoc among the wooden bulwarks, buildings, and men. Of what use to the Christians is their unwavering battle-array, whilst continually provoked, insulted, and attacked by the Saracens, and involved in confusion by the scattered attacks of their skirmishers?

Isolated cases of daring and hand-to-hand encounters produce an animating and spirit-stirring effect; but the heroes, and even the King himself, are cut off from the main body. The

bravest amongst them, indeed, force their way through, but the confusion increases. The Comte d'Artois is in danger, and the King risks every thing for his rescue. His brother is already dead, and the danger rises to the highest pitch. During this burning day every thing depends upon the defence of a bridge over a side stream, in order to keep off the Saracens from the rear of the main battle. The few warriors posted there are reinforced as much as possible, with guns by the soldiers, with stones and mud by the soldiers' boys. In the midst of all this havoc the Comte de Soissons says, jesting, to the Knight of Joinville: "Seneschal, leave the hounds to bellow and bark; by God's throne (this was his usual oath), from this day forth we speak as if in the drawing-room before the ladies."

They smiled, received it as a good omen, and discussed the probabilities of the case, more particularly producing the reasons why the French were more likely to spare us than destroy us. The long unbroken truce, and their hitherto unaggressive demeanour, gave some hope. To increase this I ventured upon another historical recital, and, producing the particular maps, brought to their remembrance that eight miles to the westward of us lay the notorious Devil's field, to which Attila, King

of the Huns, in the year 452, had penetrated with his countless hordes, but was there routed by the Burgundian princes, with the aid of the Roman general Aetius; that, had they followed up their victory, he in person, together with all his people, would have been utterly destroyed. But the Roman general, desirous that the Burgundian princes should not be freed from all fear of this powerful enemy, as, in that case, he would have seen them immediately turn against the Romans, persuaded them, one after the other, to return home; and thus escaped the King of the Huns with the remains of his countless host.

Just at this moment news was brought that the expected supply of bread had arrived from Grandpré; this also doubly and trebly cheered the hearts of all; they separated in better spirits, and I was able to read to the Duke till late in the night, out of a French book, which had fallen into my hands in a very curious way. In the midst of the audacious, outrageous jokes, I thought of the lively riflemen at Verdun, who marched into the jaws of death singing frivolous songs. You must not, indeed, be too particular about the means, when you wish to escape the bitterness of it.

28th September.

The bread had arrived, but not without difficulty and loss; several of the carts had stuck fast in the wretched roads on their way to us from Grandpré, where it was baked; others had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and a portion of the supply was unfit for use; for, being damp, and too quickly baked, the crumb had separated from the crust, and the hollow parts become mouldy. Again fearing poison, they brought me some of these loaves, which this time had a high orange colour in the inside, indicating arsenic and sulphur, as the other at Verdun indicated verdigris. But supposing even that it was not poisoned, the look of it excited disgust and loathing; hunger became keener, being balked of a supply: sickness, wretchedness, and discontent pressed heavily on so large a mass of brave men. In the midst of these distresses our surprise and uneasiness were increased by an incredible piece of intelligence. The Duke of Brunswick, it was said, had sent his former manifesto to Dumourier, who, astonished and enraged, immediately proclaimed the truce at an end, and commanded a renewal of hostilities. In spite of the greatness of the dilemma in which we were involved, foreseeing, too, a still greater before us, we could not avoid laughing and jeering: here was to be

seen, we said, the misery which authorship draws upon itself! Every poet or other author is so fond of displaying his works, without inquiring whether it be the right time or not; and this was precisely what the Duke of Brunswick was doing, who, to enjoy the pleasures of authorship, produced his unlucky manifesto exactly at the wrong time.

We now expected to see the advanced posts popping at each other again, and looked towards all the hills for an enemy to make his appearance, but all was as quiet and tranquil as if nothing had happened. In the mean time we lived in the most painful state of uncertainty and insecurity, for every body was aware that, in a strategetical point of view, we were lost, if the enemy should take the slightest fancy to annoy us or press us. But in the midst of this uncertainty many things already indicated a better understanding and more peaceful disposition; for instance, the postmaster of St. Menehould had been delivered up, free and unhurt, in exchange for the persons belonging to the King's suite, taken prisoners on the 20th between the bulwark of wagons and the army.

29th September.

Towards the evening, according to the orders given, the equipage was put in motion. It was

to go forward under the escort of the Duke of Brunswick's regiment, the army to follow at midnight. All bestirred themselves, but slowly, and out of humour; for even with the best will they slipped on the splashy ground, and sank into it before they were aware. These hours also passed away; time running its usual course, even in the roughest day.

Night had come on; and this also we had to pass sleepless. The weather was not unfavourable, the full moon shining, but having nothing to illuminate. The tents had vanished: baggage, carriages, and horses, were all away, and our little party in particular was in a curious state. We had appointed the place where we were for the horses to meet us, but they did not come. As far as we could see all round about by the pale light, every thing appeared desolate and solitary; we listened in vain; neither shape nor sound could be seen or heard. Our minds wavered, doubtful and uncertain: we were more inclined not to leave the appointed place than to put our people in the same dilemma, and miss them altogether. Yet it was terrible, thus in the enemy's country, after such events, to stand isolated and abandoned, or, for the moment at least, to appear so. We listened, to hear if any hostile demonstra-

tion was afoot; but nothing was stirring, either for us or against us.

We collected all the tent-straw together which had been left behind in the neighbourhood, and burned it, not without fear. Allured by the flame, an old female sutler approached us; she had apparently made good use of her time in the remote places in which she had loitered on her way back, for she carried a pretty large bundle under her arm. After greeting us and warming herself, she first of all began to vaunt Frederick the Great to the stars, and praised the Seven-years War, in which, she said, she had been present; then fiercely abused the present Princes and Generals, who had brought so large an army into a country, where the sutlers could not drive their trade, for whose behoof, according to her, it was all intended. It was pleasant and amusing enough, for the moment, to look at the affair from her point of view; however, the horses were exceedingly welcome when they arrived at length, as then we also, with the Weimar regiment, commenced the ominous retreat.

The measures of precaution taken, and significant orders issued, gave us reason to fear that the enemy would not look quietly on at our retreat. We had observed, with apprehen-

sion, even now, when it was still daylight, all the vehicles sunk in the miry ground, moving with difficulty along; and this particularly alarmed us in the case of the artillery. What might not be our fate when the night came on! It was mournful to see the baggagewagons, overturned and broken, lying in the brooks, and deplorable to leave the sick lying helpless behind us. When those who were in any way acquainted with the country looked around them, they confessed that nothing could save us here, if the enemy, who was known to be on both our flanks and rear, should be inclined to attack us. As this, however, did not take place during the first few hours, the mind, always leaning on hope, again took courage, and, as its tendency is to assign a rational cause to every thing that happens, we took comfort in believing that the negotiations between the head-quarters of Hans and St. Menehould had been successfully concluded in our favour. From hour to hour this belief increased; and when I saw a halt made, and the whole of the carriages moving along in good order above the village of St. Jean, I was already quite certain that we should reach home, and in good society, *devant les dames*, be able to recount our past sufferings. This time, also, I imparted my persuasion to my friends and acquaintances; and we already began to

endure our present difficulties with cheerfulness.

No encampment took place; but our people pitched a large tent, and spread wheatsheaves about, both inside and outside, for sleeping on. The moon was shining clear in the lulled air, only a thin streak of light cloud was perceptible; the whole surrounding country being almost as visible and distinct as in the daytime. It shone upon the men sleeping, and the horses, which were kept awake by the necessity of being fed, many white ones being among them, from which the light was strongly reflected; the white carriage coverings, and even the white wheatsheaves devoted to rest, spread light and cheerfulness over this imposing scene. Truly the greatest artist would have considered himself fortunate if he could have painted such a picture.

Not till late did I lie down in the tent, hoping to enjoy the soundest sleep; but nature has interposed many discomforts between her richest gifts; and thus it is one of the most unsocial habits of man, that, whilst asleep, and himself enjoying the most profound repose, he is wont to keep his fellows awake by immoderate snoring. Lying down inside the tent, my head was placed close to that of a man who lay outside, and who irretrievably marred my needful rest by abo-

minable grunting. I untied the rope of the tent-stake to see who was my foe, and found it was one of the servants, a brave and worthy man, who was lying in the moonlight sound asleep as Endymion himself. The impossibility of obtaining any rest in such neighbourhood excited the evil spirit within me; I took up an ear of corn, and drew it over his forehead and nose. Disturbed in his rest, he drew his hand several times over his face; and as soon as he again sank into sleep, I renewed my frolic, he being unable, no doubt, to understand from whence the gad-fly came at this time of the year. I carried it so far at last, that, quite awakened, he decided on getting up. Meanwhile, all tendency to sleep had left me also. I went out in front of the tent, and admired, in the scarcely altered picture, the infinite stillness, on the edge of the still present danger; and as, in such moments, anxiety and hope, apprehension and confidence, alternate in the mind, a thrill of horror ran through me, when I thought that if the enemy should fall upon us at this moment, neither the spoke of a wheel nor a human limb would escape.

Daybreak soon changed the aspect of things; for many a strange sight was to be seen. Two old women, camp-followers, had tied several silk female dresses of various colours round

their bodies and breasts, the chief of them having besides a cape round her throat and head. In this garb they strutted about most comically, asserting that they had obtained them all by fair purchase and exchange.

30th September.

Notwithstanding that the carriages were put in motion as soon as the day broke, we made but little way; for, as early as nine o'clock, we stopped between Laval and Varge Moulin. Men and cattle took what refreshment they could find; but we did not encamp. The army also now arrived, and posted itself upon a hill; the greatest quiet and order reigning throughout. It could easily be perceived, indeed, by different precautionary measures put in force, that all danger was not yet at an end; reconnoitering parties were sent out, and secret interviews were held with strangers, and preparations were made for breaking up again.

1st October.

The Duke of Weimar led the vanguard, and covered, at the same time, the retreat of the baggage. Order and quiet reigned throughout this night, and our spirits were becoming more composed, when, about twelve o'clock, we were ordered to break up. But it was now evident,

from every thing we saw, that this march was not quite safe, by reason of the predatory bands which, it was to be feared, would attack us from the forest of Argonne. For even supposing, what was by no means certain, that an agreement had been entered into with Dumourier and the higher powers, still there was so little subordination at that time, that the mountain force might easily have declared itself independent, and made an attempt to destroy us, which, if successful, would have been sanctioned. This day's march also did not extend far; it was intended that the equipage and the army should proceed together, as well as the Austrians and Emigrants, who, on our left flank, and parallel to us, had likewise commenced their retreat.

And here I may as well mention that, in the midst of all this wretchedness, I made this whimsical vow: I swore that if we escaped, and I reached home in safety, nobody should ever hear me complain of the interruption to the view from my chamber-window caused by the projecting gable of the next house, which now, on the contrary, I ardently longed to behold; further, I would never complain of want of comfort or ennui in the German theatre, where you can always thank God, at least, that you are under cover, whatever may be taking place

on the stage. And in the same way I made another vow, which, however, I have forgotten.

It was sufficient, up to this time, for every one to provide for himself in the usual course, and cattle and carriages, man and horse, remained together, according to their regular divisions; and thus, also, we always again found tables covered, and benches and chairs in readiness, when we halted or encamped. However, it struck us that we were rather scantily provided; although, knowing the general scarcity, we submitted cheerfully to our fate.

Meanwhile, I had the good luck to partake of a better meal. It had grown dark early and every body had immediately lain down upon the litter prepared for them. I, too, had fallen asleep, but was awakened by a lively and pleasant dream; for it appeared to me as if I smelt, as if I were eating, the most delicious morsels, and on being awakened by this, and rising up, I found my tent full of a glorious smell of bacon, frying and frizzling, which excited my appetite greatly. In the wild kind of life we were leading, we might look to be excused for considering the swineherds as gods, and pork as priceless food. I stood up and saw a fire at some little distance,

luckily in the direction whence the wind was blowing, which brought me an abundance of the pleasant vapour. Hastening to the spot, I found the whole of the servants engaged round a smouldering fire, the back of the sow nearly roasted, the rest of it cut up, and ready for packing, and every one exerting himself, and giving a hand to the rapid preparation of the sausages. Not far from the fire lay the trunks of some large trees, upon one of which, after a friendly salutation of the party, I sat down, and looked on with pleasure and in silence at their work. Some of the good people wished to be kind to me, others felt that they could not exclude with propriety the unexpected guest, and, when it came to a division, they bestowed a goodly share upon me. Bread also was not wanting, and a drop of brandy besides; there being, in fact, no want of every requisite good thing.

A large piece of sausage was also presented to me when we mounted our horses in the middle of the foggy night; I stuck it in my pistol holsters; and thus the auspicious night-wind had been of good service to me.

2d October.

Even with the invigoration arising from taking food, and the grounds for assurance pre-

sented to the mind, hope and anxiety, chagrin and shame, alternated within us: we took pleasure in reflecting that we were still alive; but we cursed a life passed under such conditions. About two o'clock in the morning we broke up, and marching cautiously past a wood, traversed at Vaux the scene of our late encampment, and soon afterwards arrived at the Aisne. Here we found two bridges erected, to enable us to cross over to the right bank. We stopped for the present between the two, within sight of both, upon a sandy willow-bank, and immediately kindled a blazing fire to cook with. The tenderest lentils I ever tasted, and some long, red, well-flavoured potatoes were immediately dressed. And when the hams which had been conveyed by the Austrian drivers, but which had hitherto been kept secret, were served up, there was an abundant supply for all.

The equipage was already on the other side; but a splendid, and at the same time melancholy, spectacle soon presented itself. The army was in motion, the infantry and artillery marching across the bridges, the cavalry through a ford; all faces were downcast, and every mouth shut, diffusing melancholy sensations around. When regiments arrived, in which acquaintances and friends were known

to be, we hastened towards them, embraced them, and talked with them: but what questions were asked, and with what mortification and shame, and even tears, was all this intermingled!

Nevertheless we rejoiced in having managed so well as to be able to accommodate both high and low. First, the drum of a picquet which was posted there served as a table; afterwards, chairs and tables were brought from some neighbouring villages, and the guests of every degree were made as comfortable as possible. The Dauphin and Prince Louis did not despise the lentils; and we were joined by several Generals, who were attracted by the smoke from a distance. But good as was our supply, what could it avail among so many? They had to begin anew a second and a third time, and our spare supply was diminishing every moment.

Our Prince being in the habit of dispensing liberally to all, his people followed his example; and it would be difficult to mention every case in which the chamberlain and cook furnished refreshments to the numerous sick people who passed.

This went on during the whole day, and thus the retreat pictured itself to me, not in detail, and by comparison merely, but in its entire reality; and the wretchedness of it was

renewed and multiplied by every fresh uniform. So awful a spectacle was destined to end in a way worthy of it; the King and his staff rode up from a distance, remained some time stationary upon the bridge, as if to survey and reconsider the whole matter again; but at last he too followed his discomfited army. In the same way the Duke of Brunswick appeared on the other bridge, hesitated, and then rode on. The night set in windy and dry, and was passed, for the most part sleepless, on the melancholy willow-bank.

3d October.

Next morning, at six o'clock, we left this place, marching over a hill to Grandpré, and joined the army encamped there. Fresh evils and anxieties awaited us; the castle had been turned into a hospital, and was already filled with several hundred sick, for whose assistance and support it was impossible to make any provision. We passed them, not without some qualms of conscience, but were obliged to abandon them to the mercy of the enemy.

Here we again encountered fearful rains, which impeded all our movements.

4th October.

The difficulty of moving from our position increased more and more; in order to avoid the high roads, which were impassable, they tried to make their way through the fields. The soil, of a reddish colour, tougher still than the chalk-soil we had passed, obstructed us at every step. The four small horses were scarcely able to drag my little carriage along, and I thought it would be as well to relieve them of the weight of my person at least. The riding-horses were no where to be seen; but the large kitchen-carriage, drawn by six strong horses, came up to me. I entered it: it was not quite empty of victuals, but the kitchen-maid was sitting peevishly in the corner. I abandoned myself to my studies. I had taken out of my portmanteau the third volume of Fischer's Lexicon of Natural Philosophy, a dictionary being in such cases the best of all companions, as at every moment an interruption occurs, and it diverts our attention by leading it from one thing to the other.

We had, in our embarrassment, imprudently entered the tough, spongy, red-clay fields, and in the fallow ground even the strength of the strong team that drew the cookingwagon gave way. Sitting here, I seemed to myself like a parody on Pharaoh in the Red Sea; for

around me also horse and foot were about to sink in an element of similar colour and in a similar way. I looked wistfully towards all the neighbouring heights, and at length espied the riding-horses, and amongst them the gray destined for myself; I beckoned eagerly for them to approach, and delivering my Natural Philosophy to the poor, sick, peevish kitchen-maid, and, commending it to her care, I vaulted upon my horse, with the firm resolve not for light reasons again to take such a drive. Now I was more independent certainly, but did not get on either better or faster.

Grandpré, which was now described as a place of pestilence and death, we gladly left behind us. Several of us, friends and comrades, came together, and formed a circle round a fire, holding our horses by the bridle behind us. I was told that this was the only time that I had shewn a peevish face, and had neither fortified them with wise words, nor entertained them with witty ones.

4th October.

The road the army had taken led towards Busanscy, as it was intended to cross the Meuse above Dun. We encamped close to Sivry, in the neighbourhood of which we found that every thing had not yet been consumed. The

soldiers rushed into the first gardens that came in their way, and destroyed much that would have been of use to others. I set our cook and his people upon a more skilful plan of foraging; we went round the whole village, and found some gardens still quite untouched, and a rich undisputed harvest. There was abundance of cabbages, onions, radishes, and other good vegetables; we took no more than we required, moderately and sparingly. The garden was not large, but was well kept; and as we crept back to the hedge again, I began to speculate as to how it happened that, in a house-garden like this, no trace was to be discovered of any door into the contiguous house. On returning, well laden with kitchen-booty, we heard a great uproar in front of the regiment. A horse, which had been put in requisition about twenty days before, had escaped from its rider, carrying away the stake to which it was tied; the trooper was in very bad odour with his officers, and was ordered with threats to regain possession of his horse.

As it was decided that we should pass the 5th in this neighbourhood, we took up our quarters in Sivry, and greatly enjoyed domestic life again, after so many hardships, and were glad of the opportunity thus presented of observing the idyllic Homeric life of the country

in France. You did not enter immediately into the houses from the street, but first found yourself in a small, open, square space, the door forming one side of the square; from this you went through what was properly the house-door into a spacious, lofty room, appropriated to the common uses of the family; it was paved with tiles, and on the left side, on the long partition, there was a fireplace close to the wall and the floor; the chimney, which carried away the smoke, swung over it. Saluting our hosts, we gladly went in among them, and observed that regular fixed places were assigned to whoever might be in the room, according to their respective ranks. On the right of the fireplace, a large trunk was standing, with an opening lid, serving also for a chair; it contained the salt, a supply of which was stored up, and had to be kept in a dry place. This was the seat of honour, and was immediately assigned to the most distinguished of the strangers; the other visitors seated themselves upon some wooden chairs, along with the people of the house. The cooking apparatus, peculiar to the country, "*pot au feu*," I had an opportunity here, for the first time, of examining closely. A large iron kettle was suspended above the fire from a hook, which could be raised or lowered by means of indentations

in it; in this a goodly piece of beef was boiling, with water and salt, together with white and yellow turnips, leeks, cabbages, and other vegetable ingredients.

Whilst conversing in a friendly way with the good people, I perceived, for the first time, with what architectural skill the dresser, sink, and board for the jugs and dishes had been placed in the room. They filled up the oblong space occasioned at the side by the open square entrance. The dishes were neatly ranged together in regular order; a girl, either a servant or one of the family, was providing for all with the utmost grace. The mother of the family was sitting by the fire, with a boy standing at her knee, and two little girls pressing round them. The table was covered; a large earthen bowl was placed upon it, some small slices of fine white bread thrown into it, the hot broth poured over these, and *bon appétit* recommended. The boys who so despised my commissariat bread might have referred me to this as a sample of "*bon pain*" and "*bonne soupe.*" The vegetables, prepared at the same time, followed, together with the meat, and any body might have been satisfied with this simple specimen of their culinary skill.

We inquired kindly about the state of their affairs. Already the first time, when we

remained so long at Landres, they had suffered severely, and, scarcely recovered from their former fears, they now apprehended total ruin from the retreating army of the enemy. We sympathised with them in their anxiety, and comforted them by assuring them that the danger would soon be over, as, with the exception of the rear-guard, we were the last of the army; and gave them advice and directions as to how they should behave to marauders. With wind and rain alternating every moment, we passed the day, principally under cover before the fire, thinking over the past, and contemplating what might immediately be awaiting us, not without apprehension. Since we left Grandpré, I had seen neither carriage, portmanteau, nor servants again, and I hoped and feared by turns on their account. Night had come on: the children had to go to bed, and they approached reverently their father and mother, made a bow, kissed their hands, and said: "*Bon soir, papa! bon soir, maman!*" with becoming grace. Soon after this we heard that the Prince of Brunswick was lying dangerously ill in our vicinity, and went to inquire for him. We were not admitted to his presence, but were assured that he was so much better as to intend proceeding on the march next morning.

Escaping from the dreadful rain, we had

scarcely been seated again by the fire, before a young man came in, whom we could not but recognise immediately for the brother of the landlord, from his great resemblance to him; and so it turned out. He was a handsome young man, dressed in the usual fashion of the country people in France. Very grim, with a wild, discontented look, he sat down beside us at the fire without saying a word; but as soon as he had warmed himself, he rose, and walked up and down the room with his brother, and then they went into the other room. They conversed in a very animated and confidential tone together. He then went out into the drenching rain, our hosts not seeking to detain him.

But we also were called out into the stormy night by loud cries of distress. Under the pretext of searching for forage in the fields, our soldiers had commenced plundering, and in the most absurd way, as they had robbed a weaver of his loom—a thing of no use in the world to them. With a little severity and good advice we put it all to rights again; for there were only a few of them who had dared to do such a thing. How easily, however, might it have become infectious, and brought every thing into confusion!

A considerable number of persons having

collected, a Weimar hussar came up to me, who was a butcher by trade, and confided to me that he had discovered a fatted sow in a house close by, for which he had tried to bargain, but could not obtain it from its owner, and wished some measures taken to get possession of it; for there would be a great scarcity of every thing during the ensuing days. It was curious enough that we, who had just put down plundering, should be called upon to do the same ourselves. However, as hunger acknowledges no law, we went with the hussar into the house indicated, found a large fire burning, saluted the people, and sat down beside them. Another Weimar hussar, called Liseur, had come with us, and to his dexterity we confided the management of the affair. He began, in French, fluently to speak of the virtues of regular troops, and praised those who sought, in fair exchange for ready money, to obtain only the most necessary articles; on the other hand, he abused the marauders, baggage-servants, and sutlers, who, with violence and force, were in the habit of seizing every thing they could lay their hands on, and leaving not a claw behind. He wished, therefore, to give them this friendly piece of advice, to consider whether it was not for their interest to sell, seeing that gold was less difficult to conceal than beasts, which were easily discovered.

His arguments, however, appeared to be making no great impression, when the negotiation was interrupted in a curious enough way.

A violent knocking was heard at the fast-locked outer-door, to which they paid no attention, as they had no desire to admit more visitors; the knocking continued, a most plaintive female voice calling out, and beseeching clamorously that the door might be opened. Softened at length, they unlocked the door, and an old woman, one of the camp-followers, rushed in, carrying something wrapped up in a cloth on her arm; behind her was a young woman, not bad-looking, but pale and debilitated, and scarcely able to stand on her legs. In a few words, and with great energy, the old crone explained the state of the case, displaying a naked infant, of which the woman had been delivered on their flight. They had, in this way, been left behind, and ill-treated by the peasants, and this night had arrived at last at our door. The mother, as her milk had left her, had not yet been able, since the child was born, to give it any nourishment. The old woman now demanded impetuously meal, milk, and a pan, and linen to wrap the child in. As she did not know French, we had to ask for her; but her imperious and passionate gestures gave sufficient pantomimic weight

and emphasis to what we said. What she demanded could not be brought fast enough; and when it was brought, it was not good enough for her. It was curious, too, her alertness in going to work; she soon drove us back from the fire, the best place being immediately engaged for the young mother, she herself sitting upon her stool with as confident an air as if the house had been her own. In a twinkling the child was washed and wrapped up, the pap boiled; she fed the little creature first, then the mother, paying little attention to herself. Afterwards she required fresh clothes for the sick woman, whilst the old ones were drying. We looked at her in amazement: she understood how to make requisitions.

The rain abated: we went to our former quarters, and shortly afterwards the hussars brought the sow. We paid what seemed a reasonable price for it. It had now to be slaughtered; this was done, and a staple being found in the beam of the adjoining room, it was hung up there, to be properly cut up and prepared.

That our hosts, on this occasion, manifested no ill-nature, but displayed rather a desire to help us, appeared somewhat singular to us, as they had good reason to consider our conduct both barbarous and inconsiderate. In the same

room in which we were carrying on the operation, the children were lying in their clean beds, and being awakened by the noise we made, they peered out prettily from among the blankets, with frightened glances. The sow was hanging close to a large double marriage-bed, closed in carefully with green serge, the curtains constituting a picturesque back-ground to the illuminated carcass. It was a night-piece without its like. But the inmates could not have indulged in such reflections; we remarked rather that they had some grudge against the people from whom the sow had been taken, and felt a certain malicious pleasure about it. We had before, also, promised them some of the meat and sausages; and this was all serviceable to us in the operation, which had to be completed in a few hours. Our hussar now shewed himself as active and alert in his department, as the gipsy over the way did in hers; and we already enjoyed, in anticipation, the good sausages and joints of meat which were to fall to us as our share of the booty. To await this, we lay down in the smithy of our host upon some delicious cornshocks, and slept soundly till the day broke. Meanwhile our hussar had finished his business inside the house; breakfast was ready waiting for us, and the remainder of the beast packed up, our hosts having first obtained their

share, not without some discontent on the part of our people, who maintained that kindness was ill bestowed upon them, having doubtless both meat and other good things concealed, which we had not yet learnt the proper way of ferreting out.

On looking round about in the back room, I found a door barred, which, from its position, evidently led into a garden. Through a small window at the side of it, I could see that I had guessed rightly; the garden lay rather higher than the house, and I recognised it quite plainly for the same from which, in the morning, we had supplied ourselves with the kitchen-stuff. The door was blocked up, and covered so skilfully with earth heaped up against it, that I could now easily understand why I had been unable to discover it in the morning. And thus it stood written in the stars, that we were to enter the house, in spite of all their precautions.

6th October, morning.

In such circumstances one can never calculate on a moment's rest, or expect that the same state of things will continue for an instant. With the break of day, the whole place was suddenly put into a great state of excitement; the affair of the horse which had escaped, again became the subject of conversation. Its anxious

rider, who had either to regain possession of it or suffer punishment and march on foot, had been running about in the nearest villages, when at last the people, in order to rid themselves of the hubbub, assured him that it must be hid in Sivry; some weeks before a black horse, like the one he described, had been taken from thence; now it was close to Sivry where it had made its escape,—and whatever else they thought could make it more probable. He now came, accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, who, by threatening the whole place, at last found a solution of the mystery. The horse had actually run to Sivry, to its former master; the joy of the family, they said, had been boundless on finding again the lost companion of the house and stable,—universal the sympathy of the neighbours. Artfully enough, they had brought the horse into a hay-loft, and concealed it behind some hay; nobody revealing the secret. But it was now brought forth amidst lamentations and grief; and when the trooper mounted it and followed the sergeant, sadness fell upon the whole of the little community. Nobody thought of his own troubles, nor of the general, by no means satisfactory, state of things; the horse and its proprietor, cheated of it for the second time, were the subjects that interested the congregated throng.

A momentary ray of hope appeared: the Crown Prince of Prussia rode up, and whilst seeking to learn what had brought the crowd together, the good people went up to him, and implored him to give them back the horse. This it was not in his power to do; for the necessities of war are mightier than kings; and they were left disconsolate when they saw him depart without making any reply.

We now talked over again with our good hosts the manœuvres to be practised against marauders; for already the vermin were prowling about. We advised them all, both man and wife, maid and serving-man, to stand in the door, inside the small entrance-hall, and, in case of need, to reach outside a morsel of bread, or a glass of wine, if demanded, but firmly to withstand any attempt to enter. These people seldom invaded a house with force; but once admitted, it was impossible to control them. The good people besought us to stop some time longer, but we had to think of ourselves; the regiment of the Duke had already gone forwards, and the Crown Prince ridden off; this was sufficient to determine our departure.

How prudent this had been became clearer to us, when, on reaching the column, we heard that yesterday the vanguard of the French

Princes, immediately after leaving the pass of Chesne le Papuleux and the Aisne behind them, between the Grandes et Petites Armoires, had been attacked by peasants; one of the officers was said to have had his horse killed under him, and the servant of the commander his hat pierced by a bullet. It now occurred to me that, in the preceding night, when the quarrelsome brother-in-law entered the house, I could not help having a foreboding of this.

6th October.

We had now escaped from the lowest depth of our despair; but our retreat was still difficult and hazardous; the transport of our goods and chattels became every day more troublesome, for we carried about a complete set of furniture with us; besides the kitchen-utensils, we had some tables and benches, trunks, boxes, and chairs, and even some tin stoves. It was difficult to transport the various wagons, as the horses diminished in number every day; some of them fell down, and others were greatly exhausted. We therefore had nothing but to leave one of the wagons behind, to enable us to bring the others along. A council was now held to determine what could most easily be spared; and the result was, that we abandoned a wagon, full of all sorts of things, to save

us from the loss of every thing. This operation was renewed several times; our march became much more compendious; but we had again to bethink us of another reduction, when crawling along with the greatest difficulty on the low banks of the Meuse.

But what at this time grieved and afflicted me most was, that I had now missed my carriage for several days. I could only account for it by supposing that my servant, who had always hitherto displayed such energy, must have got into some scrape, have lost his horses, and been unable to obtain others. In the melancholy picture my imagination drew, I saw my costly Bohemian carriage, the gift of my Prince, which had already carried me about the world so far, sunk in the mud, perhaps overturned and broken; and then I fancied, as I sat there on my horse, that I had every thing beside me again. The portmanteau, with my clothes, all kinds of manuscripts, and many other things, which, by long habit, had become valuable to me, all seemed lost, and already scattered about the world.

What had become of the pocket-book, with the money and important documents, and of the other little things which you collect about you? After I had ruminated in the most circumstantial and sorrowful way upon all this, my mind

became reassured, and the state of the case seemed changed again. My confidence in my servant revived; and just as I had been thinking, the moment before, of all that I had lost, I fancied now that every thing was preserved by his activity, and rejoiced in it as if it were lying before me.

7th October.

Whilst we were marching up the left bank of the Meuse, to get to the place where we were to cross and reach the paved high-road on the other side, just as we had reached a very swampy part of the ground, we heard that the Duke of Brunswick was coming up behind us. We stopped, and saluted him reverentially; he stopped also, quite close to us, and said to me, "I am sorry indeed to see you in this unpleasant situation; but it is an advantage to me in this respect, that I know one more intelligent and honourable man who can testify that we have been defeated not so much by the enemy, as by the elements."

He had seen me at head-quarters in Hans, in passing by, and knew that I had been present during the whole melancholy march. I made some suitable reply, and expressed, finally, my sorrow that, after so much suffering and anxiety, he had been rendered uneasy besides by the

sickness of the Prince his son, with whom, the night before, in Sivry, we had sincerely sympathised. He seemed pleased, for this Prince was his favourite son, and pointed to him riding close by, and we made also an obeisance to him. The Duke wished us all patience and perseverance; and in return I wished him uninterrupted good health, as nothing else was wanting to enable him to save us and the good cause. He had in truth never liked me, and this I was obliged to suffer; he made no secret of it, and for that I could forgive him; now, however, misfortune shewed herself a kind mediatrix, and brought about this sympathetic meeting between us.

7th and 8th October.

We had crossed the Meuse, and entered the road which runs from the Netherlands to Verdun; the weather was more frightful than ever, and we encamped at Consenvoy.

Our discomfort and wretchedness reached the highest pitch; the tents were wet through and through, and there was no other cover or protection from the weather; one did not know where to turn; my carriage was still missing, and I was in want of every thing. Even supposing you hid yourself under a tent, there was no place to lie down upon. How we

longed for some straw, and even for the smallest dry board; and, in the end, there was nothing left but to lie down upon the cold wet ground.

But I had already, in previous cases of a similar description, discovered an expedient for enduring this kind of misery; I stood as long as I could upon my legs, till my knees began to shake; I then sat down upon a camp-stool, where I obstinately continued till I felt as if I should fall, so that any place where I could stretch myself out in a horizontal position was a relief to me. And thus, as hunger is always the best sauce, fatigue is found to be the best sleeping-draught.

Two days and nights we had passed in this way, when solicitude for the sick was destined to bring relief also to some of the rest of us. The valet of the Duke had fallen ill of the general sickness; and a young gentleman belonging to the regiment had been rescued by the Prince from the hospital at Grandpré; he resolved on sending them both to Verdun, about eight miles distant. The Chamberlain Wagner was sent in charge of them; and I did not hesitate, on receiving a kind and gracious hint to that effect, to occupy the fourth seat. We were dismissed with letters of recommendation to the Commandant; and as, in taking our places,

the poodle could not be left behind, the sleeping-carriage, so favourite a place at other times, became in some sort a hospital and menagerie at the same time.

We received for escort, and as a fit person to provide quarters and provisions for us, Liseur the hussar, already mentioned, who, being a native of Luxembourg, and acquainted with the country, united in his person all the qualities of a freebooter,—skill, dexterity, and daring. He seated himself with evident satisfaction in front, and made a good addition to the appearance of the carriage, which was drawn by six strong greys. Although I was squeezed in between persons with infectious diseases, I felt no apprehension. You will always, if you remain true to yourself, find some saving maxim in whatever situation you may be placed: whenever any great danger threatened me, the blindest fatalism came to my assistance; and I have observed that people, who are constantly exposed to great danger, feel themselves steeled and strengthened by the same belief. The Mahomedan religion furnishes the best proof of this.

9th October.

We were moving along on our melancholy journey with the sick people, and had cause

for serious reflections, as we had fallen into the same high-road by which, in such good spirits and so full of hope, we first entered the country. Here we were, in the same district where the first shot was fired from the vineyards, and upon the same highway where the pretty woman fell into our hands, and was taken back to her home again; here we came past the low wall from which she, with her relations, saluted us, and wished us good speed. How different seemed all this now! and how doubly disastrous appeared the result of the fruitless campaign, when seen through the melancholy veil of the continuous rains!

However, in the midst of these distresses, I was destined to fall in with the very thing which, of all others, I wished to meet. We made up to a vehicle, driving along before us, drawn by four wretched little horses; but what a joyful shout of recognition was raised, for it was my own carriage, and my own servant! "Paul, you rogue," I called out, "is it you? Where do you come from?" The portmanteau was lying quietly packed up in its old place; what a joyful sight! and whilst I was inquiring hastily for the portfolio and other things, two friends jumped out of the carriage, Weyland, the Private Secretary, and Captain Vent. Here was a truly joyful meet-

ing; and now I learnt the whole history of their journey.

Since the flight of the peasant-boys, my servant had succeeded in bringing along the horses, and had managed not only to get from Hans to Grandpré, but afterwards, on losing sight of me, across the Aisne; and from thence, by questioning, entreating, foraging, and exacting, had made good his way, till at last this happy meeting was effected; and now all together, and in the highest spirits, we proceeded to Verdun, where we expected thoroughly to rest and refresh ourselves. The hussar, with great prudence and foresight, had made admirable arrangements for ensuring this; he had ridden on before into the town, and had become very soon persuaded, from the greatness of the confusion, that nothing was to be expected in the regular way from the exertions and assistance of the official people; luckily, however, he saw, in the courtyard of a fine house, preparations for an approaching departure; and, galloping back, he told us how we should proceed, and hastened, as soon as the other people had left, to occupy the gate and prevent it being shut, and joyfully received us when we arrived. We drove in, and descended from the carriage, an old housekeeper protesting against it, who, just freed from one party

that had been quartered upon her, had no desire to receive another. In the mean while the horses had been taken out of the carriage and put in the stable, whilst we had taken possession of the upper rooms; the master of the house, an elderly nobleman, and Knight of St. Louis, said nothing against it, neither he nor his family wishing to meddle with other guests, and least of all with Prussians on the retreat.

10th October.

A boy, who conducted us round the desolate city, asked us, with a significant look, if we had not yet tasted the incomparable Verdun tarts? He then conducted us to the most celebrated artist in this department. We entered a large room, round which some large and small ovens were ranged, and in the centre a table and chairs were placed, to enable the visitors to partake of the new-baked tarts. The artist made his appearance, but expressed the utmost despair that he could not oblige us, as he had no butter. He shewed us a splendid supply of very fine flour; but of what use was this to him without milk and butter? He praised his own talent; said that the inhabitants and all travellers approved of his tarts; and deplored his bad luck in being

without the most necessary ingredients just at the time when he had an opportunity of shewing his ability to such distinguished visitors, and of spreading his reputation. He besought us, therefore, to procure him some butter; and gave us to understand, if we would only take a little trouble about it, that it would be forthcoming somewhere. However, he was satisfied for the moment when we promised him, if we remained long enough, to fetch some from Jardin Fontaine.

We asked our young guide, who accompanied us round some other parts of the town, and who seemed to be a connoisseur of pretty women as well as of tarts, the name of a beautiful woman whom we saw leaning out of the window of one of the better class of houses. "Ay," he cried, after naming her, "she had better take care of her pretty head; she is one of those who presented flowers and fruit to the King of Prussia. Her family and relations thought they were uppermost again; the tables are turned, however; and I would not change with her now." He said this with peculiar composure, as if it were quite a matter of course, and could not and would not be otherwise.

My servant had returned from Jardin Fontaine, where he had gone to visit our former

host, and to give him back the letter to his sister in Paris. The facetious man received him good-naturedly, entertained him most hospitably, and asked him to bring his master and friends, whom he likewise promised to entertain.

We were not destined, however, to be so fortunate; for we had scarcely hung the kettle over the fire, with the usual ingredients and ceremonies, when an orderly entered, and, in the name of the Commandant Herr von Corbiere, civilly informed us that it would be necessary to prepare ourselves for leaving Verdun the following morning at eight o'clock.

Greatly annoyed at being thus obliged so hastily to leave our quarters and our newly-acquired home before we were in any measure recovered from our fatigues, and again driven out into the wild and dirty world, we invoked the illness of the young gentleman and valet as a reason for stopping, on which he gave us to understand that we must manage to get these conveyed away as fast as possible, as the hospital was to be emptied during the night, and only those who were unfit to travel were to be left behind. On this, terror and alarm took possession of us; for till now nobody doubted that the Allies would retain possession of Verdun, and perhaps capture some other fortified

places, and go into winter-quarters. We could not all at once bid adieu to these hopes; it seemed to us, therefore, that it was only a pretext for ridding the fortresses of the crowds of sick and camp-followers, in order that they might then be able to put sufficient garrisons into them. Wagner the Chamberlain, however, who had delivered the letter of the Duke to the Commandant, saw in these measures reason to fear the most alarming state of things. But whatever might be the upshot of it all, we had nothing left but once more to submit to our fate, and were tranquilly and slowly consuming our simple meal, when another orderly entered, and told us that we must endeavour, without fail, to get away from Verdun the following morning at three o'clock. Chamberlain Wagner, who thought he knew what the letter to the Commandant contained, saw in this a decided acknowledgment that the fortress was immediately to be given up again to the French. We then thought of the boy's threats, and of the beautiful, gaily-dressed lady, and the fruits and flowers; and now first, in right good earnest, we deplored the complete failure of so great an enterprise.

Although I had already found amongst the diplomatic corps some genuine and valuable friends, I could not refrain, so often as I saw

them in the midst of these great movements, from making some odd comparisons that forced themselves irresistibly on my mind: they appeared to me as so many playhouse directors, who choose the pieces, distribute the parts, and move about unseen; whilst the actors, doing their best, and well prompted, have to commit the result of their exertions to fortune and the humour of the public.

Baron Breteuil lived opposite to us: since the affair of the diamond necklace I had never forgotten him. His hatred of the Cardinal de Rohan caused him to precipitate matters fearfully. The shock caused by this trial made the state tremble to its lowest foundations, and annihilated all respect for the Queen and the higher ranks in general; for, alas! every thing that came to light made the depravity only too evident in which the court and the upper classes were sunk.

For the present it was believed that he was the author of the remarkable convention which occasioned our retreat, and to excuse which, it was supposed that some very advantageous conditions were made in our favour; we were assured that the King, the Queen, and their family were to be liberated, and many other advantages obtained. But the question, how all these great diplomatic triumphs could be

reconciled with what was already known to us, excited many misgivings in our minds.

The rooms we inhabited were respectably furnished: a bookcase attracted my attention, through the glass-doors of which I saw a number of pamphlets cut into the same uniform shape in quarto. To my astonishment I discovered, by this means, that our landlord had been one of the Notables in Paris in the year 1787; in these pamphlets his instructions were printed. The moderation of the people's demands at that time, the modesty with which they were put forward, formed a striking contrast to the violence, insolence, and desperation of the present state of things. I read these papers with genuine emotion, and took some copies of them with me.

11th October.

Without having obtained any sleep during the night, we were just on the point of entering our carriage, drawn up before the gate of the courtyard, when we perceived an insuperable obstacle to our progress; for an uninterrupted column of sick-wagons was already rolling, between the pavement-stones heaped up on each side, through the streets of the town, which was now all trodden as into a morass. Whilst we stood waiting to see what could be done,

our landlord, the Knight of St. Louis, rushed past us, without saluting us. But our astonishment at his sudden appearance and discourteous behaviour was soon turned into pity, for his servant, who followed him, carried a small bundle on his stick; and it became only too evident that he, after returning to his house and home only four weeks ago, was thus compelled, like us with our conquests, to abandon them again.

But my attention was soon turned to the improved appearance of the horses attached to my carriage; and the servants confessed that they had exchanged the old ones, which were done-up and useless, for a supply of sugar and coffee, but at the same time had been lucky in putting others in requisition. The activity of the dexterous Liseur was conspicuous here: through him also we got out of our present difficulty; for he sprang into a gap in the string of carriages, and kept the advancing team back long enough to allow our two teams of six and four horses to get in; so that I was able, in my light little carriage, again to enjoy the fresh air.

We now moved along at a funeral pace, but still we moved; the day broke, and we found ourselves at the outlet of the town, in the midst of a boundless tumult and confusion. All sorts of vehicles, a few horsemen, countless pedestrians,

were crossing each other on the great esplanade before the gate. We turned to the right with our column towards Etain, upon a narrow road, with ditches at each side. Self-preservation in so tremendous a pressure knew no pity, no regard for others; not far before us a horse fell down in front of an ammunition-wagon; they cut the traces and left it lying. But as the three that remained were unable to drag it further, they cut them also loose, tumbled the heavy-laden vehicle into the ditch, and with the smallest delay we drove on right over the horse, which was just going to rise again, and I saw quite plainly how its limbs went crashing and quivering under the wheels.

The horsemen and pedestrians endeavoured to escape from the narrow impracticable high road into the fields; but these also were cut up by the rains, inundated by the overflowing of the ditches, and the connexion of the foot-paths was every where interrupted. Four gentleman-like, handsome, well-dressed French soldiers waded for some time close to our carriages, very neat and clean, and succeeded so well in picking their steps, that no marks could be discovered higher than their ankles of the dirty pilgrimage which the good people were undergoing.

That, under such circumstances, dead horses

enough were to be seen in the ditches, meadows, fields, and pastures, was a natural consequence of the state of things; but we soon found them flayed also, and even the fleshy parts cut out —a melancholy token of the universal distress.

Thus we moved along, every moment in danger, on the slightest stoppage of our own carriage, of being ourselves thrown overboard; under which circumstances the exertions of our guide were beyond all praise. These were again displayed at Etain, where we arrived about noon, and witnessed around us and beside us a sense-confusing tumult throughout the streets and squares of the handsome, well-built little town; the mass floated to and fro, and, as all pressed forwards, each hindered the other. Unexpectedly our guide ordered the carriages to stop in front of a good house in the market-place, which we entered, the master and mistress saluting us at a reverential distance.

We were conducted into a wainscotted room on the ground-floor, where, in the black marble fireplace, a comfortable fire was burning. We saw ourselves in the large mirror above it, by no means an agreeable sight; for I could not yet resolve to get my hair cut short, which now hung like tangled hemp about my head; the bristly beard also giving additional ferocity to our personal appearance.

But from the low windows which overlooked the whole market-place, we could almost touch the boundless throng. All sorts of pedestrians, soldiers in uniform, marauders, sturdy but dejected citizens and country people, women and children, pressed and jostled each other amid vehicles of all descriptions; ammunition and baggage-wagons, carriages with teams of every variety, crowds of all kinds of horses, requisitioned and lawfully owned, striking, obstructing, and making way for each other, floated about to the right and the left. Droves of horned cattle also were moving along, which had probably been captured and driven away on the march. Few horsemen were to be seen, but the elegant carriages of the Emigrants were conspicuous, painted in all colours, and covered with gold and silver, which I had already admired in Grevenmachern. The greatest crush, however, arose when the crowd, which filled the market-place, had to penetrate into a street, straight indeed and handsome, but proportionably much too narrow. I never in my life saw any thing like it; the aspect of it, however, might be compared to a stream which had first overflowed the fields and meadows, and was again compelled to force its way through the narrow arches of a bridge, and flow onwards in its bounded channel.

Throughout the long street, which was overlooked by our windows, the strangest tide was swelling and heaving; a lofty double-seated travelling-carriage towered above the flood; we thought of the pretty Frenchwomen; it was not they, however, but Count Haugwitz, whom, with a sort of malicious pleasure, I saw advancing step by step, and rocking to and fro.

11th October.

A good dinner was prepared for us, a delicious leg of mutton being particularly acceptable; there was no want of good wine and bread; and thus, on the edge of the wildest tumult, we enjoyed ourselves in the greatest tranquillity; like a man sitting on the rock on which a lighthouse stands, who looks out upon the raging billows of the stormy sea, and sees, here and there, a ship abandoned to its fury. But a truly pathetic family-scene awaited us in this hospitable mansion.

The son, a handsome young man, carried away by the general feelings of the day, had already served for some time with the national troops in Paris, and had distinguished himself there. But when the Prussians entered the country, and the Emigrants arrived, in proud reliance on certain victory, the parents, confident also, implored their son to give up his

situation, which must now be odious to him, and return home, and fight for the good cause. The son, against his inclination, from respect for his parents, comes back just at the moment when the Prussians, Austrians, and Emigrants are retreating: he hastens, in a state of desperation, through the crowd to his father's house. What is he to do now? and how are they to receive him? Joy fills them at seeing him again, grief at losing him the moment afterwards; distraction also from the fear of losing both house and home in such a storm. Attached, as most young men were, to the new order of things, he is compelled to join a party which he abhors, and no sooner has he done this than he sees this party overwhelmed in ruin.

Having run away from Paris, he knows very well that he is already inscribed in the list of traitors, and condemned to death; and now, in an instant, he is to be banished from his country, and driven from his father's house. The parents, who would gladly have loaded him with caresses, are themselves obliged to drive him forth, and he, shedding tears of joy at seeing them again, knows not how to tear himself away; their embraces are reproaches; and the parting, which takes place before our eyes, is terrible.

All this occurred in the entrance-hall, just

before the door of our room. Scarcely had it become quiet again, and the parents retired weeping, when another scene, almost more wonderful and striking, occurred, in which we were ourselves interested, and which caused us some embarrassment, but over which, although touching enough, we could not in the end help smiling. Several of the country people, men, women, and children, rushed into our room, and threw themselves, yelling and screaming, at my feet. With the burning eloquence with which their grief and affliction inspired them, they complained that the soldiers were driving away their cattle: they appeared like farmers on some large estate. If I would only look out of the window, I should see them that instant driven past,—the Prussians had seized them,—and they begged me to help them, and order them to be restored. On this I went to the window, to consider what I should do, when the dexterous hussar placed himself behind me, and said: "I beg your pardon, but I have given you out as the brother-in-law of the King of Prussia, as a means of getting a hearty reception and good treatment. The peasants, indeed, ought not to have come in; but only refer the good people to me, with some kind words, and make it appear that you are convinced by my proposals."

What was to be done? surprised and displeased, I collected myself, and seemed to reflect for a moment. Is then, I said to myself, cunning and deceit allowable in war? Whoever permits himself to be served by rogues, is in danger of being led astray by them. A useless and shameful piece of scandal is here to be avoided; and like the physician who, in desperate cases, still holds out hope, and writes his prescriptions, I dismissed the good people, more in the way of pantomime than otherwise; then whispered to myself, to quiet my conscience, if the true heir to the throne at Sivry was unable to promise the horse to the people demanding it, then surely the spurious brother-in-law of the King may well be excused for seeking to rid himself of these unfortunates with some well-turned excuse.

We arrived in the darkness of the night at Sebincourt: the whole of the windows were lit up, as a sign that all the rooms were already occupied. At every door we were refused admittance; first on the part of the inmates, who wanted no new visitors; then of those who were quartered on them, who wished no new companions. Without much ceremony, however, our hussar made his way into one of them, and finding some French soldiers sitting at a fire in

the hall, he requested them earnestly to make room beside it for some distinguished gentlemen whom he accompanied. We entered immediately; they were very civil, and made room for us, but resumed their singular attitude,—holding their feet up before the fire. They also occasionally took a turn up and down the hall, and then returned to their former position; on which I observed, that their chief object was to dry the under part of their gaiters.

Very soon, however, they appeared to be people I had seen before; they were, in truth, the very same who, in the morning, had walked so skilfully in the mud beside our carriage. Having arrived before us, they had already washed the lower parts at a spring, and brushed them, and they were drying them now, to be able the following morning gallantly to front the mud and dirt of another day; an example worth following, and which is recalled to one's remembrance in various emergencies of life. It reminded me also of my dear comrades, who had received with such murmurs the order about cleanliness.

But only to have got us established thus far, was not enough for the untiring Liseur; the fiction of the day, which had been so successful, was boldly repeated; the name of the great

General, brother-in-law of the King, having a powerful effect, and banishing a whole crowd of worthy Emigrants from one of the double-bedded rooms. To supply their places, we brought two officers, Von Köhler, into it; but I betook myself outside to the well-tried sleeping carriage, the pole of which pointing to Germany suggested very peculiar reflections to me, which were, however, very soon cut short by my falling asleep.

12th October.

To-day's march was even more melancholy than yesterday's; the horses, knocked up, fell more frequently, and lay in greater numbers among the overturned carriages in the fields near the road. Some very smart portmanteaux, belonging to the Emigrant corps, fell through the torn coverings from the roofs of the wagons; the ornamental, decorated appearance of these abandoned, unclaimed articles, tempted the passers-by to appropriate them, and some of them picked them up,—a load which they were very soon obliged to throw down again. From this probably arose the accusation which was made against the Prussians of having plundered the Emigrants on the retreat.

Some good stories were told of occurrences of this sort: a heavy-laden Emigrant wagon

had stuck fast ascending a hill, and had been abandoned. The troops coming up behind search it; find some boxes of moderate dimensions, but of a weight that surprises them; uniting together, they carry them with unspeakable difficulty to the top. They then proceed to make a division of the booty and the burden. But what a sight! out of each of the boxes, when broken open, tumble innumerable packs of cards; and the money-seekers have to console themselves with bantering and laughing at each other.

We proceeded on our march through Longuion to Longwy; and here I must observe, that it is most fortunate for us that, as many important joyful occurrences of our lives vanish from the memory, so scenes of horror likewise become blunted in the imagination. Why, then, should I repeat that the roads became no better; that now, as before, we shuddered, again and again, at the sight of horses flayed, with the flesh freshly cut from their bones, strewed about on all sides among the overturned wagons? The naked bodies of men, from which the clothes had been plundered, were frequently seen, badly concealed under the bushes, and at last lay quite open to the view, close to the road.

Rest and refreshment, nevertheless, again

awaited us, in a place removed from the common route; but we had occasion also for sad reflections on the condition of substantial worthy citizens, amidst the fearful horrors of war, which, this time, were quite unlooked for.

13th October.

Our guide, wishing to shew us that he had not falsely boasted of his good substantial relations in this quarter, brought us, by a circuitous route, through Arlon, where, in the handsome little town, we were most kindly received by the honest people, to whom he had announced our visit; they seemed to be in a respectable station, and inhabited a good, well-furnished house. The worthy persons were rejoiced to see their cousin, and thought they saw certain reformation and rapid advancement for him in the commission with which he had been honoured, of extricating us from the frightful confusion, with our two carriages and numerous horses, and, as he had given them to believe, with large sums of money and jewels besides. We also could bear testimony to his good conduct hitherto; and although we had no great belief in the conversion of this prodigal son, he had been, however, of so much service to us for the present, that we could not avoid having some confidence in his future behaviour also.

The rascal did not fail, in his fawning way, to act his part, and actually received, secretly, from the excellent people, a handsome present in gold.

We, for our parts, refreshed ourselves with a cold breakfast, which was laid out for us, and some very excellent wine; and replied, as tenderly as possible, to the questions of the honest people, who were in a state of great bewilderment about the probabilities of the immediate future.

We had observed before the door some singular-looking wagons, longer, and higher also in some places, than ordinary baggage-wagons, and with curious objects stuck upon the sides. My curiosity being excited, I inquired about this singular kind of vehicle, and was answered in a confidential, cautious way, that they had contained the Emigrants' Assignat manufactory; and the boundless misery these things had caused in the district was also brought before my notice. For, finding it impossible for some time past, to protect themselves from the genuine assignats, they had, in addition, since the inroad of the Emigrants, been suffering also from these false ones being thrust into circulation. Some prudent tradespeople, for their own safety, had immediately sent several of these suspicious pieces of paper to Paris, and

had succeeded in obtaining from thence an official declaration of their spuriousness; but it was causing infinite confusion to trade and commerce. For as with the genuine assignats they were only cheated of a part, so with the spurious ones, on the other hand, they were sure of being cheated of the whole. And as it was impossible also, at the first glance, to distinguish the one from the other, nobody knew any longer what to give and what to take; and so much uncertainty, suspicion, and apprehension were thereby spread abroad, even as far as Luxembourg and Treves, that nothing more wretched could be imagined than the state of things in all parts of the country.

In the midst of all these miseries already endured, and others still impending over them, these people maintained a citizen dignity, kindliness, and polish of manners, which excited astonishment in us,—a reflection of which is to be found in the serious French dramas of former and recent times. Of such a state of society no conception can be formed from the original condition of our own country, or its attempts to imitate its neighbour. The *Petite Ville* may be laughable, but the German provincial towns are absurd.

14th October.

Very agreeably surprised, we drove from

Arlon to Luxembourg over an excellent high road, and were admitted into this, in former times, so important and well-guarded fortress as we had been into every village and town on the road. Without being stopped or questioned anywhere, we went leisurely looking about us within the outworks, ramparts, ditches, drawbridges, walls, and gates, trusting the rest to our guide, who said he wanted to go and find out his father and mother. The town was crowded with the wounded and sick, and with the vigorous and healthy, who were looking to restore their own and their horses' strength, and get their vehicles repaired.

Our party, which had hitherto kept together, was obliged to separate; the clever quartermaster procured a good room for me, which looked into a very small court, not much larger than a chimney, but, having very high windows, received sufficient light from it. There he managed to establish me very comfortably, with my baggage and other things, and to supply all my wants; he described what sort of people they were in the house, and assured me that a small present would ensure me from being driven out again, and procure me good treatment.

Here, for the first time, I was able to open my portmanteau again, and assure myself that

I had lost none of my travelling effects, money, or manuscripts. The bundle containing my notes about the doctrine of colours I arranged first; always keeping in view my first maxim, —to enlarge my experience, and improve my method. A war and travelling diary I could not meddle with. The unfortunate result of the expedition giving reason to fear still greater evils to come, occasioned always new vexations and fresh anxieties to spring up in the mind. My quiet dwelling, shut out from every noise, allowed me, like a cloister-cell, sufficient room for the quietest reflections; whereas, as soon as I set my foot beyond the door of the house, I found myself in a warlike tumult of the liveliest description, and could wander at my pleasure about the most singular place that is, perhaps, to be found in the whole world.

15th October.

Whoever has not seen Luxembourg will be unable to form any conception of this fortress. The imagination becomes bewildered when one tries to recall the multiform nature of it, with which my eye could scarcely become familiar, even when I strolled about in the midst of it. A map and plan will be requisite to make what I am going to say in any measure intelligible.

A brook, named the Petrus, first alone, after-

wards united with the river which joins it, the Else, winds meandering between and round about the rocks, sometimes in its natural channel, sometimes in a channel formed by the hand of art. On the left bank lies, high and flat, the old town; this, with its fortifications on the side of the open country, is similar to other fortified towns. When, however, they were providing for its security towards the west, it was evident that it had to be protected also on the side of the chasm, where the water flows; with the improvement of military science, even this became insufficient, and it was necessary, on the right bank of the stream, towards the south, east, and north, on the salient angles and recesses of the irregular rocks, to push forward new redoubts, necessary always the one for the protection of the other. This caused an innumerable series of bastions, redoubts, half-moons, tenails, and such other works as the art of defence can produce only in the most extraordinary cases.

Nothing, therefore, can be more singular than the aspect of the narrow valley which stretches itself along the river through the midst of all this, the few level places in which, as well as the undulations and steep abrupt parts of it, are laid out in gardens, formed into terraces, and enlivened with pleasure-houses,

from whence you look up upon the steepest rocks, and upon walls towering into the air, on the right and the left. Here so much sublimity is found united with beauty, so much solemnity with loveliness, that one cannot help wishing that Poussin had exercised his glorious talent in such a place.

The parents of our roguish guide possessed in the *Pfaffenthal* (priest's valley), a pretty sloping garden, and very willingly and kindly allowed me to enjoy it. The church and monastery, not far off, justified the name of this Elysium, and in this priestly neighbourhood tranquillity and peace seemed to be assured even to the lay inhabitants; although with every glance which they directed towards the heights, they were reminded of war, violence, and destruction.

But to get out of the town, where the miserable afterpiece of war was performing, with hospitals, maimed soldiers, broken weapons, axletrees out of repair, wheels, and gun-carriages, and all sorts of remnants of the ravages of war, and take refuge in such a solitude, had the best effect upon me; to escape from the streets, where wheelwrights, smiths, and other workmen were unweariedly and noisily carrying on their operations, and conceal myself in the little garden in the priestly valley, was most agreeable. Here one who was sighing

for rest and reflection found the most welcome asylum.

16th October.

The inconceivable multiform variety of the warlike structures, towering above, and joined to each other, which displayed a different view at every step you took, forwards or backwards, upwards or downwards, excited in me a wish to put at least a portion of them upon paper. This propensity had indeed to be aroused in me again, seeing that for so many weeks my eyes had beheld scarcely a single object calculated to awaken it. Amongst the other singular effects, was that produced by many of the rocks, fronting each other, and walls and defensive works being joined together in the air by drawbridges, galleries, and certain other curious contrivances. A professional person would have surveyed it all with scientific eyes, and enjoyed the skill displayed in the secure arrangement; I, however, could only profit by the picturesque effect, and would have been only too happy, if drawing had not been strictly forbidden in fortresses, to have exercised my imitative powers upon it.

19th October.

After I had thus for several days wandered

about, solitary enough, and with many thoughts and reflections, among these labyrinths, where the natural rock and the warlike erections, vying with each other, one on one side, the other on the other, had formed many a singular steep defile, and without hindering the growth of the plants, trees, and ornamental shrubs, I began, on my way home, to put upon paper the views, as they gradually impressed themselves upon the imagination; imperfectly, no doubt, but still sufficiently well to preserve the recollection of a highly singular state of things.

20th October.

I had gained time for reflection upon the immediate past; but the more one reflected, the more confused and uncertain did every thing appear. I saw also that probably the most necessary thing was, to prepare for what was to come next. The few remaining leagues to Treves had to be passed over; but what a confusion might we not expect to find there, seeing that the chief people themselves were now pressing forwards among the other fugitives!

The most painful intelligence that reached us, and which could not be concealed, and filled every one, however resigned he may have been, with rage and fury, was, that our

Commanders-in-chief had been obliged to come to terms with the cursed insurgents, whom, in their manifesto, they had devoted to destruction—wretches debased by the most frightful crimes—and had been obliged to deliver up the fortresses to them, as the only means of insuring the retreat of themselves and their troops. I have seen some of our people for whose sanity I felt real apprehensions.

22d October.

At Grevenmachern this time, on our road to Treves, nothing was to be seen of the gallant carriage-bulwark which we found there the first time; the fields lay desolate and deserted, and cut up by the wheels; and the ruts bore witness, far and near, to their transitory, fleeting visit. I drove this time past the post-house in perfect silence with requisitioned horses; the letter-box was still standing in its old place, but no crowd was pressing round it: I could not refrain from the most singular reflections.

But a glorious gleam of sunshine lit up the landscape just at the moment when the monument at Ygel came in sight, and cheered me as a lighthouse does the sailor in the night.

Perhaps the power of antiquity was never so much felt as in this contrast: it is a monument of warlike times indeed, but still of pro-

sperous, victorious days, and of an enduring, healthy state of existence, of a stirring race of men in this region.

Although built in later times, under the Antonines, it retains, nevertheless, so many qualities of the highest kind of art, that it impresses us, as a whole, with a feeling of pleasing solemnity, and bears witness, in its different parts, to the existence of a joyous, active mode of life. It detained me a long time; I made many notes upon it, and unwillingly left it, as I felt afterwards only the more acutely the wretchedness of my present condition.

But even now a change was rapidly taking place, and joyful anticipations were arising in my mind, which were destined soon afterwards to be realised.

23d October.

We communicated to our friend Lieutenant von Fritsch, whom, much against his inclination, we had left behind at his post, the welcome intelligence that he had received the order for military good service: an honour deservedly bestowed, in reward for a brave action; and he was the more favoured by fortune as he had had no share in our sufferings. This is the history of the affair:

The French, when they knew that we had

penetrated far enough into the country, and seeing we were in great difficulties, and at a distance, tried to give us an unexpected blow in the rear; they advanced close to Treves in considerable numbers, and even with cannon. Lieutenant von Fritsch hears of it, and with a small body of troops goes out to meet the enemy, who, startled by this display of vigilance, and fearing that more troops might be advancing, retires after a slight skirmish to Merzig, and appears no more. Our friend's horse was wounded, and his boot grazed by the same ball; but he is recompensed, on returning victorious, with a most distinguished reception. The magistrates and burgesses shew him the greatest attention; the ladies, too, who had hitherto known him only as a handsome young man, glorify him now as a hero.

He immediately informs his commanding officer of the occurrence, who, as a matter of course, is introduced to the King, and the blue cross follows immediately afterwards. The happiness of the brave youth, and a participation in his lively satisfaction, afforded me the greatest enjoyment; the good fortune which had shunned us, had sought him out in our rear; and he saw himself rewarded for his obedience to military discipline, which had appeared at first to chain him down to a state of inactivity.

24th October.

My friend had again obtained lodgings for me in the house of the same canon with whom I had lodged before. I had myself not altogether escaped from the general sickness, and I stood in need of some medicine and rest.

In these tranquil moments I took up again the short remarks I had noted down before the monument at Ygel.

To express the most general impression which it produces; here are displayed face to face, life and death, the present and the future, and both of them respectively, in an æsthetic sense, merged in each other. This was the glorious manner of the ancients, which was preserved for a considerable time in the world of art.

The height of the monument may be about 70 feet, and it rises up, in the manner of an obelisk, in several architectural divisions; first the basis, above that a socle, then the chief mass of the structure; above this an attic, then a frontal; and last of all a curious pinnacle, that twines itself upwards, and displays the remains of a ball and an eagle. Each of these divisions is, with the parts of which it is composed, embellished over their whole surface with figures and ornaments.

This peculiarity indicates it as the work of later times; for such things are introduced, as

soon as the pure proportion of the whole is lost; in connexion with which many other points might be noticed.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that this work is grounded on an immediately preceding higher style of art. Thus the antique spirit prevails throughout the whole of it, by which everyday life is represented, seasoned allegorically with mythological allusions.

In the principal space are a man and a woman of colossal size, joining hands together, and united by a third figure, which has been effaced, as of one giving the blessing. They stand between two highly ornamented pilasters, embellished with dancing children placed one above another. Then the whole of the flat surfaces indicate the happiest family relations, representing the cordial union of kinsmen, and a life of social, honest industry and enjoyment.

But it is active life that is the chief characteristic of it every where, although I cannot trust myself to explain it all. In one of the spaces some merchants appear as if assembled together to discuss some piece of business; but quite plainly you see ships laden with merchandise, with dolphins for ornaments, beasts of burden conveying goods from place to place, the arrival of commodities, and examination of them,

and such other things pertaining to men and things as are likely to present themselves.

Then also in the zodiac is a horse in rapid motion, that formerly perhaps dragged a carriage and driver behind it; in the frieses and other spaces, Bacchus, Fauns, Sol, and Luna, and other objects pertaining to the miraculous, which embellish, or have embellished, the ball and summit.

The whole has a most pleasing effect, and it would be easy, with the degree of knowledge belonging to the present age, of architecture and sculpture, to erect, in this style, a noble monument to the most distinguished individuals, their enjoyments, and good deeds; and I felt a strong desire, whilst occupied with these reflections, to celebrate the birthday of our revered Duchess Amalia in this silent way, and thereby to recall her life, her noble works, and beneficence; and thus was I very naturally induced to dedicate, in imagination, a similar obelisk to her, and characteristically to embellish the whole of the spaces with her individual destinies and virtues.

Treves, 25th October.

The quiet and leisure which I was now allowed to enjoy, I made use of further in arranging and preserving many things which I had worked up in a time of the wildest confusion. I

went over again and revised my chromatic papers; drew various figures on the colour-tables, which I altered repeatedly, in order to make clearer what I wished to represent and maintain. This reminded me of the third part of Fischer's Lexicon of Natural Philosophy, which I had to recover. On inquiry, and after a search, I at last found the kitchen-maid in the hospital, which had been established comfortably enough in one of the convents. She was suffering from the general complaint: the rooms, however, were airy and clean, and she recognised me, but could not speak; took out the volume from below her pillow, and delivered it to me as clean and in as good condition as I had given it to her; and I hope that the attention which I ordered the people to bestow on her has been of use to her.

A young schoolmaster who visited me, and brought me some of the latest numbers of the newspapers, gave occasion to some pleasant conversations. He was astonished, like so many others, that I would not speak about poetry; but rather seemed to throw myself, with all my energy, into the study of nature. He knew the philosophy of Kant, and I could therefore indicate to him the path on which I had entered. When Kant, in his critique of the judgment, places the teleologic judgment by the side of the

æsthetic, it is evident that he wishes to shew that a work of art should be treated in the same way as a work of nature—a work of nature in the same way as a work of art; and the worth of each be developed out of itself, and considered in itself. About such things I could be very eloquent; and I believe I was of some use to the good young man. It is wonderful what a mixture of truth and error every period carries and drags about with it, inherited from a recently, and even a long, bygone time; whilst enterprising spirits cut out a new path for themselves, where they, for the most part, have to submit to go alone, or to take a companion along with them only some short distance on the way.

Treves, 26th October.

But one could not go beyond the limit of these peaceful occupations and objects without finding oneself, as it were, in the middle ages, where convent-walls, and the maddest, most confused warlike condition of things, were constantly contrasted with each other. The great subject of complaint, which was felt as well by the citizens of the place as by the returning Emigrants, was the frightful misery caused both to town and country by the false assignats. Some of the mercantile houses had already sent them to Paris, and had been informed from thence of

their spuriousness, complete invalidity, and of the great danger of having any thing to do with them. That the genuine ones likewise were falling into discredit; that, in the complete overturn of every thing in the State, the destruction of all these papers was also to be feared, occurred to every body. This enormous evil was now joined to the others; so that altogether it appeared quite boundless to the imagination and the feelings. A desperate state of things, like what must occur when you see a town burnt down before your eyes.

Treves, 28th October.

The table-d'hôte, which was, on the whole, well served, also presented a bewildering spectacle: there were soldiers and civilians, with all sorts of uniforms, colours, and costumes; some sitting in moody silence, others giving vent to passionate expressions; but all of them appearing as if confined in the same common hell.

Here quite an affecting incident occurred to me. An old hussar officer, of middle-size, with a grey beard and hair and sparkling eyes, came up to me after dinner, seized hold of me by the hand, and asked if I had actually been obliged to endure all those things with the rest? I told him something about what occurred at Valmy and Hans, from which he could very easily ima-

gine the rest. On this he began to express the warmest sympathy, and to speak with enthusiasm words, which I scarcely dare to repeat, to this effect: It was, he said, already inexcusable that they whose profession and duty it was to endure such things, and to risk their lives in them, had been led into such difficulties as were perhaps never heard of before; but that I also (expressing at the same time his high opinion both of myself and my works) should have been obliged to endure them, this appeared quite insufferable to him. I represented the matter to him from the bright side, and spoke as if it were a useful trial for me to have suffered for a few weeks along with my Prince, to whom I had not been altogether useless, and with so many brave soldiers. But he continued in the same strain; whilst one of the civilians came up, and said, that, on the other hand, they owed me thanks for having gone to witness it all, as they might now expect to get from my practised pen a description and explanation of the campaign. The old warrior would not listen to this either, and exclaimed, "Do not believe it; he has too much sense. What he would be allowed to write, he can have no wish to write; and what he would like to write, he will not write." It was with difficulty that one could hear what was going on, boundless mortification being

every where expressed. And as it excites an uncomfortable feeling when people who are happy are incessantly proclaiming their satisfaction to us, so it is much more intolerable when misfortunes are repeated again and again, which we would gladly drive out of our minds. To be driven out of the country by the French, whom they hated; to be obliged to make terms with them; to agree with the men of the tenth of August; was as severe an infliction for the mind and spirit, as the previous sufferings had been for the body. The Commanders-in-chief were not spared; and the confidence which had been reposed for so many years in the renowned general seemed to have vanished for ever.

Treves, 29th October.

Now, when we found ourselves upon German ground again, and might hope to be able to disentangle ourselves from the dreadful confusion, information reached us of Custine's audacious and successful exploits. The large magazine at Spires had fallen into his hands, and he had thereupon been able to effect the surrender of Mentz. These steps appeared to drag boundless evils in their train; they bore witness to an extraordinary genius, as sagacious as it was daring, and therefore every thing in

that quarter was given up for lost. It appeared highly probable and reasonable to suppose that Coblentz was already occupied by the French, and how were we to undertake our retreat! Frankfort also we gave up in imagination; Hanau and Aschaffenburg on one side, Cassel on the other, we saw threatened; and, altogether, what might not be apprehended! The neighbouring Princes were paralysed by the wretched neutrality-system; this made the general mass more animated and active in support of the revolutionary sentiments with which they were filled, and would they not prepare the country and adjacent provinces for a change of sentiment, as had been done with Mentz, and make rapid use of the converts they had already gained? This had all to be thought of and discussed.

I heard often such observations as these: Were the French likely to have taken such important steps without great consideration and circumspection, and without a large army to support them? Custine's actions seemed as brave as they were cautious; the idea that was entertained of him, his subordinates, and superiors, was that of energetic, sagacious men. The emergency was great and sense-confounding; of all the sufferings and anxieties hitherto endured, unquestionably the greatest.

In the midst of this misery and confusion, a missing letter of my mother's found me, and reminded me, in a strange manner, of many peaceful passages of my youth, and circumstances connected with my family and native town. My uncle, the Alderman Texter, had died, whose near relationship had excluded me, during his lifetime, from the honourable and useful post of a Frankfort councillor; and now, in accordance with an established and laudable custom, they thought immediately of me, I being pretty far advanced among the Frankfort graduates.

My mother had been commissioned to ask me whether I would accept the office of councillor if I were chosen one of those to be balloted for, and the golden ball should fall to me? Such a question could not perhaps have arrived at a more singular time than the present; I was taken by surprise, and thrown back upon myself; a thousand images started up before me, and prevented me from forming any connected conclusion. But as a sick person or prisoner forgets for the moment his pains and troubles whilst listening to some tale which is related to him, so was I also carried back to other spheres and other times.

I found myself in my grandfather's garden, where the espaliers, richly laden with nectarines,

were wont to tempt the grandson's longing appetite; and only the threat of banishment from this paradise, only the hope of receiving from the good old grandfather's own hand the red-cheeked fruit when ripe, could restrain this longing within reasonable bounds till the proper time at length arrived. Then I saw the venerable old man busied with his roses, and carefully protecting his hands from the thorns with the antiquarian gloves, delivered up as tribute by tax-freed cities; like the noble Laertes,—all but in his longings and his sorrows. Afterwards I saw him in his Mayor's robes, with gold chain, sitting on the throne-seat under the Emperor's portrait; then, last of all, alas! in his dotage, for several years in his sick chair; and, finally, in his grave!

On my last journey through Frankfort, I had found my uncle in possession of the house, court, and garden; who, as a worthy son of such a father, attained, like him, the highest offices in the government of the free-town. Here, in the intimate family circle, in the unchanged old well-known place, these boyhood recollections were vividly called forth, and brought with new emphasis before me. They were united also with other youthful feelings, which I must not conceal. What citizen of a free city will deny that he has been ambitious of,

sooner or later, rising to the dignity of councillor, alderman, or burgomaster; and has industriously and carefully striven, to the best of his ability, to attain to them, or perhaps other less important offices? For the pleasing thought of one day filling some post in the Government is awakened early in the breast of every Republican, and is liveliest and proudest in the soul of a boy.

I could not, however, abandon myself long to these pleasing dreams of my childhood. But too soon aroused, I surveyed the ominous locality which surrounded me, the melancholy circumstances which hemmed me in, and, at the same time, the cloudy obscured prospect in the direction of my native town. I saw Mentz in the hands of the French; Frankfort threatened, if not already taken; the way to it obstructed; and within those walls, streets, squares, dwellings, the friends of my youth and my relations, already overtaken perhaps by the same misfortunes from which I had seen Longwy and Verdun so cruelly suffer: who would have dared to rush headlong into the midst of such a state of things!

But even in the happiest days of that venerable corporation, it would have been impossible for me to agree to this proposal: the reasons for which are easily explained. For twelve

years I had enjoyed singular good fortune,—the confidence as well as the indulgence of the Duke of Weimar. This highly-gifted and cultivated prince was pleased to approve of my inadequate services, and gave me facilities for developing myself, which would have been possible under no other conditions in my native country. My gratitude was boundless, as well as my attachment to his august consort and mother, to his young family, and to a country to which I had not been altogether unserviceable. And had I not to think also of that circle of newly-acquired, highly-cultivated friends, and of so many other domestic enjoyments and advantages which had sprung from my favourable and settled position? These images and feelings, excited in me anew by this occurrence, had a sudden and cheering effect upon me at this moment of deepest depression; for you are already half saved, if, from the mournfullest situation in a foreign country, you are roused to cast one hopeful glance towards the security of home. Thus, here upon earth, we enjoy what is promised us beyond the spheres.

In this mood I began the letter to my mother; and if these reasons seemed to have reference principally to my own feelings, personal comfort, and individual advantage, I was

able also to add others which related to the good of my native town, and were sufficiently weighty to convince my wellwishers there. For how could I expect to work with effect in so peculiar a sphere, for which perhaps a careful previous education is more necessary than for any other? I had been accustomed, for many years, to employments adapted to my capacity, and which were of such a nature as could scarcely be required for the necessities and objects of a town. Nay, I could add, that if those only who were properly citizens of the place were to be admitted into the council, I had now become so entirely estranged, as to consider myself altogether a foreigner. All this, with my thanks, I made known to my mother, who was looking, indeed, for nothing else. Late enough, truly, must it have been before this letter reached her.

Treves, 29th October.

My young friend, with whom I enjoyed many pleasant scientific and literary conversations, was also very well informed about the history of the town and neighbourhood. Our promenades, therefore, when the weather was tolerable, were always instructive, and I was able to note the things of principal importance. The city itself is characteristic and striking; it

lays claim to the possession of more ecclesiastical buildings than any other of the same size; and it would be difficult to deny it this sort of celebrity; for inside the walls it is burdened, nay overwhelmed, with churches, chapels, monasteries, convents, colleges, and other chivalric and monastic buildings; outside it is beset by abbeys, foundations, and Carthusian monasteries.

All this bears testimony to a widely-extended ecclesiastical jurisdiction, over which, in former times, the Archbishop bore sway; his diocese reaching from this as far as Metz, Toul, and Verdun. The civil government also is not without important possessions, the Elector of Treves ruling over a magnificent country on both sides of the Moselle; and thus palaces are not wanting in Treves, to prove that, at different periods, she claimed sovereignty over a wide circumjacent territory.

The origin of the town is lost in the times of fable; the favourable position is likely to have early enough attracted settlers. They were included in the Roman Empire, were first heathens, then Christians, were subdued by the Normans and the Franks; and at last the beautiful country was incorporated into the Germanico-Roman Empire.

I should have liked to see the town at a

more favourable season, and to have become better acquainted with its inhabitants, who have always had the reputation of being good-natured and lively. Of the first quality some traces are still to be found; indication of the other is rare; and how could liveliness be expected in the midst of such a state of things!

Whoever looks back into the annals of the city will find repeated mention made of war-like devastations committed in this region; the valley of the Moselle, and the river itself, being favourable for the movements of armies. Even Attila, from the farthest east, with his countless host, made, like ourselves, both his advance and retreat through the region bordering on this river. What sufferings did not the inhabitants endure in the Thirty-years war, till the end of the 17th century, when their Prince, who had allied himself with France, as his nearest neighbour, was suffering in consequence a tedious imprisonment in Austria! The city suffered also more than once from civil wars; as must ever have been the case in episcopal cities, where the citizens could not always agree with the half lay, half ecclesiastical sovereign authority.

My guide, whilst communicating the historical details, drew my attention to buildings of very different periods, the most of which were

curious, and therefore worthy of observation; but few of them afforded pleasure to a cultivated taste, like that derived from the monument at Ygel.

The remains of the Roman amphitheatre I found not without interest; but as the building had fallen in, and had, in all probability, served for several centuries as a quarry, little was to be deciphered. We admired, however, the way in which the ancients, in their wisdom, were able to produce great results with moderate means; and how they had made use of the natural advantages offered by the site between two hills, to lighten the work both of excavating and building.

When we left the first slopes of the Martisberg, where these ruins lie, and mounted a little higher, we saw, over the tops of all the relics of the saints, over cupolas and roofs, the Apolloberg; and thus both gods, with Mercury at their side, make good the remembrance of their names: the monuments were destined to perish, but not the genius of the place.

Treves possesses some remarkable specimens of the architecture of the earlier period of the middle ages: I have little knowledge of such things, and they afford no pleasure to a cultivated mind. Their aspect, after a slight

inspection, confused me; many of them are buried amongst heaps of rubbish, or broken, and turned to other uses.

I was conducted across the large bridge, which was also founded in the middle ages, just as every thing was enlivened by a glimpse of bright sunshine. Here we could plainly survey the position of the town, built upon a flat projecting promontory, which causes the river to bend to the left. The eye now ranged from the foot of the Apolloberg, over river, bridge, mills, town, and country; the vine-yards, not yet quite leafless, as well beneath our feet as opposite to us, upon the first slopes of the Martisberg, displaying themselves in pleasant relief, making us feel what a blessed region we were in, and awakening a feeling of happiness and pleasure, which seems to float in the air in the countries where the vines grow. The Moselle wine of the best sorts, which we obtained here, appeared, after this survey, to taste even better than before.

Treves, 29th October.

Our Prince and leader arrived, and took up his quarters in the Monastery of St. Maximin. These rich and formerly over-prosperous people had been enduring for some time past a great interruption to their tranquillity; the

brothers of the King had been quartered there, and it had never been unoccupied since. An establishment of this kind, originating in tranquillity and peace, and intended for tranquillity and peace, had a curious aspect when devoted to these new purposes, as, with every possible forbearance, a violent contrast was displayed to the chivalric-monastic character of the place. But the Duke, here, as every where else, succeeded, even as an unbidden guest, by his liberality and good nature, in making himself and his attendants welcome.

But I was destined here also to be persecuted by the evil demon of war. Our good Colonel Gotsch was likewise quartered in the monastery; I found him in the night watching and nursing his son, who was suffering severely from the ill-fated sickness. Here I was obliged once more to listen to the history and malediction of our campaign, from the mouth of an old soldier and father, who was well entitled to denounce vehemently the whole host of errors, which were manifest to him as a soldier, and detestable to him as a father. The affair of the Islettes also was talked of again; and, in fact, any body who had made this fatal point quite clear to himself, could not help feeling quite desperate in thinking of it.

I enjoyed the opportunity of looking at the

abbey, and found it an extensive and truly noble building; the rooms were large and lofty, and the floors of wood, with velvet and damask tapestry, stucco-work, no want of gilding and carving, and such other things as one is wont to see in such palaces; every thing being reflected over and over again in large mirrors.

The persons quartered here were also very well provided for; but there was not room for the whole of the horses, and they were obliged to remain in the open air, without stalls, racks, or mangers. Unfortunately the nose-bags had been damaged, and the oats had to be snuffed up from the ground.

But if the stabling was insignificant, this was made up by the largeness of the cellars. Besides their own vineyards, the monastery enjoyed the receipt of tithes from many others. Many a butt seemed to have been emptied in the last few months, as numbers of them were lying in the courtyard.

30th October.

Our Prince had a large party at dinner; three of the chief ecclesiastics being invited; they had provided some fine table-linen for the occasion, and a very beautiful service of porcelain; there was not much silver, all the

treasure and jewels having been removed to Ehrenbreitstein. The dishes were excellently dressed by the Prince's cooks; the wine, which was at first destined to follow us into France, having been brought back from Luxembourg, was drunk here; but what was most deserving of praise was some delicious white bread, which reminded us by the contrast of the commissariat bread at Hans.

In my investigations into the history of Treves for the last few days, I had necessarily taken some trouble about the Abbey of St. Maximin; I was, therefore, competent to carry on with my clerical neighbour a sufficiently learned conversation about its history. The great antiquity of the foundation was taken for granted; then its manifold and various fortunes were not forgotten, and its close proximity to the town, which was alike dangerous to both; having, in fact, been burnt down and completely destroyed in the year 1674. I had also informed myself about its reconstruction and gradual restoration to its present state. Much could be said in praise of this, and also of all the arrangements, which my clerical friend heard with great pleasure. But he would listen to nothing in praise of the present times: the French Princes had been quartered there a long time, and he made sad complaints of the

mischief, insolence, and waste, which were suffered then.

The conversation changing, I returned to historical subjects; but when I mentioned the time when the Abbey had set itself up as equal to the Archbishop, and the Abbot held rank in the Germanico-Roman Empire, he laughed, and changed the subject, as if he thought such recollections had something suspicious in them in the present times.

The solicitude of the Duke about his regiment now became active and manifest; for as it was impossible to transport the sick in wagons, the Prince ordered a boat to be hired to convey them to Coblentz.

But other soldiers now arrived who had been disabled in quite a peculiar way. It had very soon been observed on the retreat, that the cannon could not be transported. The artillery-horses perished one after the other, and few fresh ones could be found; the horses put in requisition on the march into the country having run away on the retreat, were deficient every where; and, as a last resource, it was ordered that a large number of the troopers of each regiment should dismount and march on foot, in order that the guns might be saved. In their stiff boots, which at last went to pieces, these brave fellows suffered severely from the

wretched state of the roads; but a better time was also coming for them, for preparations were made for enabling them to go by water to Coblentz.

October.

My Prince had commissioned me to wait upon the Marquis Lucchesini, to deliver a complimentary message on taking leave, and to get some information. Late in the evening, and not without difficulty, I was admitted into the presence of this distinguished man, who in former times was not unfavourably disposed towards me. The gracious and kind way in which he received me was most agreeable; not so his answers to my questions and his fulfilment of my wishes; he dismissed me without being of the slightest use to me; and I may safely say that I was prepared for this.

When I saw the busy preparations making for the departure of the sick and knocked-up troopers, it struck me that the best thing I could do would be to make my escape also by water. I was very sorry to leave my carriage behind, which, however, they promised to send after me to Coblentz. I hired a boat with one man, into which all my goods and chattels were conveyed; and as they were thus, as it were,

counted out before me, they made a very pleasant impression on me, as I had more than once given them up for lost. On this voyage I was joined by a Prussian officer, an old acquaintance, whom I very well remembered as one of the pages; and who had still a vivid recollection of his period of court-service, for he reminded me that he had been in the habit of handing the coffee to me.

The weather was tolerable, the passage quiet, and the agreeable nature of the change we had made was manifest, when we saw with what difficulty the columns were marching along the road which occasionally approached the river; from time to time, also, they were seen to halt and remain at a stand still. Already had complaints been made in Treves, that, in so hurried a retreat, the greatest difficulty was to find quarters, as the places assigned to a regiment very often were found to be already occupied, occasioning great annoyance and confusion.

The views along the banks of the Moselle were highly diversified during this passage; for although the main direction of the stream is always from south-west to north-east, still, as it flows through rugged and mountainous ground, with projecting angles at both sides, which make

it bend sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, it is forced to flow onwards in a widely-expanded serpentine course. An experienced boatman is therefore highly necessary: ours displayed both strength and skill, knowing how, at one time, to avoid the gravel-banks which sometimes obstructed the passage, and immediately afterwards boldly to take advantage, for greater speed, of the rapid current which flowed along the rocky wall. The numerous villages on both sides greatly enlivened the scene; the cultivation of the vine, every where carefully attended to, gave indication of a prosperous population, sparing no trouble in the production of the precious juice. Every sunny hill was made use of; but we were soon struck also by the precipitous rocks overhanging the stream, on the narrow projecting ledges of which, as upon natural terraces formed by accident, the vines seemed to thrive the best.

We landed at a pretty, small inn, and were well received by the old landlady, who complained of many evils she had lately suffered, but gave credit to the Emigrants for most of the mischief. She had often, she said, seen with dismay these God-forgetting people making little balls of the precious bread, and throwing them at each other's heads; she and her maids,

with tears in their eyes, having to gather them up again.

And thus we floated onwards down the stream, in good spirits and without accidents, till the twilight; when we saw ourselves entangled in the windings of the meandering river, just where it rushes towards the heights of Montreal. The night now overtook us before we could reach Trarbach, or even get sight of it. It was pitch dark; we knew we were confined between more or less precipitous banks; when a storm, which had already announced itself from behind, broke upon us with tremendous violence. The stream was soon swelled into billows by the force of the wind, the intermitting blasts descending with furious roar; one wave after the other washed over the little boat, and we felt wet to the skin. The boatman did not conceal his uneasiness; the danger appeared always greater the longer it lasted; and it had risen to the highest pitch, when the honest fellow assured us, that he neither knew where he was, nor in what direction he should steer.

Our companion kept silent. I was absorbed in my own thoughts; and we floated in the blackest darkness, only it sometimes appeared to me as if dark masses above me, even blacker than the darkened heavens, were perceptible to

the eye; this, however, yielded little consolation or hope, to be hemmed in between the land and rocks making the situation more perilous still. And thus we were tossed to and fro in the total darkness, till at length a light was seen at a distance, and hope also was awakened within us. We now steered as directly as possible towards it; Paul lending all the assistance in his power.

At last we landed in safety at Trarbach, where we found a tolerable inn, and were offered a fowl and some rice immediately after our arrival. But a respectable merchant, hearing of the arrival of strangers in such a dark and stormy night, obliged us to go to his house, where, in the handsomely furnished rooms, which were lit up with wax candles, we perceived, greeting us on our entrance, some dark English prints, hanging in pretty glass frames upon the wall; this awakened a cheerful feeling in us, and even some emotion, contrasting so suddenly with the black dangers to which we had been exposed. The gentleman and his wife, still young people, exerted themselves to shew us kindness; they gave us some exquisite Moselle wine, of which my companion, who stood most in need of restoration, made particularly good use.

Paul confessed that he had already taken off his coat and boots, in order to save us by swim-

ming, if the boat had been overturned; in which case, indeed, he could have saved nobody but himself.

Scarcely had we dried and refreshed ourselves, when I began to feel restless again, and wished to get away. Our kind host wanted to prevent us from going, and wished rather that we would stay the following day also; and promised us, from a neighbouring height, the most extensive and beautiful view over a fine country, and much besides that would have contributed to our restoration and amusement. But it is singular that, as people become habituated to a state of rest, and take pleasure in continuing in it, so there is also such a thing as being habituated to a state of unrest; I felt in me a constant irritation to be on the move, which I could not control.

When we were just on the point of hastening away, the good man pressed us to take a couple of mattresses with us, that we might be able, at all events, to make our boat a little more comfortable; the lady did not much like giving these, for which, as they were very good and new, we could not blame her. And thus it happens, when people are quartered in a house, that it is sometimes the husband, and sometimes the wife, who is more or less kind to the intruding guest.

We floated without further hindrance down to Coblentz; and the only thing I remember clearly is, that, at the end of the voyage, I saw the most beautiful view that perhaps I have ever seen in my life. When we approached the bridge over the Moselle, this enormous black structure stood out in bold relief before us; through the arches we saw the stately buildings which covered the valley, and above the line of the bridge was seen the castle of Ehrenbreitstein towering above, and penetrating through, the blue mist which enveloped it. On the right, the town, joining the bridge, formed a good foreground; this view was a great enjoyment as long as it lasted, which was only for a moment, as we landed immediately, and conscientiously sent the mattresses unharmed to the commercial house indicated by our worthy friends at Trarbach.

The Duke of Weimar had excellent quarters assigned him, in which I also found good accommodation; the army marched in by degrees; the servants of our Prince and General arrived, and could never cease talking of the sufferings they had endured. We rejoiced in having made the passage by water; and the storm we had successfully encountered seemed a small evil in comparison with all the obstructions and obstacles of a land journey.

The Prince himself had arrived; a number of generals assembled round the King; I, however, in solitary rambles along the banks of the Rhine, recalled the strange occurrences of the last few weeks.

A French general, Lafayette, the head of a large party, a short time before the idol of his nation, and enjoying the entire confidence of the soldiers, rebels against the supreme authority, which, after the imprisonment of the King, is the sole representative of the nation; he takes to flight, and his army, not stronger than 23,000 men, is left without a general or superior officers, disorganised and panic-stricken.

At the same time, a powerful King, with an allied army of 80,000 men, sets foot upon the French soil, and, after a short delay, two fortified towns surrender.

A general now appears, of no reputation,—Dumourier; without ever having held a superior command, he, with great sagacity and rapidity, makes himself master of a very strong position. This is turned; but he reaches a second, where he is also enclosed; and this in such a way, that the enemy places himself between him and Paris.

But a strange complicated state of things is produced by uninterrupted rains and frightful

weather; the formidable allied army, not farther than six leagues from Chalons, and ten from Rheims, finds itself prevented from reaching either of these places, is obliged to retreat, abandons the two places it had captured, loses a third of its numbers, of which, at the utmost, two thousand perished by the sword, and now finds itself again on the banks of the Rhine. All these events, which border on the miraculous, happen in less than six weeks, and France is saved from the greatest danger that has ever been recorded in her annals.

Imagine, now, the many thousand sufferers from this unfortunate expedition, whose fearful sufferings, both of mind and body, gave them some right to complain, and you will easily conceive that every thing did not end in silence, and that, with all the foresight that could be practised, grumblings were still heard from many whose hearts were full.

In connexion with this I may mention, that I was sitting one day at a large dinner-party, next an old and excellent general, and made some allusion to late events, when he interrupted me, and said, very kindly indeed, but still with a certain degree of sternness, "Do me the honour to wait upon me to-morrow morning, and then we can speak about these things freely and fairly." I appeared to agree

to this, but remained away, and inwardly vowed that I would not soon again break my customary silence.

Both upon the passage down the river and in Coblentz, I had made many observations to the advantage of my chromatic studies; I had got a new light more particularly about the epoptic colours; and I had always increasing hopes of being able to combine the physical appearances together, and separate them from others, with which they seemed to stand in more distant relationship. The diary of the faithful Chamberlain Wagner also was of much use to me as a complement to my own, which I had altogether neglected for some time past.

The Duke's regiment had arrived, and went into cantonments in the villages opposite Neuwied. Here our Prince displayed the most fatherly solicitude for his people; each had only to make known any cause of complaint, and, if possible, redress and assistance were given him. Lieutenant von Flotho, who held a command in the town, and who was nearest to the benefactor, was active in giving assistance to all who required it. The chief want, that of shoes, was provided for by buying leather, and making the shoemakers who were in the regiment work under the master shoemakers in the town. Provision was also

made for cleanliness and the good appearance of the troops; yellow chalk was procured, the jackets cleaned and coloured, and our troopers trotted about quite smart again.

My studies, and also the conversations I carried on both with my companions in the household and with the official people, were greatly enlivened by the wine which was presented by the town-council to our Prince; it was the best kind of Moselle, which we had permission to drink, as the Prince generally dined out.

On finding an opportunity for complimenting and thanking one of the donors for it, observing at the same time that they must have robbed themselves of many a good bottle, we received for answer, that they did not grudge us this, and a great deal more; and only regretted the casks which they had been obliged to bestow upon the Emigrants, who had brought much money indeed, but also much mischief into the town; which, in fact, they had turned quite topsy-turvy. They complained particularly of their conduct to the Prince, whose place they had, to a certain extent, usurped, and had committed many daring and lawless acts in defiance of him.

During the late threatening times, he had set out for Ratisbon; and I slipped away one fine day, when the noonday sun was shining,

to his castle, which stood upon the left bank of the Rhine, somewhat above the town, and which had, since I was last in that part of the country, sprung, as it were, a beautiful object out of the ground. It stood there solitary, quite recently a ruin, to speak in a political, if not an architectural sense; and I had not courage to demand of the warden, who was walking about, permission to enter. How beautiful was the surrounding country, both far and near! how richly cultivated, and like a garden, the space between the castle and the town! The view up the Rhine was peaceful and soft; but towards the town and fortress, gorgeous and animated.

With the view of crossing over, I proceeded to the flying bridge; but was soon stopped, or rather delayed of my own accord, to observe the passage of some Austrian wagons, which were conveyed across one by one. Here a contest arose between a Prussian and an Austrian non-commissioned officer, which brought clearly to view the character of both nations.

From the Austrian, who was posted here to see that the column of wagons was conveyed over with all practicable speed, to prevent confusion, and to keep, therefore, any other vehicle from getting into the line, the Prussian impetuously demanded an exception in favour of his little car, in which his wife and

child and some baggage were packed. With great composure the Austrian refused the demand, appealing to the order, which expressly forbade him to do it; the Prussian became more violent, the Austrian, if possible, more cool; he would allow no gap to be made in the column entrusted to his charge, and the other could get no place to enter. At last, the intruder put his hand to his sword, and challenged his antagonist to fight him; with threats and abuse he tried to get him into the nearest alley, to finish the affair there; but the imperturbably cool and sensible man, who knew very well that he had right on his side, did not stir, and kept order now as before.

I wished that this scene could have been witnessed by some caricaturist; for they were as different in form as in behaviour: the quiet one was bulky and strong; the furious one, for so he seemed at last, lean, tall, lanky, and nimble.

The time allowed for this little excursion was already partly consumed; and the fear of being again delayed in the same way banished all thoughts of visiting the valley by the side of the river, formerly such a favourite scene, but which now would only have excited painful feelings of what I had lost, and fruitless broodings over earlier years; however, I stood for a

long time gazing over to it, faithfully mindful of peaceful times in the bewildering change of earthly events.

And thus it happened, quite accidentally, that I became further instructed about the measures taken for prosecuting the campaign. The Duke's regiment was preparing to cross over; the Prince himself, with all his retinue, was to follow. I was scared by the slightest appearance of further prosecuting the war, and the desire for flight took possession of me again. This might be called a home-sickness in an inverted sense,—a longing for the wide world instead of our confined home. There I stood; the glorious river lay before me, gliding down so soft and sweetly through the broad expanded landscape; it was flowing to friends to whom, spite of many changes and turnings, I had always remained faithfully attached. I longed to escape from the strange and violent world, and throw myself into the bosom of my friends; and, therefore, on obtaining leave of absence, hired, with all speed, a boat to take me to Düsseldorf, entrusting my still missing carriage to the care of some Coblentz friends, with a request that they would send it after me.

When I saw myself with my baggage on board, and presently floating down the stream, accompanied by my faithful Paul and another

passenger, who engaged occasionally to row, I congratulated myself on my good luck, and thought I had now escaped from all my misfortunes.

However, some other adventures awaited us still. We had not long been rowing down the river, when it became evident that the boat leaked very much, as the boatman, from time to time, kept busily baling out the water. And now we first discovered that, in our hurry to get away, we had quite forgotten that the boatmen are in the habit, on the long passage from Coblentz to Düsseldorf, of taking only an old boat with them, that they may, at the end of the passage, sell it for firewood, and, with the passage-money in their pockets, and quite unencumbered, travel homewards again.

However, we kept on our course without fear. A clear starry night, but very cold, favoured our voyage, when, suddenly, the strange oarsman requested to be put on shore, and began to dispute with the boatman as to where was the best place for him to land, about which they could come to no agreement.

In the midst of this affair, which was carried on with great vehemence, our boatman tumbled into the water, and was with difficulty taken out again. He could not now endure the cold of the bright clear night, and

anxiously requested permission to proceed to Bonn, in order to dry and to warm himself. My servant went with him to a public-house frequented by the boatmen; but I preferred remaining in the open air, and got a sleeping-place prepared for me with the portmanteau and portfolio. Such is the force of habit, that I, who had passed the last six weeks almost always in the open air, had now a sort of aversion to being confined in a room, and to being under cover. But this time a new kind of evil arose from it, which might, indeed, have been foreseen: the boat had been drawn up as far as possible on the shore, but not so far but that it still admitted water through the leak.

After a deep slumber I found myself more than refreshed, for the water had made its way up to my sleeping-place, and had drenched both myself and my effects. I was therefore obliged to rise up and seek for the inn, and dry myself as well I could in the midst of a crowd of people smoking tobacco and drinking mulled wine; during which the morning had pretty far advanced, and our voyage was resumed, the boatman doing his best to make up for the lost time by increased exertions at the oar.

DIGRESSION.

When I look at myself again in imagination, floating down the Rhine, it would be difficult to say what my feelings were at the time. The sight of the peaceful watery mirror, and the sensation of pleasure arising from the comfortable mode of travelling, made me look upon the lately by-gone time as a painful dream, from which I had just awakened; and I abandoned myself to the brightest hopes of a speedy and joyful meeting with my friends.

But now, if I am to continue my recital, I must adopt another mode of treatment than what would have suited my previous narrative; for when from day to day the most important events are taking place before our eyes, when our time is passed in suffering and fear, in the midst of thousands in the same state, and when even our hopes are tinged with apprehension, then the present assumes a paramount importance, and, being communicated step by step, renews the past, whilst it points to the future.

But what occurs in social life can only be treated as a series of expressions of states of the mind; reflection is here in its place; the present speaks not for itself; the remembrance of the past, subsequent speculations must interpret it.

As I was generally almost entirely engrossed by the business and occurences of the moment, with which kind of life I had reason to be satisfied, of late years particularly, I had the peculiarity of never forming conceptions beforehand of persons whom I expected to meet, or places that I intended to visit, but allowed them to produce their effect upon me without being previously prepared for them.

The advantage that arises from this is great; one does not require to come back from a previously conceived idea, to blot out a picture arbitrarily painted by ourselves, and painfully to adopt the reality in its place. This disadvantage, on the other hand, may also arise from it, that we are unprepared in moments of importance, and are at a loss how to act in unforeseen emergencies.

For the same reason too, I never paid any attention to the effect which my presence or the temper of my mind had upon others; as I often found, quite unexpectedly, that I excited inclination or repugnance, and frequently even both of them at the same time.

Whatever may be the judgment passed upon this behaviour, whether as an individual peculiarity it is neither to be praised nor blamed, it must, however, be observed that in the present case it produced some very curious phenomena,

and these not always of the most agreeable description. I had not met the friends whom I was now about to visit for many years; they had kept faithfully to their old course of life, whereas a wonderful lot was appointed for me. I was destined to undergo many trials, and to go through many gradations of acting and suffering; so that continuing the same person, but having become quite another kind of being, I was almost unrecognisable when I came amongst my old friends.

It would be difficult, even in maturer years, when a freer survey of life is obtained, to give an accurate account of those transitions in it, which sometimes appear as steps in advance, and sometimes in retrogression; but which must all, nevertheless, conduce to the use and advantage of the God-conducted man. Notwithstanding these difficulties, I will, to oblige my friends, attempt to note down a few things.

Man, considered as a moral being, excites affection and love only in so far as we discover longing in him; this expresses both possession and desire,—the possession of a tender heart, and the desire of finding the same in others; by the former we attract others to us, by the latter we give up ourselves to them.

Whatever of this quality lay in me, which in earlier years I had nourished perhaps too

much, and which, as I grew older, I energetically sought to conquer, did not any longer become the man, nor satisfy him, and he sought, therefore, for complete and final satisfaction.

The object of my most ardent longing, the pain of which quite filled my soul, was Italy, whose image and picture floated before me for many years in vain, till at length I formed the bold determination of seeing the reality face to face. My friends followed me in thought to that glorious land; they accompanied me on my way thither and on my return; may they also soon again share with me in affection a longer residence there, and again accompany me back, as then many a problem will be more intelligibly solved!

In Italy I felt myself gradually delivered from insignificant conceptions, and freed from false wishes; and in the place of the longing for the land of the arts, was substituted the longing for the arts themselves; I had seen them, and I now wished to penetrate into and comprehend them.

The study of the arts, like that of the ancient authors, gives us a certain stability, a sort of satisfaction in ourselves; whilst it fills our souls with great objects and ideas, it takes possession of all wishes that struggle outwardly, but nourishes every worthy aspiration in the

tranquil breast; the need of communicating with others becomes always less; and the amateur is like the painters, sculptors, and architects themselves—he works in solitude for enjoyments which he seldom is called upon to share with others.

But, at the same time, I was destined to be estranged from the world by another cause, and thrown upon nature in the most emphatic way, to which of my own accord I was enthusiastically devoted. Here I found neither masters nor companions, and I was obliged to stand for every thing to myself. In the solitude of the woods and gardens, in the obscurity of the dark apartments, I should have remained quite solitary, had not a happy domestic connexion at this strange period of my existence come to my rescue and cheered my heart. The Roman elegies, the Venetian epigrams, date from this period.

But I was also to have a foretaste of warlike events; for being ordered to be present during the campaign in Silesia, which was ended by the Congress of Reichenbach, I had obtained, in this new and important part of the world, additional experience and elevation, and had been well amused at the same time; whilst the horrors of the French Revolution, spreading ever wider, recalled the attention of all, what-

ever might be their thoughts and studies, to the surface of the European world, and forced the frightfullest realities upon it.

Called upon, as I had been by my duty, to front, with my Prince and master, the dangers and disasters of the day, and manfully to endure the sufferings of which I have ventured to give only a faint picture to my readers, it can easily be conceived that whatever of tenderness and warmth had still remained shrunk up in my inward being had nearly all vanished and been blotted out.

If the whole of this be taken into consideration, the state of things which follows, roughly sketched out, will not appear altogether enigmatical; and I am the more anxious about this, as I unwillingly resist the inclination to write over again these pages, carelessly composed many years ago, with the new insight and convictions I have since acquired.

Pempelfort, November 1792.

It was already dark when I landed in Düsseldorf, and I had therefore to order lanterns on my way to Pempelfort, where, after the sudden surprise which my arrival caused, I received the most hearty welcome: the usual kind of conversation occasioned by such meetings filled up the remainder of the evening.

The next day I soon felt at home again in the midst of the questions, answers, and anecdotes caused by my arrival; the unfortunate campaign occasioned sufficient materials for conversation, nobody being prepared for so melancholy a result. But neither could any one express the dreadful effect of the frightful silence, which lasted nearly three weeks; and of the uncertainty, which went on always increasing, from the want of intelligence; no more was heard of the allied army than if it had been swallowed up by the earth; everybody, looking out into the frightful void, was tortured with fear and anxiety, and military operations in the Netherlands were again expected with terror, both banks of the Rhine appearing to be threatened.

We banished these reflections as well as we could from our minds by occupying ourselves with moral and literary subjects; and here my realism, coming to light, seemed to afford but little edification to my friends.

I had, since the Revolution, in order to distract my attention from the mad confusion, begun a singular work, a Journey of Seven Brothers of different capacities, each serving their association in his own way,—a completely quixotic and fabulous thing, very confused, and with no apparent end or object in it, like a pic-

ture of our own condition. I was asked to read it, and, without requiring to be much urged, brought out my manuscripts; but I soon perceived that nobody was edified by it. I left, therefore, my travelling family in some safe haven, and the remainder of my manuscripts to take care of itself.

My friends, however, finding it difficult to acquiesce in this change of sentiment, made many attempts to recall earlier feelings by means of my former works, and gave me *Iphigenia* to read aloud in the evening: this, however, I could no longer endure; its tender strain was foreign to me now, and even when read by others, the sound of it was painful to me. This piece was very soon laid aside; but they were determined apparently to try me by a more severe kind of torture. *Œdipus auf Kolonos* was produced; the lofty sanctity of which appeared quite intolerable to my mind, turned as it was now to art, nature, and the world, and hardened by the events of a dreadful campaign: I could not endure a hundred lines of it. They then gave in to the humour of their altered friend; other subjects of conversation presenting themselves in abundance.

From the earlier times of German literature many detached pieces were brought forward with happy effect; but any closer con-

nexion was shunned, that all differences of opinion might be avoided. If I am to insert here any thing of a general nature, I may say that the last twenty years were really an extraordinary period, in which many remarkable people were brought together, men having many views in common, but, at the same time, others that were widely different; every one carried with him a high opinion of himself into society, and mutual respect and forbearance were willingly practised by all.

Men of talent succeeded in establishing themselves in their acquired possession of the general esteem, and in their social relations assisted and supported each other; the advantages obtained being no longer preserved by single individuals, but by a unanimous majority. That some degree of circumspection was necessary here was to be expected; like other children of the world, they infused a certain kind of artifice into their relations; the peculiarities of each were excused, the sensitiveness of one counterbalanced that of the other, and mutual misunderstandings remained a long time in the background.

In the midst of all this, I myself occupied a singular position; my talents gave me an honourable place in society, but my ardent passion for what I discerned as true and just

allowed me to be drawn into many odious breaches of good manners, in combating what appeared to be false tendencies; so that at times I fell out also with the members of this circle, became reconciled again, in whole or in part, but always proceeded onwards in my course, with a full persuasion of being in the right. With all this I still retained something of the ingenuousness of Voltaire's Hurons, even in more advanced life, so that I could be both quite insufferable and very amiable at the same time.

There was one province, however, in which we could proceed with more freedom and harmony,—I mean the western, not to say the French literature. Jacobi, whilst going his own way, allowed nothing of importance to escape him; and the neighbourhood of the Netherlands contributed much towards drawing him, not only in a literary sense, but also personally, into that department. He was singularly well formed, with very agreeable features, and manners, which, although stiff, were very pleasant, being a man formed to shine in all cultivated circles.

It was a wonderful time, which it is difficult to picture to oneself again. Voltaire had literally dissolved the ancient bands of society; and there arose therefrom, amongst men of intellect,

a scepticism in regard to what had formerly been held in veneration. Whilst the philosopher of Ferney was exerting all his energies to diminish and weaken the influence of the priesthood, keeping Europe principally in view, De Pau was spreading his spirit of conquest over more remote regions of the world; he would allow neither to Chinese nor Egyptians the honour which the accumulated prejudices of centuries had heaped upon them. Being a canon of Xante, in the neighbourhood of Düsseldorf, he kept up a friendly correspondence with Jacobi; and how many others might not be mentioned here! We may, however, mention Hemsterhuis, who, attaching himself to the Princess Galizin, passed much of his time in the neighbourhood, at Münster. He, for his part, with others of congenial disposition, occupied himself with studies of a milder and more ideal description, and, imbued with Platonic sentiments, devoted himself to religion.

Amongst these fragmentary recollections, I must also mention Diderot, the vehement dialectician, who also passed some time on a visit at Pempelfort, apparently much to his satisfaction, asserting his paradoxes with great freedom.

Rousseau's views also on the state of nature were not unknown to this circle, which excluded

nothing, and therefore not myself, although it would be truer to say that it only endured me.

For the effect which external literature had upon me has been already indicated in various places. I could make use of it for my own purposes, but I could not adopt it; and therefore I was unable to come to any agreement about it with others. I was equally singular in regard to composition; this kept pace with the course of my life; and as the latter remained for the most part a secret even to my most intimate friends, so it was difficult to become familiar with any new production of mine, as something similar was expected to those which were already known.

If I had succeeded but badly with my *Seven Brothers*, on account of their total dissimilarity to their sister *Iphigenia*, so I could easily perceive that my *Gross-Coptha*, which had been printed long ago, had even given pain to my friends: there was nothing said about it, and I guarded myself from calling their attention to it. However, it will be acknowledged that an author who is so placed as to be unable to recite his own works, or hear them spoken of, must feel himself in as painful a situation as a composer who feels himself prevented from rehearsing his newest melodies.

I was equally unfortunate with my study of

natural philosophy: the passionate earnestness with which I addicted myself to this seemed inconceivable to all, nobody perceiving how it sprang from my very nature itself; they considered this laudable pursuit as a whimsical mistake; in their opinion I could do something better, and leave my abilities to work in their old direction. They felt the more entitled to do this, as my way of thinking did not agree with theirs, expressing rather, in most points, exactly the contrary. No more isolated being can be imagined than I was then, and for a long time afterwards. The Hylozoism, or whatever it may be called, to which I was attached, and the deep foundation of which I left untouched in all its sacred dignity, made me unsusceptible, nay intolerant, towards that way of thinking, which set up, as an article of belief, the existence of matter as a dead thing, in whatever way it may be supposed to be stirred up and put in motion.

It had not escaped me, in my study of Kant's Natural Philosophy, that attraction and repulsion belong to the nature of matter, and that the one cannot be separated from the other in the conception of matter: from this appeared to me to result the primary polarity of all beings, which penetrates and animates the infinite variety of appearances.

Already, during the former visit of the Princess Galizin, with Fürstenberg and Hemsterhuis, to Weimar, I had advanced these views; but I was always set down as giving utterance to blasphemous opinions.

No fault can be found with any circle for shutting itself up within itself; and this my friends at Pempelfort did most religiously. They had taken little notice of the *Metamorphosis of Plants*, which had been already a year in print; and when I was explaining my morphological views, familiar as they were to me, in the best order, and, as it appeared to me, in such a way as necessarily to produce conviction, I could not help remarking, that this barren way of viewing things, namely, that nothing can come into existence which is not already there, had taken possession of all minds. As a corollary to which, I had again to hear, that every thing living springs from an egg; which made me raise, with bitter irony, the old question, whether the hen or the egg existed first? The doctrine seemed so plausible by which Nature is closed up, as it were, in a box, and it was so edifying to contemplate her in company with Bonnet.

They had also heard something of my contributions to the science of optics; and I was easily induced to amuse them with some of my

phenomena and experiments; and had no difficulty in producing something quite new, for every body, however well educated, had been taught the doctrine of the division of light; and wished, alas! to see that which in itself was full of life, and which afforded them so much enjoyment, traced back to some dead hypothesis.

However, I was not disinclined to let this go on for a time, for I never kept up a discussion of this kind without profiting by it; generally, in speaking, I acquired some new insight; and in the flow of conversation invention was most certain with me.

In this, to be sure, I could only proceed in a didactical and dogmatical way; for a talent for dialectics and conversation did not belong to me. But here a bad habit I had acquired frequently manifested itself, to which I must plead guilty. As the usual conversation of society was excessively tiresome to me, seeing that nothing but limited individual views were ever uttered, I was in the habit of stirring up and aggravating to the uttermost, by violent paradoxes, the narrow discussions that usually spring up in the course of conversation. By this means the company felt themselves hurt and annoyed in more senses than one. For often, in order to attain my object, I was obliged to play the evil spirit; and as people

wish to be agreeable, and desire that others should be so too, they would not let this pass; they could not allow it as earnestness, because it was not well-grounded; nor as jest, because it was too bitter. At last they called me hypocrite in the inverted sense, and soon became reconciled to me again. However, I cannot deny that by this bad habit I have alienated many persons from me, and made enemies of many others.

But, as if with an enchanter's rod, I could immediately banish all evil spirits when I began to speak about Italy. Thither also I had gone unprepared and without premeditation; adventures did not fail me in my descriptions; the country itself, its beauty and splendour, I had completely imprinted on my memory; the form, colour, and harmony of the landscape, shining in the light of its beautiful sky, were still vividly present to me. The poor attempts which I had made to sketch it had sharpened my memory, and I could describe it as if I saw it lying before me. I could make it swarm again throughout with living figures, and thus every body was pleased and often charmed by my descriptions.

I should wish, in order to represent completely the pleasure of a residence at Pempelfort, to be able to describe the locality in which all this took place. The house was

large, and stood in an open space, with extensive gardens near it, which were kept in great order,—a paradise in summer, and very agreeable in winter. Every glance of the sun was enjoyed in purity and freedom. In the evening, or in bad weather, the company retired into the large, handsome rooms, which, being comfortably but not splendidly furnished, were well adapted for the meetings of cultivated people. In the large dining-room, which was spacious enough for the numerous family and their never-failing guests, and cheerful and comfortable, you were invited to a long table, on which was placed an abundance of all good things. Here the company assembled; the host was always in good spirits and animated, the sisters good-natured and sensible, the son earnest and hopeful, the daughter good-looking, hearty, frank, and amiable, reminding us of her late mother, and of the days which, twenty years before, we had passed with her in Frankfort. Heinse, who belonged to the family, knew how to reply to all sorts of jokes; —some evenings were passed altogether in laughing.

The few solitary hours which were left to me in this most hospitable of mansions, I devoted to a singular work. I had, during the campaign, besides the diary, written down some satirical orders of the day; and I now felt in-

clined to revise them, and write them over again; but I soon perceived that, with short-sighted presumption, I had seen many things in a false light, and had judged them incorrectly; and as one is never more severe than against errors that have been abandoned, and as it appeared hazardous likewise to expose such papers to an accident of any kind, I threw the whole bundle into the fire; which I am sorry for now, as they would have furnished me with very valuable information about the course of events, and the train of my reflections upon them.

Constant visits were made to Düsseldorf, which was at no great distance, to see the persons belonging to the Pempelfort circle; the gallery being the usual place of meeting. A decided bias in favour of the Italian school was manifest here, and they were very unjust to the school of the Netherlands; the lofty character of the first being, indeed, most attractive for elevated minds. On one occasion we had stopped a long time in the hall of Rubens and the most distinguished masters of the Netherland school; and on coming out again, the Ascension of Guido hung directly opposite to us, when one of the party exclaimed enthusiastically, "Do not you feel exactly as if you had come out of a pothouse into good society?" For my part, I was not ill-pleased to see that

the masters who, a short time before, had kept me in ecstacies on the other side of the Alps, appeared so glorious, and excited such admiration; I sought, however, to become acquainted also with the Netherland masters, whose merits and excellences were here displayed in the highest degree, and I found that I made acquisitions that have profited me for the rest of my life.

But what struck me still more was, that a certain spirit of liberalism, a tendency towards democracy, had spread amongst the higher ranks; they seemed not to feel how much must first be lost, before they could attain to any kind of even equivocal advantage. Lafayette's and Mirabeau's busts, by Houdon, which were very excellent and well-executed portraits, were worshipped here as godlike; the former on account of his chivalrous and civil virtues, the latter for his abilities and his oratorical power.

Thus singularly, even at this time, did the opinions of the Germans oscillate; some of them had even gone to Paris, where they had seen the distinguished men speaking and acting, and had been, alas! after the German fashion, excited to imitate them; and this, too, at a time when solicitude for the left bank of the Rhine was rapidly being transformed into apprehension.

The danger seemed imminent; Düsseldorf was crowded with Emigrants; even the brothers of the King having arrived, every body hastened to see them: I met them in the gallery, and recollected how they had been seen dripping with rain on the march out of Glorieux. Herr von Grimm and Frau von Beuil appeared at the same time. In the crowded state of the town, they had taken up their quarters with an apothecary, his cabinet of natural curiosities serving for their bedroom; monkeys, parrots, and other animals watched over the morning slumbers of the loveliest of women; muscles and corals encumbered the toilet-table; and thus the evil occasioned by the providing of quarters, which we had immediately before carried with us into France, was borne back to ourselves again.

Frau von Goudenhofen, a handsome, clever woman, formerly the ornament of the Mentz court, had also taken refuge here. Herr and Frau von Dohm arrived from the interior of Germany, in order to get more exact intelligence of the state of affairs. Frankfort was still occupied by the French, and the military operations had been confined between the Lahn and the Taunus mountains; the conversation was animated and excited by the constantly varying intelligence which arrived, but, from

the different conflicting interests and opinions, it was not always of the most agreeable description. I was unable to deduce any serious conclusion from such a problematical and altogether uncertain state of things, depending upon all kinds of accidents; and I kept up my paradoxical jokes, which seemed sometimes to amuse and sometimes to annoy my friends.

Thus, I remember that, at supper, honourable mention was made of the citizens of Frankfort for their manly and proper behaviour to Custine; their conduct and disposition, it was said, contrasted strongly with the unjustifiable manner in which the people of Mentz had conducted themselves, and still continued to act. Frau von Goudenhofen, with the enthusiasm which became her so well, exclaimed, That she would give a great deal to be a citizeness (*Bürgerinn*) of Frankfort. I replied, That that could be very easily managed: I knew a means, but would keep it a secret to myself. They now kept urging me, with ever-increasing eagerness, to tell them what this was; when I at last declared, that the excellent lady had only to marry me, and thereby be instantaneously transformed into a Frankfort citizeness. General laughter!

And it would be difficult to mention a subject that we did not speak about. Once, when the unhappy campaign, and particularly the cannonade

at Valmy, was the subject of conversation, Herr von Grimm assured us, that my singular ride among the cannon-balls had been spoken of at the King's table; the officers probably, whom I encountered on that occasion, having mentioned it; and they had arrived at this conclusion, that there was no use in being surprised at it, as it was impossible to calculate on what might be done by so paradoxical a being.

A very skilful and clever physician took part in our demi-saturnalia; and I had no idea, in the midst of my wanton jokes, that I should so soon stand in need of his assistance. He therefore broke out into a loud laugh when he found me in my bed, to which I was confined, almost without the power of moving, by a violent rheumatic complaint, that I had brought upon myself by exposure to the cold. He was a pupil of Hoffmann, whose specifics had met with such success, first in Mentz and the electoral court, and afterwards along the Rhine; he went instantly to work with camphor, which was looked upon as almost a panacea. Blotting-paper, with chalk rubbed upon it and a sprinkling of camphor, was employed outwardly, and camphor also, in small doses, inwardly. Whether it was this that cured me or not, I cannot say; but I was quite well in a few days.

The tedium of my sufferings occasioned many reflections; the debility which ensues from lying in bed depressed my spirits; the French were making considerable progress in the Netherlands, which was exaggerated by rumour; and new arrivals of Emigrants were constantly announced.

My sojourn in Pempelfort had now been sufficiently long, and but for the cordial hospitality of the family, one must have thought oneself troublesome there; my stay also had been prolonged quite accidentally. I expected daily and hourly my Bohemian carriage, which I did not like to leave behind me; it had already arrived from Treves at Coblentz, and was soon to be forwarded from thence down the river. However, as it did not make its appearance, the impatience which had taken possession of me for the last few days increased. Jacobi gave me a travelling-carriage, which was very comfortable, but rather heavy, from the quantity of iron about it. Every body, it was said, was on the way to Westphalia; and the King's brothers intended to establish themselves there.

And thus I took my departure, in the most curious state of perplexity; my inclination would have kept me amongst my friends, who just at the moment were in a state of the greatest alarm, and I had to leave them in

anxiety and distraction behind me, and venture forth into the wild wilderness of a world again, carried along by the stream of the never-resting fugitives, and with the feelings of a fugitive myself.

I had, however, the prospect before me of making a very agreeable visit on the way, as I had to pass so close to Münster, that I could not avoid paying my respects to the Princess Galizin.

Duisburg, November.

And thus I found myself, after the lapse of four weeks, certainly many miles distant from the theatre of our first misfortunes, but again in the same company, in the same crowd of Emigrants, who now, driven finally out of France, were streaming into Germany with ruined prospects and in utter despair.

At dinner in the inn, having arrived rather late, I sat at the end of the long table; the host and hostess, who had already expressed to me, as a German, their aversion to the French, apologised for all the best places being already occupied by these unwelcome guests. It was observed, that, in spite of their degradation, misery, and impending beggary, the same jealousy was still to be found amongst them about precedence and rank.

On looking up the table I perceived, quite

at the top, just opposite to me, in the first place, a little old well-formed man, of quiet, almost insignificant deportment. He must have been of high rank, for two persons who sat near him were bestowing the greatest attention upon him, and picked out the choicest bits to put before him, and you might almost have said, that they carried them to his mouth. I soon perceived that he was in his dotage, and, as a deplorable automaton, was dragging miserably about the world the shadow of his former substantial and honourable life, whilst his two devoted attendants were trying to recall a dream, as it were, of his former condition to him.

I surveyed the rest of them: the mournfullest destiny was legible on the brows of all. Soldiers, commissaries, adventurers, perhaps to be distinguished from each other: all were silent; for each had his own particular calamity to endure, and boundless misery stared them in the face.

When the dinner was about half over, a young good-looking man came in, without any thing distinguished in his appearance, or decoration of any kind, bearing unmistakeable marks of being a traveller on foot. He sat down in silence opposite to me, after civilly asking a cover from the landlord, and ate quietly and unostentatiously what was placed before him. After dinner,

I went up to the landlord, who whispered into my ear, "Your neighbour shall not be charged much in his bill." I did not understand what he meant by this; but when the young man approached, and demanded what he had to pay, the host replied, after looking hastily over the table, that the bill was a *kopfstück*. The stranger seemed surprised, and said, that must surely be a mistake; for he had not only had a good dinner, but also a pint of wine: that must amount to more. The landlord replied quite seriously, that he was in the habit of making out his own bills, and the guests paid down willingly what he demanded. The young man now paid it, and retired modestly and in astonishment. But the landlord immediately solved the mystery to me. "This is the first of these cursed people," he exclaimed, "who has eaten black bread, and he deserved something for that."

In Duisburg I knew only a single old acquaintance, whom I did not delay to visit: this was Professor Plessing, between whom and myself a sort of sentimental-romantic connexion was commenced many years before, which I now intend to describe more particularly, as our evening's conversation was thereby carried back from the most turbulent to the most peaceful times.

Werther, by its appearance in Germany, had

not by any means created a disease, or excited a fever, as it was accused of doing, but had only laid bare the malady which was lying concealed in youthful minds. During the course of a long and happy peace, the literary and æsthetic cultivation of the Germans had been developed to the utmost, within the limits of their own country and their native language; but there was soon joined to this, as it had reference only to the mind, independently of its relation to external nature, a kind of sentimentality, in the origin and progress of which the influence of Sterne cannot but be recognised. If his intellect had no effect upon the Germans, the more decidedly did they become imbued with his feelings. From this arose a sort of tender, passionate asceticism, which, as the humorous irony of the Briton was wanting to us, degenerated necessarily into a miserable species of self-torture. I had endeavoured to free myself from this malady, and strove, according to my conviction, to assist others: this, however, was more difficult than could have been imagined; for what was properly required was, to assist every body against himself; and therefore any assistance which might be expected from the outward world, whether in the way of information, instruction, occupation, or favour, could not come into question.

We must here pass over in silence many co-operating agencies whose united influence was felt at that time; but it is necessary for our purpose to consider closely another great activity, operating independently.

Lavater's *Physiognomics* had given quite a different direction to the moral interest of society. He felt himself possessed of the power of indicating, in the clearest way, the impressions which the human face and form produce upon us all, without being able to account for this to himself; and as he was not capable of following out methodically any abstract question, he confined himself to single cases, and, consequently, to the individual.

Henry Lips, a clever young artist, particularly as a portrait-painter, attached himself closely to him, and, as well at home as on the excursion which they made together on the Rhine, never left his patron's side. Now Lavater, partly from an insatiable desire for boundless experience, partly to familiarise and obtain the co-operation of so many notable men in his future work, had the portrait taken of every person he met, who was in any way distinguished by station or talent, character or actions.

By this means many an individual was brought prominently forward, and was more highly valued,

from being adopted into this distinguished company; his qualities were displayed by the physiognomist; people thought they knew each other better; and thus it happened most curiously, that many an individual's personal character was made public, who had previously been mixed up, without being noticed, in the ordinary every-day life of society.

The effect of this was stronger and greater than may be imagined; every one formed a high opinion of himself as a definite, complete being, and, relying on this, considered himself entitled also to adopt all sorts of peculiarities, absurdities, and defects, into the complex of his precious existence. This result ensued the more easily, as, in the whole proceeding, the particular nature of the individual alone came into question, without reference to reason in general, which must, however, govern all nature; on the other hand, the religious element in which Lavater lived and moved was not sufficient to keep in check the egoism that was every day becoming more marked; but seemed rather amongst the piously disposed to give rise to a species of spiritual pride, of a more presumptuous character than even the ordinary kind.

But another remarkable consequence of this was, the consideration in which individuals were held by each other. Notable men, advanced

in life, were reverenced, if not personally, at least in their pictures; and a young man had only to distinguish himself in any way, to make his personal acquaintance sought after every where, and if this could not be accomplished, they contented themselves with his portrait; for which purpose the profiles drawn by the shade on the wall were found very useful, affording, when carefully and well done, an exact likeness. Every body was practised in this, and no stranger passed through without having himself inscribed in the evening on the wall: the pantographs were not allowed to rest.

Knowledge of men, and love for them, were both promised us by this mode of proceeding; mutual sympathy certainly had been excited, but mutual knowledge and understanding were not so easily acquired. There was, however, an active tendency towards both objects, and it would be pleasant to relate what was done for their encouragement and promotion, both far and near, by a gloriously gifted young Prince, and the honest, able, and active men he had collected about him, did it not appear advisable to consign to a venerable obscurity the beginnings of such important affairs. Perhaps the cotyledons of that seed-time presented a somewhat singular aspect; the harvest, however, of which our native land and foreign countries joy-

fully accepted their share, shall not fail to be thankfully remembered in the remotest times.

If what I have just said be kept in view, and completely understood, the following adventure, which was the cause at supper of lively and pleasant recollections to both parties concerned, will be found neither improbable nor absurd.

Amongst a host of importunities, both by letter and in person, I received, in the middle of the year 1776, a paper, or rather a pamphlet, dated Wernigerode, and subscribed Plessing, which was about the most wonderful production of the self-torturing kind that I ever beheld. One could plainly recognise in it a young man filled with all school and university knowledge; but the whole of whose learning did not contribute in the least to his own inward moral tranquillity. His handwriting was good, and pleasant to read, his style practised and flowing; and although you discovered in it at the first glance an adaptation to pulpit oratory, every thing, however, was so freshly and heartily written, that you could not help sympathising with him. But when you allowed your sympathy to become active, and endeavoured to get a clearer understanding of the condition of the sufferer, you thought you perceived in him wilfulness instead of patience, obstinacy in-

stead of endurance, and instead of ardent longing, repulsive forbiddingness. I then felt, in accordance with the propensity of the time, which I have described above, a great desire to see the young man face to face; but to send for him to come to me I considered inadvisable. I had already brought upon my shoulders, under circumstances which are known, a number of young men, who, instead of accompanying me on my road towards a purer and higher cultivation, lingered on their own, deriving no benefit for themselves, but obstructing me in my progress. I allowed the affair to rest in the mean time, till some opportunity should occur for effecting my object. I then received a second letter, which was shorter, but also more passionate than the first, in which the writer pressed for an answer and explanation, and implored me most solemnly not to refuse them to him.

But even this renewal of the storm did not discompose me; the second papers affected me just as little as the first; but the habit I had acquired of assisting young men of my own age in their spiritual difficulties, would not allow me to forget him altogether.

The party assembled in Weimar around the excellent young Prince did not easily separate from each other; their occupations and enter-

prises, amusements, joys, and sorrows, being all in common. About the end of November, a hunting-party was assembled to hunt wild boar in the Eisenach district, in order to satisfy the urgent and repeated complaints of the country people; and I, being at that time on a visit there, was to be of the party; but I obtained permission to join them after making a slight detour.

I had now chalked out for myself a curious secret journey. I was obliged frequently to hear, not only from men of business, but also from persons in Weimar who were merely interested about it in a general way, a strong desire expressed for the Ilmenau mines being worked again. Now I, who possessed only the most general notions about mining, was required, not indeed to give either my advice or opinion, but to take an interest in it; and this could be excited in me with regard to any object only by means of a direct examination of it. I laid it down as indispensable before all things to see with my own eyes, and get some general understanding, were it only in the most transitory way, of the nature of mining, as then only could I hope to enter further into the details. I had, therefore, for some time projected a journey to the Harz, and now, when, at any rate, the time was to be

passed in the open air, in the pleasures of the chase, I felt myself attracted towards it. The winter season besides had, at that time, great charms for me; and as far as the mines were concerned, in their depths neither winter nor summer was perceptible: but I must at the same time confess, that my wish to see my singular correspondent face to face, and to test him, contributed at least one half to the weight of my resolution.

Whilst the hunting-party went off in another direction, I rode quite alone towards the Ettersberg, and began the ode, which, under the title of the "Winter's Journey in the Harz," has remained so long a riddle among my smaller poems. In the murky snowclouds, rolling from the north, high up in the air above me, a hawk was soaring. I remained over the night in Sondershausen, and reached Nordhausen so early next day, that I determined to proceed, immediately after dinner, further on my journey; but it was late at night before I reached Ilfeld, and this was only accomplished with the assistance of guides and lanterns, and not without some risks.

A good-looking inn was brilliantly lit up, and some special festivity seemed to be celebrating in it. At first the landlord did not want to take me in. The commissioners of the highest courts,

I was told, had been busy here for some time past in making arrangements in affairs of importance, and reconciling various interests; and as this had now been brought to a successful termination, they were concluding the whole with a general feast. But on being urgently remonstrated with, and on some hints being given by the guide that it would be advisable to treat me well, the man offered to give up the boarded partition in the dining-room to me—his own proper habitation, and, at the same time, his large double bed, covered with fresh white linen. He led me through the spacious brilliantly lighted dining-room, and I had an opportunity of casting a hasty glance at the merry party.

I had a better opportunity, however, of examining them closely through a knot-hole in the boards of the partition, which had often doubtless furnished to the landlord himself a means of watching his guests. I was greatly amused, and looked up the long well-lit table, from the bottom to the top, surveying it in the same way as we sometimes see the marriage of Cana painted; I could easily muster them from the top to the bottom thus: presidents, councillors, and others connected with them, and then, further, secretaries, clerks, and assistants. The successful termination of a troublesome

affair appeared to produce an equality amongst all those who had taken an active part in it; they were chatting very freely, and drinking healths; jokes were bandied about, by which some of the guests seemed to be marked as butts for wit and fun; in short, it was a high and joyous feast, which I could quietly observe in the brilliant light of the wax candles, with all its peculiarities, just as if the Devil-on-two-sticks had been standing at my side, and favouring me with a direct view and insight into some quite strange and new state of things. And how charming this was to me after the gloomiest of rides among the Harz mountains, will be easily understood by the lovers of such adventures. It often struck me as something ghost-like, as if I were looking at a party of merry spectres amusing themselves in a mountain cavern.

After a good sleep, I hastened early next morning, again accompanied by a guide, to the miners' cavern, crept into it, and examined closely the incessant working of the natural phenomenon. Masses of black marble decomposed, and restored again to white crystalline pillars and flat slabs, shewed me the never resting activity of nature. Whilst quietly contemplating it, all the miraculous images vanished, which a gloomy imagination is so fond of con-

juring up out of formless appearances; but in their place the particular truth remained the more purely behind, and I felt myself greatly enriched by it.

On again reaching the daylight, I wrote down what seemed the most necessary observations, and, at the same time, with my mind quite fresh, the first stanzas of the poem which, under the title of "Winter's Journey in the Harz," has attracted the attention of many of my friends down to the present day; of which it may be as well to find a place here for the stanzas that refer to the singular man who is soon to be presented to the reader, as they are better adapted than any thing else that I could say to describe the sympathetic state of my mind at that time.

But who is this who near us moves,
His path in tangled thickets lost?
Behind his wayward heel
The twining branches close;
Up-grows the grass again;
The waste devours his track.

Ah! who shall soothe his woe who drinks
But poison from the balm,
For whom love's cup distils
Black hatred of all his kind?
Despising, then despised,
He lives apart, and preys
Upon himself, alone,

Wasting in selfish dreams
The glory of his prime.

Father of love! if now
Lives in Thy sacred lyre
A tone to touch his ear,
Oh, gladden then his heart,
And let his clouded eyes
The thousand springs behold,
That, ever welling, ever shining, cheer
The thirsty waste.

On arriving at the inn in Wernigerode, I entered into conversation with the waiter, and found him a sensible person, who seemed to have a sufficient acquaintance with his fellow-townsmen. I then told him, that it was my custom, on arriving at any place without particular introductions, to seek out the young persons who might be in any way distinguished for learning and science; he would do me a favour, therefore, if he could name somebody of that description, with whom I might hope to pass the evening pleasantly. Without hesitation the waiter replied, that no doubt I should find what I desired in Herr Plessing, the son of the Superintendent; as a boy even, he had been distinguished at school, and still maintained his reputation for diligence and ability; only people found fault with his gloomy humour, and did not like him for churlishly shutting himself

out from society. To strangers he was always polite, as examples could prove; if I wished to be introduced, it could be done immediately.

The waiter soon brought me an answer in the affirmative, and conducted me to his residence. The evening had already set in, when I entered a large room on the ground-floor, as is usual in ecclesiastical houses, and although it was twilight I had a tolerably good view of the young man. I observed also some symptoms of the parents having hastily left the room, in order to make place for the unexpected visitor.

When the lights were brought in, I had quite a distinct view of the young man, and he was exactly as his letter had given me reason to expect; and, like it, he excited your interest without attracting you to him.

In order to bring about a closer conversation, I described myself as an artist from Gotha, and said that, on account of some family matters, I had to visit at this unfavourable season a sister and brother-in-law in Brunswick.

Quite excited by this, he would scarcely allow me to finish the sentence, and exclaimed: "As you live so near Weimar, you have no doubt frequently visited that place, which has become so celebrated?" I answered, with perfect simplicity, in the affirmative, and began

to speak of Counsellor Kraus, and the drawing academy; of Counsellor of Legation Bertuch, and of his unwearying assiduity; I forgot neither Musäus nor Jagemann; Wolf, the leader of the band; and some women; and described the circle in which these worthy people moved, who were always glad, I said, to see strangers amongst them, who were sure to be well received.

At last he exclaimed, somewhat impatiently: "But why do not you mention Goethe?" I replied, that him also I had seen in the aforesaid circle as a welcome guest, and had even been myself personally well received and treated by him as a stranger artist, without being able to say much further about him, as he lived partly alone, and partly in other circles.

The young man, who had listened with restless attention, now demanded, with some impetuosity, that I would describe this strange being, who had created such a sensation in the world. On this, with great ingenuity, I drew him a picture, which was not difficult for me, as the strange person was present to me in the strangest of situations; and if nature had only favoured him with a little more sagacity of heart (*Herzenssagacität*), it could not have remained concealed from him that his visitor, standing before him, was describing himself.

He had been walking up and down the room two or three times, when the maid entered, and placed a bottle of wine and some cold supper on the table; he filled both our glasses, touched my glass with his, and drank it off with great animation. And scarcely had I, with somewhat less eagerness, emptied mine, when he seized me by the arm with great vehemence, and cried: "Oh, excuse my singular behaviour! But you have inspired me with such confidence, that I cannot help telling you all. This man, as you describe him, ought certainly to have answered me; I sent him a detailed, affectionate letter, describing my condition, my sufferings, and begging him to interest himself about me, to advise me, to help me; and now months have already passed, and I have heard nothing from him. At the very least, I deserved a refusal, in return for such unbounded confidence."

I replied to this, that such conduct I could neither explain nor excuse; but this much I knew from my own experience, that that otherwise well-meaning, good-natured, and helpful young man had to sustain such a pressure both of thoughts and things, that he was often unable to move, much less to act for others.

"As we have already accidentally come so far," he now said, with somewhat more compo-

sure, " I must read the letter to you; and you can then judge whether it did not deserve some answer, some return."

I walked up and down the room to wait for the reading of it, almost sure already of what effect it would produce, and therefore having no further apprehension of making a false step in so delicate an affair. He was now sitting opposite to me, and began to read the papers, which I knew as well as himself; and nothing perhaps ever convinced me more of the truth of the physiognomists' assertion, that a living being, in all its actions and conduct, is in complete accordance with itself; and that every monad, once entered into the world of reality, displays itself in a complete unity of its characteristics. The reader was an exact counterpart of what he read; and as this previously, in his absence, did not attract me, so was it now in his presence. You could not, indeed, deny to the young man your respect, your sympathy, which, in fact, had induced me to make so curious a journey; for an earnest will was visible in him, a noble tendency and aim; but although the tenderest feelings were in question, his manner of reading was without grace, and a quite peculiar narrow kind of selfishness was strongly apparent throughout. When he had finished, he asked hastily what I said to it now, and

whether such a paper did not deserve, nay demand, an answer?

Meanwhile, the deplorable condition of this young man had become always clearer to me; he had never taken cognisance of the outward world; but had, on the contrary, cultivated his mind by multifarious reading, and directed inwardly all his powers and affections; and in this way, as in the depths of his being he found no productive talent, he had gone far to ruin himself altogether; even the occupation and consolation which stand so gloriously open to us by employing ourselves with the ancient languages, seemed to be completely wanting to him.

As I had already proved, both in myself and others, that the best remedy in such cases is to throw ourselves with energy and faith upon nature and her infinite variety, I immediately made the attempt to apply it in this case also; and after a little reflection answered him in the following way:—

"I think I understand why the young man, in whom you have placed so much confidence, has remained silent to you; for his present way of thinking is too different from yours to allow him to hope that you could come to any agreement with each other. I have myself been present during some conversations in the circle

I spoke of, and have heard it maintained, that a person can escape and save himself from a painful, self-torturing, gloomy state of mind, only by the contemplation of nature, and hearty sympathy with the outward world. Even the most general acquaintance with nature, it does not signify in what way, any active communication with it, either in gardening or farming, hunting or mining, draws us out of ourselves; the employment of mental energies upon real, actual appearances, gives us, by degrees, the greatest satisfaction, clearness, and instruction: just as the artist who keeps true to nature, and, at the same time, goes on cultivating his mind, is certain to succeed the best."

My young friend appeared to get very restless and impatient at this, just as we do when we begin to be irritated at some foreign or entangled language, the meaning of which we cannot understand. On which I, without much hope of a successful result, but rather for the purpose of not remaining silent, went on speaking. To me especially, as a landscape painter, I said, did this appear evident, as my particular department of art was in direct communication with nature; however, since that time, I had observed with more assiduity and eagerness than previously, not only noted and remarkable natural landscapes and appearances,

but felt myself more full of love for all things and all men. But in order that I might not lose myself in the abstract, I related how even this compulsory winter excursion, instead of being painful to me, had furnished me with lasting enjoyment. I described to him, picturesquely and poetically, and still as truly and naturally as I was able, the course of my journey; I pictured the snow-clouds which I saw that morning rolling above the mountains, with the most diversified appearances during the daytime; and then I presented to his imagination the curious turreted and walled fortifications of Nordhausen, as seen in the twilight; and further, in the night-time, the torrents rushing down the mountain ravines, their waters illuminated transiently, and glistening in the flickering light of the guide's lantern; and, last of all, the miners' cavern. But here he interrupted me with warmth, and assured me that he heartily regretted the trouble he had taken in going to see it, short as the distance was; it had not at all come up to the picture he had painted in his imagination. After what had passed, such morbid symptoms did not annoy me; for how often had I been obliged to learn that mortals throw away the valuable possession of a clear reality for a dismal phantom of their gloomy imaginations! Just as little did it

astonish me, when he, in answer to my demand, "How he had pictured the cavern to himself?" gave a description of it, such as the boldest scene-painter would scarcely have dared to represent as the forecourt of Pluto's empire.

On this I tried some more propædeutic suggestions as expedients for effecting a cure; but these were rejected so emphatically, with the assurance that nothing in this world ever could or should content him, that my heart closed itself against him, and I felt my conscience, by the fatiguing journey I had undertaken on his account, and with the consciousness of the best intentions towards him, completely freed from the necessity of taking any further trouble about him.

It was already late, when he wanted to read me the second still more passionate letter, which also was not unknown to me; but he accepted my apology for not wishing to listen to it then from being too tired; giving me, at the same time, an invitation to dinner the day afterwards, in the name of his family; an answer to which I told him I would give him quite early next morning. And thus we parted in peace and quietness; his person leaving quite a peculiar impression behind. He was of midde size, his features had nothing attractive, but neither had they any thing repulsive in them; his gloomy

air had nothing uncourteous about it; and he might, in fact, have passed for a well-educated young man, who had been preparing himself in retirement, in schools and academies, for the pulpit and professor's chair.

On going out, I found the sky quite cleared up and twinkling with stars, the streets and squares covered with snow; and I stopped upon a narrow bridge, and stood quietly surveying the surrounding objects in the wintry night. At the same time I revolved the adventure in my mind, and felt myself quite resolved not to see the young man again; in pursuance of which I ordered my horse at daybreak, delivered an anonymous and apologetic slip of paper to the waiter, to whom I was able, at the same time, to say many things in praise of the young person to whom he had introduced me, and which were quite true besides, and of which, no doubt, the dexterous fellow made good use for his own purposes.

I now rode along the north-east slopes of the Harz, in wild stormy weather, with the snow-flakes drifting around me, after having first seen the Rammelsberg, the brass foundry, and other establishments of that kind, and obtained an insight into their working, to Goslar, of which I will say nothing further at present, as I hope to entertain my readers with a more detailed account of it on a future occasion.

I could not say how long it was before I heard any thing further of my young friend, when, quite unexpectedly, one morning a note was delivered to me in the garden-house at Weimar, in which he announced himself. I wrote him a few words to say that I would be glad to see him. I expected a singular scene of recognition; but on coming in he remained quite quiet, and said: "I am not suprised to find you here, the handwriting of your note brought so vividly to my recollection the lines which you left for me on leaving Wernigerode, that I was not a moment doubtful that I should here find the mysterious traveller again."

This was already a good beginning, and we commenced talking very cordially together; he endeavouring to describe his condition to me, whilst I did not conceal my opinion from him. I am unable to say now whether I found his mind in a much more healthy state or not; but it cannot have appeared so very bad, for we parted, after various conversations, peacefully and on good terms; only that I could not reciprocate the vehement desire he displayed for passionate friendship and the closest intimacy between us.

For a considerable time longer we kept up a correspondence by letter; I was able by chance to be of some real service to him, which,

at our present meeting, he thankfully remembered, and altogether, the recollection of former times filled up a few hours very pleasantly for both of us. Now as then, always occupied with himself, he had a great deal to relate and communicate. He had succeeded, in the course of time, in acquiring a reputation as an author, by applying himself earnestly to the history of ancient philosophy, particularly that part of it which deals with the mysterious, from which he endeavoured to deduce the origin and primal condition of man. His books, which he always sent me as they were published, I had not read; such subjects being too far removed from what had any interest for me.

His present condition I found by no means satisfactory; a knowledge of languages and history, which he had so long neglected and put aside, he had at length as it were taken by storm, with frantic exertions, and, by the overtension of his mind, had destroyed his health; besides, his economical circumstances did not appear to be in the best state, his moderate income not allowing him to take proper care of himself: his youthful, moody tendencies, too, did not seem to have altogether disappeared; he still seemed always to be aspiring after something unattainable; and when we had exhausted the remembrance of former relations, it seemed

impossible to bring the conversation into any really pleasant channel. My present manner of being might be considered as almost further removed from his than ever. We parted, however, on the most friendly terms; but I left him also in apprehension and anxiety from the pressure of the times.

The worthy Merrem I visited likewise, whose distinguished attainments in natural history immediately gave occasion to a more cheerful conversation. He shewed me many remarkable objects, and presented me with his work on snakes; and thus I became interested in his future career; which has been of use to me in many ways; for this is the great advantage of travelling, that we never lose our interest in persons and places with which we have once become acquainted.

Münster, November 1792.

My intention to visit her having been announced to the Princess, I had an immediate prospect before me of passing some time very agreeably; but was destined, in the first instance, to undergo a trial characteristic of the times; for having been delayed on the road by various hinderances, it was late at night before I arrived in the town. I did not think it right, at the very beginning, to put my friend's hospitality

to so severe a test by an irruption at that late hour; I drove therefore to an inn, where a bed-room was positively refused me; the Emigrants had thrown themselves *en masse* into it, and filled every corner of it. In these circumstances I did not hesitate long, and passed the night on a chair in the dining-room, where, at all events, I was more comfortable than I had been a short time before, when no shelter, or covering of any kind, could be found even from the heaviest rains.

After this slight privation I received the next morning the pleasantest intelligence. The Princess was coming to meet me; and I found in her house every thing prepared for my reception. My relation to her was unembarrassed. I was well acquainted with the members of the circle at a former time, and I knew that I was joining pious, strict people, and conducted myself accordingly. On their side they were sociable, prudent, and not at all narrow-minded.

The Princess had visited us some years before in Weimar, with Von Fürstenberg and Hemsterhuis; her children also were of the party; already, at that time, we came to an agreement about certain points, and separated on the best terms, each side making concessions. She was one of those individuals of

whom no idea can be conceived without seeing her, and of whose individuality no proper judgment can be formed, without observing it in connexion, as well as in conflict, with contemporary circumstances. Von Fürstenberg and Hemsterhuis, two very superior men, attended her faithfully, and in such society there was always scope for the display of the good as well as the beautiful. The latter had died since that time; the former, now by so many years older, was always the same intelligent, noble, quiet man; and what a singular position he occupied amongst his contemporaries! clergyman, statesman, and so nearly ascending a prince's throne.

At first our conversation, after some slight allusions to former times, was directed to Hamann, whose grave soon caught my eye in the corner of the leafless garden.

His great incomparable qualities occasioned many delightful reflections; his last days, however, remained uncommemorated; the man who had been of so much importance, and contributed so much to the enjoyment of this circle, which was his final choice, was the cause, on his death, of some inconvenience to his friends; you might form what decision you pleased about his tomb, but nothing could be done.

The position of the Princess, closely ob-

served, could not be considered as otherwise than favourable: she was early impressed with the feeling that the world can give us nothing; that we must withdraw into retirement, and, in a private limited circle, devote ourselves to the affairs of time and eternity. She had comprehended both; the highest Temporal she found in the Natural, and here Rousseau's maxims concerning civil life and education will be brought to mind. In every thing she strove to return to what was simple and true; stays and high-heeled boots and shoes vanished, hair-powder disappeared, and the hair fell in natural locks again. Her children were taught to swim and run, perhaps also to box and wrestle. I could scarcely have recognised her daughter; she had grown taller and stouter; I found her intelligent, amiable, a good housewife, and devoting herself without repugnance to the half-monastic kind of life. Thus was it with the Present and Temporal; the Future and Eternal they had found in a religion which solemnly asserts and promises as certain, that which the teaching of others holds out only as a hope.

But as the fairest means of uniting the two worlds, beneficence arose, the mildest effect of an earnest asceticism: life was filled up with the performance of the exercises of religion and benevolence; temperance and frugality were

expressed in all the domestic arrangements; each daily want was supplied plentifully and plainly, but the house itself, the furniture, and other common necessary articles of an establishment, appeared neither elegant nor costly; it had quite the appearance of a well-furnished house taken on hire. The same could be said of Von Fürstenberg also; he inhabited a palace, but one that did not belong to himself, which he was not to leave to his children. And therefore in every thing he displayed great plainness, temperance, and frugality, resting upon inward dignity, rejecting every thing external, as did the Princess herself. Within this element the most intellectual and cordial intercourse was kept up, interspersed with philosophy, and animated by art; and if, in the former, different persons seldom proceed from the same principles, so agreement is generally found to be the happy accompaniment of the latter.

Hemsterhuis, a native of the Netherlands, with a fine mind, cultivated from youth upwards by the study of the ancient authors, had devoted his life to the Princess as well as his writings; which bear throughout incontestable evidence of their mutual confidence in each other, and similar progress in intellectual attainments.

With peculiarly acute sensibility, this esti-

mable man was led unweariedly to strive after the intellectual and moral, as well as the actual and æsthetic. If we are to be penetrated with the former, we ought to be constantly surrounded by the latter. For a private person, therefore, whose usual movements are confined within a narrow compass, and who, even in travelling, finds it difficult to dispense with an habitual enjoyment of art, a collection of carved gems is very desirable; he is accompanied every where with what gives him the highest enjoyment, and with a valuable means of instruction without trouble; and he has the benefit continually of a very precious possession.

But to attain to such a possession, it is not enough that you wish for it; to accomplish it, you must also, above all things, be favoured by circumstances. These were not wanting to our friend: living on the line of separation between England and Holland, and having under his eye the continual commercial movement, and the treasures of art which floated backwards and forwards, he became possessed gradually, by purchase and exchange, of a fine collection of about seventy pieces; the advice and instructions of the excellent lapidary Natter being of the greatest service to him.

This collection the Princess had, in great

measure, seen growing up to its present dimensions; she had acquired an insight, a taste, and a love for it; and she possessed it now as the bequest of a departed friend, who seemed always present to her in these treasures.

Hemsterhuis' philosophy, the basis of it, the course of his thoughts, I could not make my own, except by translating them into my own language. The beautiful, and the pleasure arising from it—he thus expressed himself—is, when we perceive and comprehend the greatest number of conceptions at one and the same moment. But I was obliged to say: The beautiful is, when we behold what is living and conformable to law, in its greatest activity and completeness, by which we are excited to reproduction, and feel that we ourselves are living, and placed in the highest state of activity. Properly speaking, both mean the same thing, only expressed by different persons,—and I refrain from saying more; for the beautiful does not so much fulfil our expectations as it excites our hopes; whereas the ugly (*das hässliche*), springing from stagnation, makes us stagnate ourselves, and leaves us nothing to hope, desire, or expect.

I thought accordingly that I could explain the paper on sculpture according to my definition; and the little book on Desire appeared

clear to me in this way; for when the beautiful object which has been eagerly desired comes into our possession, it does not always give us in detail what it promised as a whole; and thus it is evident, that what attracted us as a whole will not invariably satisfy us in particulars.

These considerations were the more important, as the Princess had seen her friend grow cold over the possession of works of art which he had vehemently longed after, as he has himself so cleverly and pleasantly shewn at length in the above-mentioned little book. In this, no doubt, the question is to be considered, whether the object be worthy of the enthusiasm felt for it, or not? If it is, then the pleasure and admiration which it excites must always increase, and be renewed; if it is not quite worthy of it, then the thermometer falls a few degrees, and we gain in insight what we lost in prepossession. It is therefore quite right that we should buy works of art, in order to get an acquaintance with them; that in this way the desire for them may cease, and their true value be established. However, here also longing and satisfaction must alternate with each other in intermitting pulsations, must mutually meet and separate again, in order that he who has been once deceived may not cease to desire again.

He will best judge how interesting conversations of this nature were to the society in which I was now living, who has looked into Hemsterhuis' works, which, originating in this circle, were indebted also to it for life and nourishment.

To return to the carved gems was often highly delightful; and we considered this as certainly one of the most singular instances of the very flower of heathenism being destined to be preserved and cherished in a Christian family. I did not delay to descant upon some of the charming subjects which caught the eye in these little works. It could not be denied, that imitations of larger and more valuable ancient works, which otherwise would have been lost to us for ever, were preserved like jewels in this narrow compass, and there was scarcely any description of them wanting. The brawniest Hercules, crowned with ivy, could not deny his colossal origin; a severe Medusa head; a Bacchus, formerly preserved in the Medicean cabinet; the most delightful sacrificial victims and Bacchanals; and, in addition to all this, valuable portraits of personages, known and unknown, repeatedly excited our admiration.

From these conversations, which, notwithstanding their elevation and depth, ran no dan-

ger of losing themselves in the abstruse, there seemed to proceed a kind of agreement, since reverence for a worthy object is always accompanied by a religious feeling. Still it could not be concealed, that the Christian religion, in the purest sense, is always at variance with the genuine arts of design, because the former strives to avoid all connexion with the senses, whereas the sensual element is acknowledged by the latter as their proper sphere of operation, wherein they must abide. In this spirit I wrote down, on the spur of the moment, the following lines:

Amor, not the child, but the youth, the lover of Psyche,
O'er Olympus walked, accustomed to conquer, and bold;
Gazing, a goddess he spies, the fairest of all the immortals,
Venus Urania named; fiercely he burned for her charms;
Nor she, the heavenly fair, resisted his passionate pleading.
Soon the amorous youth held her in closest embrace.
From them sprang a son, a new and lovelier Amor;
To his father sense, to his mother feeling he owes;
Haunting always the paths of the beautiful Muses,
And his golden shaft awakens the love of the arts.

With this allegorical profession of faith they did not seem altogether dissatisfied; and the subject was allowed to drop, both sides making it their duty to bring forward only so much of their feelings and convictions as were held in common, and could tend, without opposition, to our mutual instruction and enjoyment.

But the carved gems were always at hand, as a delightful resource, whenever the conversation threatened to become stagnant. I, for my part, could only appreciate the poetical part of them, and criticise and praise, in a general way, the subjects themselves, the composition and execution; whereas my friends were accustomed to indulge in quite different reflections besides. For the amateur who collects these gems, and wishes to make a valuable collection of them, will find it not enough for assuring himself of the authenticity of his acquisition, to comprehend and enjoy the spirit and meaning of them as admirable works of art; but he must also call in the assistance of outward signs, which it might be very difficult for those who have not the technical knowledge of artists in the same department to detect. Hemsterhuis had kept up a correspondence for many years with Natter about them, of which some important letters were extant. The different kinds of stones employed were taken into account, since some kinds were used in earlier, and others in later times. Then, before all things, the greater degree of detail displayed in the execution was kept in view; as, in this way, periods of importance were indicated, and earlier or later epochs were recognised in the superficial workmanship, inasmuch as it shewed talent, or inca-

pacity, or carelessness. Particular weight was given to the polish of the hollow parts, as they thought that unquestionable evidence was to be found in that of the best times. But as to whether a carved gem was decidedly antique or modern, they did not profess to have any absolute rule for judging; our friend Hemsterhuis himself, they said, had only made up his mind as to this point after obtaining the assent of the excellent artist above mentioned.

I could not conceal that I had here fallen upon quite a new field, which interested me exceedingly; and only lamented the shortness of my sojourn, by which I found myself deprived of the opportunity of observing more closely this new class of objects. On one of these occasions, the Princess said, with animation, that she would like me to take the collection away with me, that I might study it at home with my friends, and those who had a scientific knowledge of such things, and, with the assistance of paste, gain new insight in this important branch of art. This offer, which I did not feel myself at liberty to consider as an empty compliment, and which was most tempting to me, I declined to accept, with the expression of my grateful thanks; but I confess that I felt the greatest anxiety about the way in which this treasure was kept. The rings

were in separate cases, a single one by itself, or two, three, as the case might be, placed together; it being impossible, after shewing them, to perceive whether one of them was wanting or not; indeed, the Princess herself confessed, that once, in the best company, a Hercules disappeared, which was missed only a long time afterwards. Then it appeared also rather hazardous to burden oneself in those times with property of so much value, and to expose oneself to so much anxiety and responsibility. I endeavoured, therefore, with my best thanks, to state the most plausible reasons for refusing it, which my friend seemed good-naturedly to take into consideration; whilst I, without going beyond the bounds of propriety, proceeded, with the greater ardour, to turn my attention to these objects.

But of my studies in natural philosophy, which I rather kept in the background, from having little hope of advancing them in this place, I was obliged to give some account. Von Fürstenberg said, that he had heard in various quarters with surprise, that I studied osteology as a means of acquiring a knowledge of physiognomy, and seemed to think that little assistance could be expected from that quarter in judging of the countenances of men. In order to excuse my study of oste-

ology, which was considered quite out of place in a poet, and perhaps, to bring the subject into notice, I might indeed have expressed myself to some friends as if I had been induced, which was actually the case, by Lavater's work on physiognomy, to enter upon this subject again, with which my first acquaintance had been acquired at the University. Lavater himself, the most successful investigator of the superficial organs, perceiving that the form of the muscles and skin, and the effect produced by them, must entirely depend upon the determinate structure of the bones beneath, was led to have the skulls of several animals represented in his work, and recommended me to bestow a hasty glance upon them. But any illustration of this, or any thing else which I could say in explanation of my mode of proceeding, could help me little here; as, at that time, such scientific reasons were too deep for those who were altogether occupied with the concerns of social life and the passing time; by whom the movable features alone were regarded as of any real importance, and even these perhaps only in moments of passion; they never considered that it could not be a mere uncontrolled appearance that produced the effect; but that the external, movable, and changeable form, must be viewed

as a decided result of an inward determinate Life.

I was more successful in my attempts to entertain larger parties of people than in discussions on these subjects; we had some clever men among us, men of sense and understanding, and young rising men of good education, of much promise, both in respect of mind and general character. I now voluntarily chose the Romish Church festivals, Passion-week and Easter, Corpus Christi, the feasts of Saints Peter and Paul, as subjects for description; then, for their amusement, the blessing of the horses, in which other domestic animals likewise participate. These festivals were, at that time, quite vividly imprinted on my mind, with all their characteristic peculiarities, for I was about to write a description of a Roman year, with its series of ecclesiastical and lay ceremonies; being thus enabled to describe them immediately after the clear and direct impression produced by them on my mind, I saw that my pious Catholic circle were as well satisfied with the pictures I presented to them, as the worldlings were with the carnival. Indeed, one of those present, not well acquainted with the whole of the circumstances, had asked, in an under tone, whether I was really a Catholic? When the

Princess told me this, she disclosed to me also another thing; somebody had written to her, before my arrival, that she must beware of me, as I could feign piety so well, that I might be taken to be religious, and even pass for a Catholic.

"Permit me, my revered friend," I exclaimed; "I do not feign piety, I am pious at the proper season; it is not difficult for me to take note of all the various conditions of things with a clear and innocent glance, and to represent them again just as clearly. Every sort of grotesque distortion, by which presumptuous men sin against the object, according to their own humour, was always hateful to me. From what is distasteful to me I turn my eyes away; but many a thing, of which I do not altogether approve, I like to take cognisance of in its own peculiar mode of being. It then appears, for the most part, that the others have just as much right to live after their own peculiar fashion, as I have to live after mine." By this means this point was also cleared up, and a secret, and by no means commendable, interference with our relations, instead of exciting suspicion, had, on the contrary, produced confidence.

In the midst of such an amiable circle, it would have been impossible to be either harsh or disagreeable; I felt myself in a gentler mood

than for a long time past, and nothing could have been more fortunate for me than thus again to feel the influence of pious, friendly persons upon me, after the frightful events of the war and the retreat.

In one point, however, I failed in proper deference to my excellent and worthy friends, without myself knowing how it occurred. I was celebrated for my felicitous, free, and emphatic style of reading; they wished to hear me, and as they knew that I passionately admired the "Louise" of Voss, as it appeared in the November number of the *Mercury* of 1784, they manœuvred to get me to read it, without displaying too much importunity about it; they laid the number of the *Mercury* below the mirror, and let me perceive it. And it would be difficult to say now what it was that prevented me; I felt as if my mind and my lips were sealed; I could not take up the book, and could not resolve to make use of the pause which occurred in the conversation for my own pleasure and that of my friends; the time passed away, and I am still astonished when I think of my inexplicable obduracy.

The day of my departure approached; sooner or later, we had to separate. "Now," said the Princess, "no objections will avail here; you must take the carved gems with you: I re-

quire it." But when I still, as courteously as possible, persevered in my refusal, she at last said: "I must, then, disclose to you why I demand it. I have been advised not to entrust you with this treasure, and for that very reason I will do it, must do it; it has been represented to me that I do not know you well enough to be quite sure of you in such a case. To this," she continued, "I replied, Do you believe, then, that the opinion I have of him is not dearer to me than these stones? If I am to abandon my opinion of him, then this treasure may go too." To this I could make no further reply, since by such a declaration she laid me under as great an obligation as she did me honour. She removed every remaining obstacle; sulphur casts were at hand, catalogued, and ready for use if required, packed up in a neat box with the originals, and a very small space contained this costly prize, which could thus be easily carried about from place to place.

In this friendly way we took leave of each other, without, however, separating all at once; the Princess informed me that she intended to accompany me as far as the first stage, placed herself beside me in the carriage, and ordered her own to follow. The important points of life and doctrine were again discussed; I repeated quietly and mildly my usual credo, and

she also remained steadfast to hers. Both of us now wended our way homewards; she expressing, as her last wish, that she might see me again, if not in this world, in the next.

This farewell formula of well-meaning, friendly Catholics was not unknown or distasteful to me; I had often heard it from casual acquaintances at watering-places, and elsewhere from the priests I met, who had become attached to me; and I see no reason why I should find fault with any body who wishes to draw me into his sphere, where alone, according to his conviction, it is possible to live in tranquillity, and, sure of eternal salvation, to die in peace.

With the utmost kindness and attention, my excellent friend had not only given a hint to the postmaster to exercise all despatch in forwarding me, but even horses were bespoke, which was both very agreeable and highly necessary; for I had forgotten, in the cultivated and peaceful society of my friends, that the fugitives from the scene of war were still storming up behind me; and I again found, alas, the crowd of Emigrants upon the road, pressing always further into the heart of Germany, and towards whom the postilions here shewed as little favour as the others did upon the Rhine. Very often the road was lost in the fields, leaving no trace behind, and we drove some-

times on one side, sometimes on the other, the various carriages encountering and crossing each other. Furze-bushes and underwood, stumps of trees, sand, bogs, and rushes, lay in our way, each more annoying than the other. It did not end either without some passionate scenes.

One of the carriages stuck fast, and Paul immediately jumped down to lend a helping hand; he thought the pretty Frenchwomen, whom he had again encountered in Düsseldorf, were once more in need of his assistance. The lady had not found her husband, and, borne along by the fearful current, and in the greatest alarm, had at last been hurled across the Rhine.

But it was not she who appeared in the desert here; it was some old, venerable ladies who claimed our aid. But when we asked the postilion to stop, and assist with his horses to bring the carriage away, he refused saucily, and said: "We had better look to our own carriage, with its burden of gold and silver, and see that it did not stick fast somewhere, or get overturned; for although he meant honestly by us, he would answer for nothing in such a wilderness."

Luckily, to quiet our consciences, a number of Westphalian peasants had collected round the other carriage, and, being promised a hand-

some reward, they brought it upon the paved road again.

What made our carriage so heavy was, the quantity of iron upon it; and the costly prize we carried with us was so light, that, if the carriage had been a light one, no additional weight would have been perceived. How I longed for my little Bohemian vehicle! The belief expressed that we had something valuable with us, occasioned me some uneasiness. We had observed, that every postilion told the other that the carriage was too heavy, and gave him to understand that there were gold and other valuables in it. Orders being sent on before for fresh horses, we were forwarded at every stage with great rapidity, and had been quite literally driven out into the night, when the awkward case hinted at by the postilion actually occurred, and, in the gloomy night, he swore that he could bring the thing no further, and stopped in a wood before a lonely house, the situation, aspect, and inhabitants of which would have raised a shudder even in the daytime. The day breaking brought some comfort: I thought of the friends with whom I had, shortly before, passed such a happy time; I brought them all in review before me, and dwelt with pleasure on their good qualities and

peculiarities. But as soon as the night again set in, I found myself filled with fresh cares and anxieties. Gloomy, however, as were my thoughts in the last and darkest of the nights, they were suddenly brightened up when I drove into Cassel, lit up by myriads of lamps. At this sight my mind was vividly impressed with a sense of the advantages possessed by the inhabitants of large towns, when I saw the comfort of each individual citizen in his own well-lit dwelling, and the commodious establishments for the reception of strangers. The cheerfulness produced by this was disturbed, for a time, when we arrived in the splendidly-illuminated square, the Königsplatz, where it was as light as day, and stopped before the well-known inn there; for the servant who announced our arrival returned with the answer that there was no room for us. But on seeing that I did not go away, one of the servants stepped up very civilly to the carriage-window, and, with some fine phrases in French, begged me to excuse them, as it was quite impossible to take me in. I replied, in good German, that I could not help being surprised, that in so large a building, the extent of which was well known to me, a stranger should be refused admittance in the night. "You are a German!" he exclaimed, "that is quite another affair;"

and the postilion was immediately told to drive into the courtyard. After shewing me a good room, he added, that he was quite determined not to admit any more of the Emigrants. Their behaviour was most presumptuous, and their pay niggardly; for, in the midst of all their wretchedness, and not knowing where to turn, they still conducted themselves as if they had taken possession of a conquered country. My departure was more agreeable than my arrival; and I found, on the way to Eisenach, less frequent crowds of these numerous fugitives and unwelcome guests.

My arrival in Weimar was also destined to have something adventurous about it; it took place after midnight, and occasioned a family scene, which would have enlivened and brightened the darkest scene in any novel.

I found the house assigned to me by my Prince, which had been repaired and newly fitted up, already nearly habitable; yet I was not quite deprived of the pleasure of co-operating in its completion. My family was happy and well; and when we began mutually to describe what had happened in our absence, a striking contrast was presented between them, enjoying in peace and tranquillity the sweet things sent from Verdun, and ourselves, whom they believed to be luxuriating in a kind of

paradise, fighting with every imaginable difficulty. Our quiet domestic circle was enriched and enlivened by the accession of Heinrich Meyer, who became like one of the family, and as artist, amateur, and fellow-worker, took an active part in all our studies and labours.

The Weimar theatre existed since May 1791. The plays were acted during the summer of that and the following year in Leuchstädt, and the company had succeeded tolerably in the representation of well-known and standard pieces. A remnant of the Belluomo company, composed of persons accustomed to each other, formed the foundation; and some others, who had already shewn considerable talent, and gave promise of more, filled up the gaps.

Acting may be said to have been still a profession; the members who had graduated in it, belonging to the different theatres scattered over the country, co-operating willingly with each other, particularly when they were fortunate enough to obtain Low Germans for the acting, and High Germans for the singing; and thus, for a beginning, the public had good reason to be satisfied. As I had taken part in the direction, I occupied myself in trying to discover how the undertaking could best be carried out. I very soon saw, that a certain technical proficiency and routine were easily acquired, by the

imitation and copying of others; but that there was an entire want of what may be called grammar,—which, however, must lie at the foundation before rhetoric and poetry can be attained. As I intend to return to this subject, and would not willingly divide it, I will only say, for the present, that I sought to study, and reduce to its elements, the technical part, which was altogether made up of tradition, and applied myself to what had become clear to me in detail, without reference to the subject in general.

But I was greatly assisted in this undertaking by the natural tone that began to prevail in conversation,—which is indeed very agreeable and acceptable when it appears as the perfection of art—as a second nature, but not when every body thinks that he has only to display his own naked being to perform a service worthy of all praise. However, I made use of this tendency for my own purposes, and was well satisfied to see the natural faculties freely display themselves, in order to be gradually conducted, by certain rules and regulations, towards a higher cultivation. But I must say nothing further about this, because what has been done in it was only developed by degrees, and must therefore be represented historically.

Some circumstances, which were very fa-

vourable for the new theatre, I must, however, shortly notice. Iffland and Kotzebue were at the height of their fame; their pieces, written in a simple and popular style, delineated, the one the legitimate self-indulgences of social life, the other the loose excesses of immorality. Both of these ways of thinking were agreeable to the feelings of the time, and received hearty sympathy; several of the pieces, even when read as manuscripts, excited pleasure, from the lively feelings of the moment apparent in them. Schroeder, Babo, Ziegler, energetic men, with felicitous pens, contributed important assistance. Bretzner and Yünger, contemporaries of the others, and unpretending men, gave rise to an easy, light gaiety. Hagemann and Hagemeister, whose reputations were not destined to be of long duration, worked likewise for the day, and were noticed and welcomed, if not admired. Greater elevation was sought after through the influence of Shakspeare, Gozzi, and Schiller; the mode which had hitherto prevailed, of constantly learning new pieces by heart, in order to throw them aside again, was given up; a more careful choice was made, and a repertory was prepared, which has lasted for many years. But we must not forget thankfully to remember the man who helped us to establish this. It was F. J. Fischer, an old player, who under-

stood his business, an unambitious man, without strong passions, contented with his condition, and satisfied with the performance of unimportant characters. He brought several actors with him from Prague, who did as he did, and succeeded in conciliating the goodwill of the inhabitants; and a good understanding was thus kept up between them.

In regard to the opera, the works of Dittersdorf were most serviceable to us. He had ability and humour, and had laboured for a private princely theatre, his productions having thus acquired a certain easy grace; which was useful to us, as we had been shrewd enough to regard our new theatre as an amateur one. Much attention was bestowed upon the librettos, both the rhythmical and prosaical parts, in order to adapt them better to the upper Saxon taste; and thus this light commodity obtained both approbation and sale.

Our friends who had been in Italy brought back with them the lighter Italian operas of that time, of Paiesiello, Cimarosa, Guglielmi, and others; and the effect of Mozart's genius also began at length to be felt. If it be considered that, of all these productions, very little was known, and that no part of them was hackneyed, it will be perceived that the origin of the Weimar theatre was contemporaneous with the

youthful times of the German theatre in general, and enjoyed advantages which necessarily led to its development and success.

In order to facilitate and secure the enjoyment and study of the collection of gems entrusted to me, I immediately ordered two neat ring-cases to be prepared, in which the stones could be surveyed at a glance, ranged beside each other, so that any blank could be immediately observed; several sulphur and plaster casts were then prepared, and subjected to examination by means of powerfully magnifying lenses, and existing casts of older collections were sought after, and compared with them. We could perceive, indeed, that our studies in this department had only commenced, and the extent of our obligation to the Princess became manifest only by degrees.

The result of several years' study we will therefore insert here, as it is not likely that we shall soon have our attention directed to this point again.

From certain internal signs, we thought ourselves authorised to consider the greatest number, if not the whole, of these carved gems as genuine antiques; and several of them, we thought, might be regarded as amongst the most exquisite specimens of this kind of workmanship. Some of them were distinguished as

being quite identical with older sulphur-casts; several were remarked which quite coincided with other antique gems, but which were still to be considered as original. In the greatest collections duplicates of the same thing frequently occur; and it would be a great mistake to declare the one original, and the others modern copies.

We must not forget, either, the faithful way in which the ancient artists adhered to an object when it had once been successfully executed, frequently repeating the representation of it. They thought themselves original enough if they were able to comprehend an original conception, and possessed of capacity and skill sufficient to represent it in their own way. Several of the stones had the artists' names engraved upon them, much value having been placed for many years past on this fact. An addition of this kind is certainly always worthy of remark, but it is of very problematical importance; for it is possible that the stone may be old, and still the name be newly carved upon it, in order that an additional value may thus be added to even the most exquisite workmanship.

Although, as may be supposed, I do not intend to give here any detailed catalogue of them, a description of such things, without

copies, giving but a slight idea of them, I think it right to introduce a short general description of the most remarkable amongst them.

A head of Hercules. Distinguished for the exquisite taste displayed in the execution, and still more to be admired in respect of the beautiful ideal form, which does not correspond exactly with any of the known Hercules' heads; for that very reason, this valuable object is rendered more remarkable than it would otherwise be.

A bust of Bacchus. This looks as if the artist had breathed the form upon the stone; and in regard to the ideal form, it is one of the noblest works of antiquity. Several similar pieces are to be found in different collections, and, if I remember rightly, both in relief and carved into the stone; however, I know of none that is superior to this.

A Faun about to snatch the dress from a Bacchante. An excellent piece of composition, frequently found upon old monuments; and likewise very well executed.

An overturned Lyre, the horns of which represent two dolphins; the body, or, if it is thought better, the foot, the head of Cupid, with a garland of roses: in the same ornamental group with this is the panther of Bacchus,

holding the thyrsus in its fore-paw. The execution of this gem is satisfactory; and those who are fond of subtle allusions will also find their account in it.

A Mask, with a long beard, and wide open mouth; an ivy-shoot encircles the bald forehead. This stone is probably one of the most exquisite of its kind in existence; and equally valuable is also

Another Mask, with a long beard, and the hair tied up ornamentally into a knot. This is engraved much deeper than usual.

Venus giving suck to Cupid. One of the most charming groups that can be seen; executed with great talent, but without much expense of labour.

Cybele riding on the lion; engraved deep. A work the excellence of which is sufficiently known to amateurs by means of casts, which are to be found in almost all paste-collections.

A Giant pulling a griffin from a cavern in a rock. A work of great merit, and, for execution, standing perhaps alone. The enlarged copy of it will be found by our readers before the Programme to the Jena A. L. Z., 1804, vol. iv.

The profile of a Head with a helmet, with large beard. It is perhaps a mask; it has, how-

ever, nothing in the nature of a caricature about it, but is a firm, heroical countenance, and beautifully executed.

Homer as Hermes; executed almost entirely afresh, and very deeply carved. The poet appears here younger than usual, before old age has quite commenced; and consequently this piece is valuable, not only as a work of art, but for the sake of the subject.

In collections of impressions of carved gems, the head of a venerable aged man, with long beard and hair, is frequently met with, which (without, however, good reasons being assigned for it) is said to be the portrait of Aristophanes. A similar head, to be distinguished from the other only by insignificant variations, is to be found in our collection, and is, in fact, one of the best pieces.

The profile of some unknown person has been found, which seems to have been broken off above the eyebrows, and smoothed down, in modern times, so as to adapt it for a ring again. Nobler and more lifelike we never saw the human form represented on the small space of a gem, and seldom a case in which the artist shewed so unlimited a faculty. Of equal merit is

The Portrait of another person unknown, with lion's skin overlaid: this one, like the

other, has also been broken off above the eyes, but the part wanting is restored with gold.

The Head of a man advanced in yeas , of a firm, strong character, with short hair, executed with wonderful ability and perfection; the bold treatment of the beard is particularly to be admired, and perhaps unique of its kind.

A Man's head, or bust, without a beard, with a band round the hair ; the drapery fastened in rich folds round the arm. There is a spiritual, powerful expression in this work, and the features are such as we usually attribute to Julius Cæsar.

A Man's head, likewise without a beard; the toga, as was the custom with victims, drawn over the head. There is a wonderful degree of truth and character in this face; and there is no doubt that the work is a genuine antique, and belongs to the times of the first Roman Emperors.

The bust of a Roman lady; the hair wound round the head in double braids, the whole finished with wonderful care, and, in regard to the character, full of truth, ease, naïveté, and life.

A small Head with a helmet, thick beard, and energetic character, done afresh; and well executed.

Last of all we will mention a beautiful gem

—the head of Medusa, in a splendid carnelian. It is exactly like the well-known Medusa of Sosekles, the slight differences between them being scarcely perceptible. Without doubt, one of the best imitations of antiquity; for this it must be considered to be, notwithstanding its great merit, as the work is somewhat wanting in freedom; and an N. besides, which appears upon the neck, gives good reason to suppose that it is even a work of Natter himself.

From what we have said, connoisseurs will recognise the great value of the collection. I do not know where it is at present to be found; perhaps intelligence will be obtained about it, which may induce some rich lover of the arts, if it is for sale, to obtain possession of it.

The Weimar circle took all possible advantage of the collection, so long as it remained in their hands. During the current winter, it furnished the cultivated party, which usually surrounded the Duchess Amalia, with very agreeable employment. They sought to advance themselves in the study of carved gems; and for this purpose the favour of their excellent owner was of the greatest use, as she allowed us to possess them for several years. But she saw them again before her death, and was able to enjoy them more than she had ever done before, ranged together in the two cases, and

had thus every reason to rejoice in the confidence she had reposed in us.

Our studies extended also in another direction. I had made sufficient observations of separate colours, and hoped now to discover also their art-harmony (*Kunstharmonie*). My friend Meyer composed various tables, where they could be seen united, and also in contrast with each other, and could thus easily be reviewed and compared together.

This harmony was perceived most easily in simple rural objects, where the yellow and yellow-red must always be assigned to the bright side, the blue and blue-red to the shaded one; but, on account of the variety of natural objects, may very easily be effected by the brown-green and blue-green. Of this many great masters had already given us examples; here more frequently than in the historical department, where the artist has to trust to himself in the choice of colours for the drapery, and, in his embarrassment, snatches at any assistance which custom or tradition can afford him; allowing himself also to be led astray by the wrong directions of others, and frequently, therefore, diverted from a true harmonious representation of the subject.

From these studies of the arts of design, I feel myself compelled to return to the theatre, and to make some observations on my own

relation to it, which I intended at first to have avoided. It may be thought to have been the best opportunity for my giving some assistance as an author to our new theatre, and, at the same time, to the German theatre in general; for there were many gaps to be filled up between the productions of the authors I have mentioned; there were also plenty of materials ready at hand, which might have been worked up into natural and simple productions.

But to make myself quite intelligible, I may mention that my earliest dramatic works, relating to the general state of the world, were too diffuse to be fitted for the theatre; my later ones, addressed to the deepest feelings of the mind, made but little impression on their first appearance, by reason of their too great conciseness. Nevertheless, I had trained myself in a medium kind of work, consisting of technicalities, by which I might have produced something that would have served sufficiently well for the stage; but I fell upon wrong subjects, or rather the subjects overmastered my inward moral nature, and thus became quite unmanageable as subjects for dramatic treatment.

Already, in the year 1785, had the affair of the diamond necklace startled me, like the head of the Gorgon. By this unheard-of wickedness, I saw the dignity of the crown undermined,

already annihilated in anticipation; and the subsequent events only too completely confirmed my fearful forebodings. I carried these forebodings with me to Italy, and brought them, increased in intensity, back with me again. I was fortunately able to finish my *Tasso;* but after that time my mind became altogether occupied with the great occurrences of the day.

For many years I had had occasion to execrate the deceptions of audacious and fantastical men and interested enthusiasts, and had been astonished at the incomprehensible blindness of many superior men, who allowed themselves to be led astray by their importunities. The direct and indirect consequences of these follies now lay clearly before me in the form of crimes against the majesty of the crown, which were sufficient, when united together, to shake the greatest throne in the world.

But in order to divert my mind from these monstrosities, I endeavoured to place them in a cheerful light; and the form of the comic opera, which had appeared to me for some time past as one of the best modes of dramatic representation, seemed not altogether unadapted to more serious subjects, as had been shewn in *King Theodore.* Hence this subject came to be treated rhythmically, the composition being

arranged with Reichardt, of which some rough sketches of the base tunes have been made public; other pieces of music, which had no signification beyond the context, remained in the background, and the passage from which the greatest effect was expected was never completed. The apparitions in the crystal ball, before the sleeping prophesying Cophta, were intended to shine as a dazzling finale to the whole.

But a joyous spirit was wanting to it; it came to a stand-still; and in order not to lose all the labour I had expended on it, I wrote a new piece, for the principal characters in which analogous figures were found among the new company of actors, who performed their parts admirably, when, after great care had been bestowed on it, it was brought upon the stage.

But for the very reason that the piece was excellently acted, the more repulsive was its effect. A frightful, and at the same time absurd subject, boldly and unsparingly handled, startled every body, and no heart was touched; the proximity in time and place of the subject represented made the impression more keenly felt; and secret connexions believing themselves harshly treated, a large and respectable portion of the public felt alienated; and female delicacy

also was alarmed at the audacious love adventure.

I had been always indifferent to the effect produced by my works, and was not at all disturbed by seeing that this, the last of them, on which I had expended so many years' labour, found no sympathy; nay I indulged in a secret malicious pleasure, when I heard certain persons, whom I had often enough seen deceived, asserting that nobody could be deceived by such palpabilities.

From this affair, however, I derived no instruction; that which occupied my mind appeared to me constantly in dramatic form; and as the necklace affair had taken possession of me as a dismal omen, so did the revolution itself appear as its most dreadful fulfilment: the throne I saw overthrown and shivered to pieces; a great nation, and, after our unhappy campaign, the world itself, put out of joint.

Oppressed and tormented by such reflections, I had occasion, alas, to observe that my own countrymen were also dallying with sentiments which were preparing a like fate for us. I knew many noble spirits who fantastically gave themselves up to certain views and hopes, without understanding either themselves or the subject; whilst unprincipled men were striving

to excite bitter discontent, and to increase it for their own advantage.

As evidence of my irritable and whimsical humour, I produced the *Bürger-General,* to which I was induced by an actor named Beck, who acted the part of Schnaps in the *Billets,* in imitation of Florian, with great ability, his faults even being serviceable to him. As this character suited him so well, the first part of the continuation of this small and favourite afterpiece, called the *Stammbaum von Anton Wall,* was produced; and as I bestowed the greatest care upon the rehearsals, preparation, and representation of this trifle, I became necessarily so engrossed with the comical Schnaps, that I was induced to produce him again. This I did with good will, and completely; the capacious carpet-bag being a real French one, which Paul had hastily snatched up during our flight. In the principal scene Malcolmi appeared as an old, substantial, good-natured countryman, enjoying the outrageous impudence as a good joke, in a way which it was impossible to surpass, and vied with Beck in his adaptation to the character. But it was all in vain; the piece produced the most unfavourable effect, even with my friends and well-wishers, who, to excuse me and themselves, obstinately maintained that I was not the author, but had only, from some odd caprice, given

my name and some strokes of my pen to a very indifferent production.

As, however, nothing external was ever able to estrange me from myself, but rather threw me back upon my own mind, these representations of contemporary events constituted a consolatory occupation for me.

The *Unterhaltungen der Ausgewanderten*, a fragmentary essay, and the unfinished piece called the *Aufgeregten*, are just so many confessions of what was passing in my own breast at the time: *Hermann* and *Dorothea* flowed at a later period from the same spring, which at last became dried up. The poet could not keep pace with the rapid course of events, and was obliged to remain indebted to himself and others for the conclusion, when he saw the problem solved in a way that was as decisive as it was unexpected.

Amidst these constellations nobody could feel more oppressed than I did, considering that I was so far distant from the real theatre of the mischief; the world appeared to me bloodier and bloodthirstier than ever; and if, as has been said, the blood of a king slain in battle is equal to that of a thousand ordinary men, so is it much more significant in a contest under the law. The trial of a king for his life puts thoughts in circulation, and brings relations

into dispute, to prevent which for ever, *kingship* had been firmly established centuries before.

But just as I was seeking to revenge myself for these horrors, by declaring the whole world contemptible, by a curious accident *Reinecke Fuchs* fell into my hands. Tired and disgusted as I was of scenes springing from mob insurrections and street encounters, it was quite refreshing to cast a glance into the mirror of courts and princes; for although in it also the animal nature of man is displayed quite naturally and without disguise, every thing takes place in a cheerful, if not an exemplary way, and one's good humour is never disturbed.

In order completely to enjoy the delightful work, I immediately commenced a faithful imitation of it; and it will be seen by what follows why I was induced to undertake this in hexameters.

Following Klopstock's example, very tolerable hexameters had been written in Germany for many years past; Voss, whilst himself making use of them, occasionally intimated that there was room for improvement in this department, nay he did not spare even his own works and translations, notwithstanding the favour with which they were received by the public. I had also a desire to learn this, but it did not succeed with me. Herder and Wieland were

latitudinarians in this point; and Voss's works, becoming gradually more strict and inflexible, were at last almost a forbidden subject. The public themselves valued his earlier more than his later works; but I had always a silent confidence in Voss, whose earnestness was not to be mistaken; and had I been younger, or had circumstances been different, I would have gone to Cutin, in order to learn his secret; for he, from an honourable regard for Klopstock, did not wish, in the lifetime of the worthy poet, whose renown filled the whole world, to tell him to his face, that a stricter observance of rules must be introduced into German rhyme, if any hope was to be held out of its ever being established on a sure basis. His utterances, meanwhile, were like sibylline leaves for me. The trouble I took with the preface to the Georgics I still remember with pleasure, for the sake of my honest intention, but not for any advantage I have gained from it.

As I was thoroughly conscious that all my cultivation could only be acquired in a practical way, I seized the opportunity to write down several thousand hexameters, which were likely to meet with a good reception and lasting reputation for the sake of the contents alone, in spite of defects in their technical construction. What was faulty in them, I thought, would

shew itself in the end; and I devoted every hour I could dispose of to this work, the employment of itself rewarding me; and I built and furnished away, without thinking of what else was to happen to me, although I could very easily foresee it.

Notwithstanding our distance to the eastward of the great events that were taking place, scattered precursors appeared this winter of our neighbours who had been driven from the west; it seemed as if they were searching for some civilised place, in which to find protection and shelter. Although only temporary visitors, they comported themselves so well and patiently, and shewed themselves so ready to submit to their fate, and maintain themselves by some kind of labour, that every body became prepossessed in their favour; the faults of the general mass were forgotten in the merits of these few, and the aversion which had been felt for their class was changed in regard to them into good will. This was also of service to those who arrived later, and settled in Thuringia, among whom I need only mention Mounier and Camille Jourdan to justify a prepossession that had been formed for the whole colony, which shewed itself, if not quite equal in all respects to those I have named, at all events by no means unworthy of them.

I may observe, that in all important political emergencies, those spectators are most fortunate who join one of the contending parties; what is really favourable to them they are able to enjoy; what is unfavourable they keep out of sight, decline it, or turn it to their advantage. But the poet, who from his very nature is and must remain free from party feelings, seeks to comprehend the state of the case from both points of view, when, if an adjustment is impossible, he must make up his mind to end tragically. And with what cycle of tragedies did we not see ourselves threatened by the raging of the world-whirlwind!

Who was there that had not been horrified from youth upwards by the history of the year 1649; who had not shuddered at the execution of Charles I., and taken some comfort in the hope, that such scenes of party rancour could never be renewed! But now they were all repeated, more frightfully and terribly than before, amongst the most civilised of the neighbouring nations, and before our very eyes, as it were, day by day and step by step. Think what a January and December they passed who had taken the field to save the King, and were now unable to stop the proceedings, or hinder the execution of the sentence against him.

Frankfort was again in possession of the Germans, and active preparations were making for the recapture of Mentz. The German troops had advanced towards it, and occupied Hochheim; Königstein was forced to surrender. But the first thing necessary was to free their rear; they therefore marched by the Taunus mountains to Idstein, and past the Benedictine convent Schönau to Caub, then across a strong bridge of boats to Bacharach; from thenceforward almost uninterrupted skirmishes took place between the outposts of both armies, and the enemy was forced to retreat. Our troops left the Hundsrück to the right, and marched to Stromberg, where General Neubinger was taken prisoner. They then reached Creuznach, and cleared the angle lying between the Nahe and the Rhine, and were able in safety to move towards this river. The Imperialists had crossed the Rhine at Spires; and they were able to complete the investment of Mentz on the 14th April, and threaten the inhabitants with scarcity at least, as the forerunner of greater evils.

This intelligence I received at the same time with the command to appear on the spot, to take part, this time, in the stationary dangers and sufferings of a siege, as I had done formerly in the moving ones of the campaign. The investment was completed, and the siege could

not be long delayed. With what reluctance I again approached the theatre of the war may be seen in the second plate etched after my sketches. It is copied from a very exact pen-and-ink sketch, which I had very carefully made a few days before my departure,—with what feelings, may be seen in the few lines appended to it:

Here at our homes the toilsome march is o'er,
And kindly faces smile from door to door;
Here the glad artist seeks repose from strife,
And leads again his old familiar life;
And, weary of long wandering to and fro,
Muses at ease on life's continuous flow;
For still those venturous hearts that farthest roam
Return at last for happiness to home.

SIEGE OF MENTZ.

MONDAY, the 26th of May, 1793, I went from Frankfort to Höchst and Flörsheim. Here I found a quantity of heavy artillery for the siege. The old road to Mentz was stopped, and I had to go across the bridge of boats at Rüsselsheim: we stopped to feed the horses in Ginsheim; this place was much injured by the shot; then, by the bridge of boats, to the Nonnenau, where numbers of trees, which had been cut down, were strewed about; and continued our passage, by the second part of the bridge of boats, over the larger branch of the Rhine. I now drove to Bodenheim and Oberulm, where I went into cantonments, and immediately rode off with Captain Vent to the right wing of the army through Hechtsheim, and examined the positions of Mentz, Cassel, Kostheim, Hochheim, Weissenau, the Maine point, and the islands in the Rhine. The French had seized one of them, and entrenched themselves in it: I passed the night in Oberulm.

Tuesday, the 27th of May, I hastened to present myself to my Prince at Marienborn, where

I had also the good fortune to wait upon Prince Maximilian of Zweybrücken. I then immediately exchanged my other indifferent quarters for a large tent in front of the regiment. I now felt desirous of becoming acquainted with the centre of the semicircle formed by the blockading troops, and rode to the entrenchments in front of the Toll-house, surveyed the position of the town, the new French entrenchment at Zahlbach, and the singular and dangerous position of the village of Bretzenheim. I then returned to the regiment, making some careful sketches, in order the better to impress on my mind the relative positions and distances of the different objects.

I waited upon General Count Kalkreuth in Marienborn, and passed the evening with him. Here a great deal was said about a story that had gone abroad, importing that an alarm had been raised the previous night, at the other side of the camp, about a German general who was said to have gone over to the French; the watchword, it was said, had been changed, and several battalions had taken up arms.

They discussed also the details of the position, the blockade, and the siege, which was soon to commence. Much was said about different personal influences, which often produce great effects without being much talked

of. This shewed how little history is to be relied on; as, in fact, no man can tell why or wherefore one thing or another takes place.

Wednesday, the 28th of May, I was with Colonel von Stein, at the Ranger's house, which is beautifully situated,—a delightful residence. One felt here what a pleasant post it was to be Forest Ranger to the Elector of Mentz. From thence is seen the large caldron-shaped valley which stretches across to Hochheim, where, in days of old, the united waters of the Rhine and Maine, whirling and stagnating, produced the very rich soil which is found here, before finding a clear passage at Biberich to flow to the west.

I dined at head-quarters; the retreat from Champagne was spoken of; Count Kalkreuth giving free vent to his sarcastic humour against the theorists.

After dinner, a clergyman was brought in, who was suspected of revolutionary opinions. He was either mad in reality, or pretended to be so; he believed he had been both Turenne and Condé, and never to have been born of a woman. Through the Word every thing is made! He was very merry, and, in the midst of his madness, displayed great sagacity and presence of mind.

I sought permission to visit Lieutenant von

Itzenblitz, who had been wounded both by a sabre and a ball, on the 9th of May, in an affair before Mentz, and afterwards made prisoner. He was very kindly treated by the enemy, and soon given up again. He was not yet allowed to speak; but the presence of an old comrade, who had much to relate, had a cheering effect upon him.

In the evening, the officers of the regiment assembled in the quarters of the commissary, where things were done with rather more spirit than the previous year in Champagne; for we were now able to drink its sparkling wine without being drenched with rain, and in beautiful weather. My former prophecy was mentioned; they repeated my words: "From this place and from this day forth commences a new era in the world's history; and you can all say that you were present at its birth." Wonderfully enough did this prophecy seem to be fulfilled, not only in a general sense, but even to the very letter, as the French date their calendar from that time.

But such is man at all times, and particularly in war, that he easily reconciles himself to what is inevitable; and seeks to fill up the intervals between danger, difficulty, and vexation, with amusements and pleasures: and so it happened here; the hautboys played *ça ira*

and the Marseillaise hymn; and bottle after bottle of Champagne was emptied.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, a loud cannonade was heard from the batteries on the right wing.

Thursday, the 29th of May, in the morning, at nine o'clock, general salute of the guns for the victory of the Austrians at Famars. This general firing of the guns served to make me acquainted with the position of the batteries and the troops; at the same time, a serious affair was going on at Bretzenheim; for the French had good reason for wishing to drive us out of this village, lying, as it did, so near them. In the mean time we learnt how the story had arisen about the desertion the day before; it was caused by some most curious accidental coincidences, the rumours being as absurd as possible, but still current for a time.

I accompanied my gracious master to the left wing, and waited on the Landgrave of Darmstadt, the whole of whose camp was highly decorated with artificial leaves, but whose own tent surpassed every thing of the kind I have ever seen; well planned and beautifully executed, comfortable and splendid.

Towards the evening, a most graceful spectacle awaited us all, but particularly myself; the Princesses of Mecklenburg had been dining with

his Majesty at head-quarters, in Bodenheim, and after dinner came to visit the camp. I crept into my tent, and could thus closely observe the great ladies, who kept walking up and down before it, quite unconscious of being observed. And, in the midst of the warlike hurly-burly, the two young ladies might truly have been taken for heavenly apparitions, whose impression will never vanish from my mind.

Friday, the 30th of May. In the morning we heard the firing of small-arms, which caused some alarm. It was explained to have been some peasants celebrating Corpus Christi day: a general salute was fired, both of the cannon and small-arms, for the happy event which had just occurred in the Netherlands; a sharp fire too was kept up between the besiegers and besieged. In the afternoon a thunder-storm.

The Dutch artillery-flotilla has arrived, and lies at Ebenheim.

In the night between the 30th and 31st of May, I was sleeping quietly in my tent as usual, with all my clothes on, when I was awakened by an explosion of small-arms, which seemed at no great distance. I leaped up and went outside, and found every thing in commotion: it was plain that Marienborn had been attacked. Shortly afterwards our cannon on the battery

at the Toll-house began to fire, which could only be occasioned by the approach of the enemy. The Duke's regiment, of which one of the squadrons was encamped behind the Toll-house, moved out: the affair was inexplicable for the moment. The firing of the small-arms in Marienborn, in the rear of our batteries, continued, and our batteries fired also. I mounted my horse and rode forwards, where, although it was dark, I could still recognise the positions by help of the survey I had previously made. I expected every moment to see Marienborn in flames, and rode back to our tents, where I found the Duke's people busy packing up to be ready for any emergency. I gave my portmanteau and portfolio into their charge, and arranged our retreat. They intended going to Oppenheim; I could easily follow them there, as the footpath through the orchards was well known to me; but I determined first to ascertain the result, and not to retire till the village was on fire, and the contest extended farther up behind it.

In this state of uncertainty I waited; but the firing of the small-arms soon ceased, the cannon became silent, the day began to dawn, and the village lay quite still before me. I rode down. The sun rose and shone with a

dull light, and I found the victims of the night lying side by side. Our gigantic well-dressed cuirassiers contrasted strangely with the dwarfish, tailor-like, ragged *sansculottes:* death had mown them down without distinction. Our good Captain la Viere was amongst the first killed; Captain von Voss, adjutant of Count Kalkreuth, was shot through the breast, and was not expected to live. I was induced to compose a short account of this curious and unpleasant occurrence, which I insert here, with some other particulars relating to it.

The following is a statement of the sally of the French in the night-time upon Marienborn.

The head-quarters of Marienborn are situated in the centre of the semicircle of camps and batteries which commence on the left bank of the Rhine above Mentz, begird the town at a distance of not quite two miles from it, and end below it at the river again. The chapel of the Holy Cross, the villages of Weissenau, Hechtsheim, Marienborn, Drais, Gunzenheim, and Mombach, are all either in contact with this circle, or lie not far beyond it. Both wings, at Weissenau and Mombach, were frequently attacked by the French from the commencement of the blockade, and the first

village was burnt down; but the centre had not been disturbed. Nobody imagined that they would direct an attack upon it, because they would thereby incur the risk of being attacked on all sides, and cut off, without effecting any thing of importance by it. However, the advanced posts around Bretzenheim and Dalheim, places which lie in a hollow part of the ground extending towards the town, were always close to each other; and Bretzenheim, on our side, was looked to with the greatest vigilance, as the French had erected a battery at Zahlbach, a convent near Dahlheim, which commanded the field and the road.

A design, of which the enemy had not been suspected, induced him at last to make an attack upon our head-quarters. The French intended, it was ascertained from the prisoners, either to capture and carry away General Kalkreuth, who was quartered in Marienborn, and Prince Louis, Ferdinand's son, who was at the Toll-house, a few paces from the village, or leave them dead behind them. They chose the night between the 30th and the 31st; about 3000 men advanced from the hollow at Zahlbach, crossed the road, and wound their way through some hollows till they reached the road again, crossed it once more, and dashed upon Marienborn. They were ably conducted, and took

their way between the Austrian and Prussian patrols, who, unfortunately, from the slight undulation of the ground, were not in contact with each other. Another circumstance was also in their favour.

The day before, the peasants had been ordered to cut down the grain in the neighbourhood of the town: and when they had finished their work, and were returning again, the French followed them, and some of the patrols were led into error by their appearance. They came a considerable way without being discovered; and when at last they were observed and fired upon, they pressed forward in the greatest haste towards Marienborn, and reached the village about one o'clock, when all were either asleep or without suspicion of an attack. They fired immediately into the houses where they saw lights, rushed through the streets, and surrounded the place and the convent in which the General was lying. The confusion was great; the batteries fired; the infantry regiment Wegner immediately advanced; a squadron of the Duke of Weimar, which was posted behind the village, was at hand, as likewise the Saxon hussars. A confused battle took place.

At the same time the firing of false attacks was heard round the whole circuit of the blockading camp; all were apprehensive of an attack

upon themselves, and none of them ventured to go to the others' assistance.

The moon was waning in the heavens, and gave a dim light. The Duke of Weimar took the remaining portion of his regiment, which was lying on the heights about a mile behind Marienborn, and hastened to the scene of action. Prince Louis led the regiments Wegner and Thadden; and after a battle which lasted an hour and a half, the French were driven back to the town. They left thirty dead and wounded behind them; how many they carried away is unknown.

The loss of the Prussians in dead and wounded might be about ninety men. Major la Viere, of Weimar, was killed; Captain and Adjutant von Voss mortally wounded. An unfortunate accident increased the loss on our side; for when the pickets were retiring from Bretzenheim upon Marienborn, they fell among the French, and were fired at by our batteries.

When day broke, pitch rings, and birch fagots covered with pitch, were found strewed in all directions about the village: they had intended, if the *coup* had succeeded, to set fire to it.

It was ascertained that they had at the same time attempted to throw over a bridge from one

of the Rhine islands at the Maine point, in which they had for some time been ensconced, to the one nearest it, probably with the view of undertaking something against the boat-bridges at Ginsheim. The second link of the chain had been brought nearer the first, and the Duke's regiment is now stationed near Marienborn.

It is known that in the sally, national troops formed the van, then troops of the line followed, and national troops again brought up the rear: from this may have arisen the report that the French had marched out in three columns.

On the 1st of June the regiment moved closer to Marienborn; the day was passed in moving the camp; the infantry also changed their position, and various defensive measures were taken.

I visited Captain von Voss, whom I found in a hopeless state; he was sitting up in bed, and appeared to recognise his friends, but he could not speak. At a hint from the doctor, we went away; and a friend called my attention to the fact, that, some days before, a warm dispute had taken place in the same room, one person obstinately maintaining, against a number of others, that Marienborn, as the head-quarters, lay much too near the town, and that greater precautions should be used against a sally.

But as it was the order of the day to make

constant complaints against all the orders and arrangements of the higher powers, no notice was taken of it, and this warning, like so many others, was neglected.

On the 2d of June a peasant from Oberulm was hanged, who had acted as guide to the French in the sally; for without the most accurate knowledge of the ground, the serpentine course they took would not have been possible. Unfortunately for him, he was not able to reach the town with the retiring troops, and was taken prisoner by the patrols who were sent out, and who made a keen search round about.

Major la Viere was buried in front of the standards, with all the honours of war. Captain von Voss died. Prince Louis, General Kalkreuth, and several others, dined with the Duke. In the evening firing was heard on the Rhine point.

On the 3d of June Herr von Stein had a large dinner-party at the Ranger's house. Glorious weather; incomparable view; and enjoyment of the country, saddened by scenes of death and destruction. In the evening Captain von Voss was buried close to Major la Viere.

5th June. Busy preparations continue to be made for the intrenchment of the camp.

Great attack and cannonade on the Maine point.

On the 6th of June the Prussian and Austrian Generals dined with Serenissimo in a large saloon constructed of wood for such feasts. A Lieutenant-colonel of the regiment Wegner, sitting directly opposite me, stared at me rather more than is allowable.

The 7th of June. In the morning I wrote a number of letters. During dinner, at head-quarters, a Major blustered a great deal about the future siege, and spoke very freely about the proceedings hitherto.

In the evening a friend took me to the staring Lieutenant-colonel, who had wished some days before to make my acquaintance. We met with but an indifferent reception: it was already dark, but no candles were brought in. Selters-water and wine, which it was the custom to give to all visitors, did not appear, and the conversation was null. My friend, who attributed this ill-humour to our having come too late, stopped, after we had gone a few paces on our way home, and returned to make an apology; but the Colonel quietly replied that it was of no consequence; for yesterday, at dinner, he had already seen by my face that I was not at all the kind of man he had imagined me to be. We laughed heartily over this unsuccessful attempt at new acquaintanceship.

The 8th of June. I continued to work in-

dustriously at *Reinecke Fuchs;* rode with my illustrious Prince to the Darmstadt camp, where I presented myself to the Landgrave, who had been for many years most kind and gracious to me.

In the evening Prince Maximilian of Zweybrücken came with Colonel von Stein to Serenissimo; many things were discussed; and last of all came the open secret of the siege, which was just about to commence.

The 9th of June the French made a successful sally upon Holy Cross; they succeeded in setting fire to the church and village in the very face of the Austrian batteries; took some prisoners, and retired with considerable loss.

The 10th of June the French ventured an attack in the daytime upon Gunzenheim, which was repulsed; but which occasioned, for a time, some apprehension for the left wing, and particularly for the Darmstadt camp.

The 11th of June. The camp of his Majesty the King was now established about a thousand paces above Marienborn, just at that part of the declivity where ends the large caldron in which Mentz lies, and the walls of clay and hills commence: this was taken advantage of for making some very beautiful arrangements. The soil being easily handled, the gardeners formed a fine park with very little trouble; the

slope was cut away, and covered with turf; arbours were erected; walks cut out on the side of the hill, and lawns formed, where the military could display themselves in all their elegance and splendour. Some contiguous woods and thickets were taken in, so that, with the most glorious of views, nothing more was wanting than to see the whole space laid out in the same way, to have the enjoyment of the most splendid park in the world. Our friend Krause drew a careful sketch of the view, with all its present peculiarities.

The 14th of June. A small entrenchment, which the French had erected and manned, below Weissenau, stood in the way of the opening of the parallels; it was to be attacked and captured in the night, and several persons, who were informed of it, proceeded to the entrenchments on our right wing, from whence the whole position could be overlooked. The night was very dark, and, knowing very well the point to which our troops were sent, we expected to witness an imposing spectacle when the attack commenced and resistance was made to it. We waited long, and waited in vain; but instead of it we witnessed a much livelier apparition. All the posts of our position must have been attacked; for round the whole circuit of them we perceived sharp firing, without

having the slightest conception of what could have caused it; but at the point where it was expected, every thing remained motionless and silent. We returned disappointed, particularly Mr. Gore, who had the greatest curiosity about such explosions and night battles. The next day the mystery was solved. The French had fixed on this night for an attack upon all our posts, and had drawn the whole of their troops from the entrenchments, and collected them together for the attack. Our attacking party, on approaching with the greatest caution the entrenchment, found therefore neither arms nor resistance of any kind; they mounted the entrenchment, and found it unoccupied, except by a single cannoneer, who was greatly astonished at their visit. During the general discharge of the guns, by which they alone were untouched, they had plenty of time to destroy the walls and retire. The general attack also produced no effect; and the lines were freed from their alarm when the day broke.

The 16th of June. The long-talked-of siege, which had been kept secret from the enemy, approached at last; it was whispered about that the trenches would be opened this night. It was very dark, and some of us rode along the well-known path to the entrenchment at Weissenau. We saw nothing, heard nothing; but

our horses suddenly started, and we perceived directly in front of us a scarcely distinguishable column of troops. Austrian soldiers, dressed in grey, with grey fagots on their shoulders, were marching silently along, the rattling occasionally of their shovels and hatchets against each other indicating that something was moving near us, which otherwise would scarcely have been perceptible. A more extraordinary and ghost-like apparition can scarcely be conceived; it was seen with difficulty for a moment, then vanished, but appeared again when we looked attentively, but never became distinct.

We remained on the spot till they had passed, for we could see from thence towards the point where they were to commence operations in the dark. As undertakings of this kind are always in danger of being discovered by the enemy, it was to be expected that they would fire from the ramparts upon this point, were it only at random. But in this expectation we did not wait long, for exactly at the spot where the trenches were to be commenced a discharge of small-arms was heard, which nobody could understand. Could the French have made a sally, and ventured up to, or even beyond, our advanced posts? We could not comprehend it. The firing ceased, and every thing sank into profound silence. Not till next morning

was it explained to us that our own outposts had fired upon the advancing column, believing it to be one of the enemy's; they were startled and confused, each man threw away his fagot, but the shovels and hatchets were saved. The French upon the ramparts having their attention attracted, were put upon their guard; our men returned without effecting their object, and the whole besieging army was in alarm.

The 17th of June. The French erect a battery on the high road. At night a dreadful storm of wind and rain.

The 18th of June. When the late unsuccessful attempt to open the trenches came to be discussed by those who had a knowledge of such matters, it appeared as if the point fixed upon were much too distant from the fortress; it was therefore decided that the third parallel should be brought nearer, and a decided advantage be thus obtained from the failure of the first attempt. They tried it, and succeeded.

The 24th of June. The French and the Clubbists, seeing that the affair was becoming serious, and in order to stop the rapid diminution of their supplies, decided on a pitiless expulsion of all the old and sick men, with the women and children, and sent them to Cassel, from whence they were just as pitilessly driven

away again. The agony of the unarmed and abandoned wretches, tossed about between internal and external foes, was indescribable.

We did not fail to hear the Austrian tattoo, which excelled all the others in the allied army.

The 25th of June. In the afternoon a violent cannonade was heard at the extremity of our left wing, which nobody could understand. At last it was explained that the firing was on the Rhine, where the Dutch flotilla was manœuvring before his Majesty, for which purpose he had gone to Elfeld.

The 27th of June. Commencement of the bombardment, and immediately afterwards the deanery takes fire.

In the night our troops succeeded in storming Weissenau, and the entrenchment above the Carthusian monastery,—indispensable points for securing the right wing of the second parallel.

The 28th of June, in the night. Continuance of the bombardment, the fire being directed against the cathedral; the tower and roof, and a number of houses near it, are in flames. After midnight the church of the Jesuits catches fire.

We surveyed this fearful spectacle from the entrenchment in front of Marienborn; it was a very clear starry night, and the bombs ap-

peared to vie with the heavenly luminaries, there being moments when it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. It was a new sight for us, the rising and falling of the fire-balls; we saw them ascending, in the form of an arch, as if they would strike the firmament, and when they had reached a certain height, they descended parabolically into the town, and the flames that burst forth soon announced that they had done their work.

Mr. Gore and Councillor Krause handled the subject artistically, and made so many studies of it, that they succeeded at last in preparing a transparent night-piece, which is still in existence, and, if properly lit up, would furnish a much better representation than any written description of the miserable spectacle presented by the burning of one of our country's capitals.

And what an indication it was of our miserable condition, that we had to resort to such means to save ourselves, and restore the country to some degree of security!

The 29th of June. For some time past a great deal had been said about a floating battery, which had been constructed at Ginsheim, and which was intended to command and operate against the Maine point, and the islands and fields adjoining. It had been so long talked of, that it was at last forgotten. On riding, as usual,

after dinner to our entrenchment above Weissenau, I had scarcely reached it, when I perceived a great commotion on the river; numbers of French boats were busily rowing towards the islands, and the Austrian battery, which commanded that part of the river, kept up a constant ricochet fire upon the water,—for me quite a new kind of spectacle. When one of the balls first struck the movable element, a column of water sprang up many feet into the air; this had not reached the surface again before a second was driven up, as distinct as the first, but not quite so high, and then a third and a fourth followed, and so on, always diminishing in height, till it reached the neighbourhood of the boats, skimming along the surface, and occasionally endangering them.

I could not satiate my eyes upon this spectacle, for shot followed shot, and every moment new fountains sprang up into the air before the others had quite disappeared.

Suddenly, on the other side, a curious-looking machine was let loose, and moved out from among the bushes and trees on the right bank of the river. It was a large square thing formed with beams, and floated away to my great astonishment, and to my great delight also, when I found that I was to be an eye-witness of this so-much-talked-of expedition. My wishes

for its success, however, seemed destined to be disappointed, and my hopes were of short duration, for very soon the monster began to wheel round about, and it was evident that it did not obey the rudder; it continued to wheel round, and was borne away by the current. On the Rhine redoubt above Cassel, and in front of it, every thing was immediately in motion; hundreds of the French were running along the banks up the stream, and raised loud huzzas, when this Trojan sea-horse, far from reaching its intended destination of the point of land, was caught by the waters of the Maine where it joins the Rhine, and floated away in the current of the united rivers. At length the stream carried the intractable machine towards Cassel, where it stranded, not far from the boat-bridge, upon a flat part of the ground which was still overflowed by the water. The French collected round it; and as I had been able hitherto with my excellent glass to observe quite plainly the whole occurrence, I could now, alas, perceive also the folding-door, which enclosed the space, fall down, and the soldiers confined in it come out, and made prisoners of. It was a mortifying sight; the folding-door did not reach the dry ground, and the small garrison had to wade through the water till they reached their enemies. There were

sixty-four men, two officers, and two cannon; they met with a good reception, were then taken to Mentz, and afterwards conveyed to the Prussian camp, to be exchanged for other prisoners.

On my return I did not forget to give information of this unexpected occurrence. Nobody would believe it, as, indeed, I had scarcely been able to trust my own eyes. His Royal Highness the Crown Prince happened to be in the Duke of Weimar's tent at the time; I was called in, and had to relate what I had seen; I did it accurately but unwillingly, knowing very well that the messenger of Job's post generally comes in for his share of the blame, in return for the bad news he brings.

Amongst the deceptive appearances which present themselves to us under unusual circumstances, there are very many against which we can only arm ourselves at the moment of their occurrence. I had ridden in the evening, without meeting with the slightest impediment, along the usual footpath, to the entrenchment at Weissenau; the road went through a slightly hollow part of the ground, where neither water, swamp, nor obstacle of any kind could be seen. On my return the night had come on, and just as I was going to ride into the hollow, I saw directly in front of me a black line stretching

across, which contrasted strongly with the dark brown ground. The only thing I could take it for was a ditch; but how a ditch could have been dug across my path in so short a time was inconceivable. I had nothing but to ride up to it.

On approaching it, the black streak remained unchanged, but it appeared as if something were moving up and down before it; I was soon challenged, and immediately found myself in the midst of well-known cavalry officers. It was the Duke of Weimar's regiment, which, for what reason I know not, had been drawn up in the hollow; the long line of black horses appearing like an excavation which intercepted my path. After a mutual salute, I hastened, without further hindrance, to the tents.

The same causes which were producing boundless suffering inside the town, had gradually come to be the means of amusement to parties of pleasure on the outside. The entrenchment above Weissenau, from which there was a glorious view, and which was visited daily by persons wishing to make themselves acquainted with the positions, and to observe what was passing in the wide circuit overlooked by the entrenchment, was the rendezvous, on Sundays and holidays, of a countless

crowd of country-people from the neighbourhood. The French could do little harm to this entrenchment; shots fired in the air were very uncertain, and generally went over it. When the sentry walking up and down on the breastwork perceived that the French had fired the guns pointed in that direction, he called out, Stoop! and it was then understood by all the persons inside the battery that they were to throw themselves on their knees and faces, in order that they might be protected by the breastwork from a low-flying ball.

It was an amusing sight on Sundays and holidays, when the large crowd of well-dressed country-people, coming out of the church, many of them with prayer-books and rosaries in their hands, filled the entrenchment; they looked about them, chatted and joked, when all at once the sentry would call, Stoop! and the whole of them instantly fell down before this dangerous and awful apparition, as if it were some divinity that whizzed past, which they fell down to worship; but when the danger was over, they rose up again, laughed at each other, and immediately afterwards, if it so pleased the besieged, tumbled down again. The best way to observe this scene was to place yourself upon the nearest height, a little to one side, out of the direction of the balls, from

whence you could look down upon the singular throng, and hear the balls whizz past.

But they were not without end or object, although they missed the entrenchment. The road from Frankfort ran along the ridge of these heights, so that the procession of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, could be quite plainly observed by the people on the ramparts of Mentz, who could thus threaten both the entrenchment and the travellers on the road at the same time. The attention of the military authorities being called to this, the entrance of such large crowds was very soon forbidden, and the Frankfort people took a circuitous route, by which they arrived at head-quarters unperceived, and out of the reach of the guns.

The end of June.—One night when I could obtain no sleep, I amused myself by listening to the multifarious sounds that reached me, both from a distance and near at hand, and was able plainly to distinguish the following:

"Who goes there?" of the sentry before the tent.
"Who goes there?" of the infantry posts.
"Who goes there?" when the round came.
Walking up and down of the sentries.
Rattling of the sabres against the spurs.
Barking of dogs at a distance.

Growling of dogs near at hand.
Crowing of cocks.
Pawing of horses upon the ground.
Snorting of horses.
Chopping straw.
Singing, disputing, and squabbling of the people.
Cannon-thunder.
Lowing of cows.
Braying of mules.

HIATUS.

That this occurs here need not surprise us. Every hour was pregnant with disasters; we thought of our venerated Prince, of our dear friends, and forgot to think of our own safety. Attracted by the wild and horrible danger, as by the glance of a rattlesnake, we rushed unbidden into the places where death was strewing his victims around, walked, rode through the trenches, let the grenades grumble and burst above our heads, and the fragments fall at our feet; many a man severely wounded we wished speedily freed from frightful sufferings, and the dead we would not have recalled to life.

The respective positions of besiegers and besieged may be described in a general way,

thus:—The French, on the approach of danger, had taken early precautions, and in front of the principal works had erected, according to the rules of military science, smaller redoubts, in order to keep the enemy at a certain distance, and to render the siege more difficult. These obstacles had all to be removed, to make way for the opening and completion of the third parallel, as is more particularly described in the sequel. Whilst this was going on, we with some friends, but without orders or call to that effect, proceeded to the posts of greatest danger. Weissenau was in the hands of the Germans, and the entrenchment at the river-side had been already captured; we visited the ruined place, and made a collection in the charnel-house of diseased bones, the best of which had already fallen into the hands of the surgeons. Whilst the balls of the Carl's fort kept dashing amongst the ruins of the roof and walls, we bribed one of the men posted there to conduct us to a well-known conspicuous point, where, with a little care, a number of objects could be surveyed at once. We proceeded cautiously through the ruins, and were at length conducted up a winding staircase, which had been left standing, to the window of a solitary gable-end, which, in peaceful times, must have afforded its owner a glorious

view. Here we saw the confluence of the Maine and Rhine, the Maine and Rhine points, the Blei-au, the fortifications of Cassel, the boat-bridge, and then, on the left bank, the beautiful city; we saw spires shattered to pieces, roofs full of holes, and every where a melancholy display of smoking ruins. Our guide warned us to be cautious, and only one at a time to look round the window-posts; for if we were observed, they would immediately fire at us from the Carl's fort, and the blame would fall upon him.

Not content with this, we crept further towards the nunnery, where it also looked wild enough, and where, down below, in the vaults, wine was retailed at a moderate price; whilst, from time to time, the balls kept rattling upon the roofs, and riddling them with holes.

But our inconsiderate curiosity led us even further: we crept into the last entrenchment of the right wing, which had been dug deep into the glacis of the fortress, directly above the ruins of the Favorite and the Carthusian monastery; and where our men, from behind the bulwark of hurdles, were exchanging fire with the enemy at the distance of a few hundred paces: here, of course, every thing depended upon which side was first able to silence his antagonist.

I found it, to confess the truth, hot enough;

and you could not blame yourself if some symptoms of the cannon-fever again began to make their appearance. We pressed back in the same way as we had come; but returned, when opportunity and inducement offered, to scenes of equal danger.

If it be considered, that this state of things, in which we sought to silence our anxiety in the excitement of all kinds of danger, lasted three weeks, I may hope to be forgiven if I endeavour to hasten over those fearful days, as over the burning ground.

The 1st of July. The third parallel was put in action, and the Bock's battery immediately bombarded.

The 2d of July. Bombardment of the citadel and Carl's fort.

The 3d of July. The St. Sebastian's chapel again set fire to; the neighbouring houses and palaces in flames.

The 6th of July. The so-called Clubbist entrenchment, which hindered the right wing of the third parallel from being completed, had to be captured; but the men sent against it missed it, and attacked the outer redoubts of the main line of fortifications, from which they were of course driven back.

The 7th of July. Ultimate capture of this

position: Kostheim is attacked, and the French abandon it.

The 13th of July, in the night. The Town-hall and several public buildings are burnt down.

The 14th of July. Cessation of the fire, and holiday and rejoicings on both sides; on the part of the French, for the conclusion of the National Confederation; and on that of the Germans, for the capture of Condé: with the latter by a discharge of cannon and small-arms; with the former by a theatrical fête in honour of liberty, of which a great deal was spoken.

In the night between the 14th and 15th of July. The French are driven out of a battery in front of the Carl's fort, and a frightful bombardment ensues. The Benedictine monastery upon the citadel is set on fire by the battery on the Maine point. On the other side, the laboratory catches fire and explodes. The windows, window-shutters, and chimneys on this side of the town are broken in and thrown down.

On the 15th of July we visited Mr. Gore, in Klein-Wintershausen, and found Rath Krause employed in painting the portrait of our worthy friend, in which he had succeeded admirably. Mr. Gore had dressed himself splendidly, in order to appear at the Prince's table, and

seemed as if he had been out to take another turn in the neighbourhood before going away. He was sitting on a box, in a peasant's house in a German village, surrounded by all kinds of household and agricultural implements, with the lumpsugar on a piece of paper at his side; he held the coffee-cup in one hand, the silver crayon, instead of a spoon, in the other; and our English friend was thus represented, in indifferent cantonment quarters, with the same comely and comfortable look with which he still stands daily, as a pleasant memento, before us.

As we have here mentioned our friend, it may be well to give some further account of him. He was very successful in taking sketches with the camera obscura; and in his travels, both by land and sea, had collected many beautiful views. He had taken up his residence in Weimar; but being accustomed to move about, he could not refrain from indulging himself occasionally with little excursions, in which he was generally accompanied by Rath Krause, who was very successful in landscape-painting; and thus they worked away in emulation of each other.

The siege of Mentz, being an extraordinary and important occurrence, where even misfortune might be expected to look picturesque,

allured the two friends towards the Rhine, where they found occupation for every moment of their time.

They accompanied us on a second dangerous expedition to Weissenau, where Mr. Gore was particularly charmed. We visited the churchyard again in search of pathological bones; a part of the wall on the Mentz side had been broken down by the shot, and through it we could see over the open fields towards the town. But no sooner did the French on the ramparts perceive something moving, than they commenced a ricochet fire against the gap; we saw the balls approach, bounding several times from the ground, and raising the dust, and protected ourselves behind the part of the wall left standing, or in the vaults, and amused ourselves by looking at the balls rolling through the churchyard.

The continuance of this amusement appeared hazardous to the valet, who, apprehending danger for his old master, appealed to our consciences, and induced the venturesome party to go back.

The 16th of July was an anxious day; and I was in great apprehension for the fate of my friends in the ensuing night, the cause of which was as follows:—One of the small redoubts, which had been pushed forward in front of the

so-called French fort, had quite effected its object; it presented the greatest obstruction to our foremost parallel, and had to be captured at any price. There was nothing particularly extraordinary about this, independently of what I am going to mention. Upon information or suspicion that the French had stationed cavalry behind this redoubt, under cover of the fortress, it was decided that cavalry should be employed also in the attack upon it. The nature of such an undertaking may easily be conceived: they were going to take cavalry quite beyond the trenches, and deploy them directly in front of the cannon of the redoubt and the fortress, and fight a battle, in the middle of the night, on the very glacis of the fortress, covered with the enemy; but my great anxiety arose from knowing that Herr von Oppen, who was the best friend I had in the regiment, had been ordered to take the command. When night came on, we bade adieu to each other; they went forward, and I hastened to the entrenchment No. 4, from whence there was a tolerable view of that part of the ground. We could easily see that they had met, and a severe struggle taken place, and that many a brave man would never return.

The morning announced that the affair had succeeded; the redoubt had been taken and

demolished, and our troops had instantly entrenched themselves opposite to it in so strong a position, that its restoration by the enemy was impossible. My friend Oppen returned unhurt; the persons missing did not so much concern me; only we were sorry for the Prince Louis, who, after bravely leading on his men, had been severely wounded, and obliged unwillingly to leave the field of battle at such an important moment.

The 17th of July he was taken by water to Mannheim; the Duke of Weimar took possession of his quarters at the Toll-house, than which a pleasanter residence could not be imagined.

With my customary love of order and cleanliness, I ordered the space in front of it to be swept and cleaned; as, by the change of occupants, it had become strewed over with straw and all kinds of refuse.

The 18th of July, in the afternoon, after almost intolerable heat, a thunder-storm and heavy rain, refreshing for most, but excessively uncomfortable to those in the entrenchments.

The Commandant makes proposals to treat, which are refused.

The 19th of July. The bombardment continues, and the mills on the Rhine are damaged, and rendered unfit for use.

The 20th of July. The Commandant-general d'Oyre sends a proposal, which is discussed.

In the night between the 21st and the 22d of July. Tremendous bombardment; the church of the Dominicans is burnt down, and a Prussian powder-magazine explodes on our side.

The 22d of July. When we heard that the truce had been actually concluded, we hastened to head-quarters to wait for the arrival of the French commandant d'Oyre. He soon came. He was a tall, well-formed, slender man, of middle age, very natural in his bearing and deportment. Whilst the discussion was going on inside, we were all in a state of expectancy, and full of hope; but after it was announced that it had been settled, and that the town was to be delivered up the next morning, there arose in the minds of some of us the singular feeling caused by the near prospect of being freed from former sufferings, anxiety, and apprehension; and we could not, in our excitement, refrain from mounting our horses and riding towards Mentz. We made up to Sömmering on the way, who was likewise hastening to Mentz, for more important reasons certainly than ourselves, but, like us, without regarding the danger of such an undertaking. We saw from a distance the barrier of the outer gate,

and behind it a crowd of people, leaning against and crowding round it. We perceived also some covered pits in front of us; but our horses, already accustomed to them, brought us through between them without danger. We rode up directly in front of the barrier, the people calling out and demanding what news we brought. There were few soldiers amongst the crowd, nearly all of them being citizens, men and women mingled together. Our answer, that we could promise a cessation of hostilities, and probably, next morning, liberation and evacuation by the enemy, was received with great applause. We exchanged such information as each side thought it prudent to give; and just as we were going to turn round, accompanied by the best wishes of the crowd, Sömmering arrived, and added his news to ours. He discovered well-known faces, entered into a more familiar conversation, and at last disappeared among the people before we were aware: we, however, thought it time to go back.

A number of the expelled inhabitants seemed to be filled with similar curiosity and restlessness, and having provided themselves with supplies of provisions, had succeeded in penetrating first into the outworks, and then into the fortress itself; wishing to embrace and comfort their friends who had been left behind. We

encountered several of these excited wanderers, and they became so numerous, that at last the posts had to be doubled, and it was strictly forbidden to approach the ramparts: the communication was suddenly stopped.

The 23d of July. This day was passed in taking possession of the outworks both of Mentz and Cassel. I procured a light carriage, and drove round the town within as narrow a circle as the sentries would permit. I visited the trenches, and surveyed the earthworks, which had been abandoned after the object had been attained.

When I was again driving back, I was addressed by a middle-aged man, who begged me to take up his boy of about eight years of age, whom he was leading by the hand. He was a native of Mentz, who had left it in great haste to enjoy in triumph the sight of the enemy marching out, and swore deadly vengeance against the Clubbists who were left behind. I advised him to use milder language, and represented to him that the return to a peaceful and domestic state of things should not be stained by a new war between fellow-citizens, and by feelings of hatred and revenge, otherwise our misfortunes would never end. The punishment of such guilty persons must be left to the high allied powers and the true lord of the country,

when he returned; and whatever else I thought was likely to pacify him, and bring him to a more sober way of thinking. This I had a good right to do, as I took the boy into the carriage, and refreshed them both with a glass of good wine and some biscuits. At the place appointed, I set down the boy, the father shewing himself at a distance some time before we arrived, and, with hat in hand, beckoning a thousand thanks to me.

The 24th of July. The morning was passed without much disturbance, the evacuation being delayed on account, it was said, of some money-matters, which could not be immediately settled. At length, about noon, when every body was at dinner, and perfect stillness reigned throughout the camp and upon the road, several carriages drove past. They had each three horses, and proceeded at great speed at some distance from each other, without being remarked or thought of; but the report was soon spread that it was several of the Clubbists, who had saved themselves in this daring and dexterous manner. Some excited persons maintained that they ought to be pursued; others were satisfied with the expression of their discontent; others, again, expressed their surprise that on no part of the road was a trace to be seen of either sentry, picket, or watch of any kind; from which it was

clear, they said, that it was winked at by the higher powers, who were inclined to leave every thing to accident.

This, however, was interrupted, and the attention of all attracted to the actual appearance of the French marching out. The windows of the Toll-house were here of good service to myself and friends. We saw the procession approach in all its solemnity. Led by Prussian cavalry, the French garrison came first. A more singular sight it was impossible to behold. A column of Marseillaise, small black-looking men, dressed in rags of all colours, came tramping along, as if King Edwin had opened his mountain, and sent out the lively host of dwarfs. Regular troops followed, grave and sullen, but neither downcast nor ashamed. But the most remarkable apparition, which struck every body, was, when the *chasseurs à cheval* rode up; they had come near to where we were in perfect silence, when, all at once, their band began to play the Marseillaise hymn. This revolutionary Te Deum has at all times something melancholy and ominous about it, however briskly it may be played; but they now played it quite slow, suiting well with the creeping pace at which they rode. It was impressive and fearful; and it was a solemn sight when the troopers themselves approached, long, lanky veterans,

whose mien also accorded with the music: singly you might have compared them to Don Quixote; united they appeared highly venerable.

A remarkable group now appeared — the French deputies. Merlin von Thionville, in hussar uniform, conspicuous by his long beard and wild look, had another figure in similar costume at his side; the people, in wrath, called out the name of one of the Clubbists, and were proceeding to attack him. Merlin stopped, claimed the respect due to the dignity of a French representative, reminded the people of the vengeance which would follow any insult, and recommended them to be quiet, for it was not the last time that they would see him there. The crowd seemed awe-struck, and nobody ventured to step forth. He had addressed some of our officers who were near, and appealed to the word of the King; none of the people seemed inclined either to venture an attack, or make any reply.

The 25th of July. On the morning of this day, I remarked that no preparations had yet been made to prevent confusion, either upon the road, or in the neighbourhood of it. They seemed more necessary to-day than ever, as the poor Mentz people, who had left it during the siege, and had since been suffering boundless

misery, had now collected from a distance, and were beleaguering the road in crowds, relieving their overburdened hearts with oaths and threats of vengeance. The stratagems which had succeeded so well the day before were of no use now. Single travelling-carriages again rattled along the road; but the Mentz citizens had stationed themselves every where in the ditches at the sides of the road, and if the fugitives escaped from one ambuscade, they soon afterwards fell into another.

All the carriages were stopped; if Frenchmen or Frenchwomen were found in them, they were allowed to proceed, but Clubbists, if recognised, never. A very handsome travelling carriage, with a team of three horses, comes rolling along, a pretty young girl looks out of the window, and bows to every body right and left; but the people seize hold of the reins, the door is opened, and an inveterate Clubbist is recognised at her side. No mistake could exist about him; for he was a short, thick man, with a big face marked with the small-pox. They drag him out by the heels; shut the door, and wish the beauty a pleasant journey. But him they take into the nearest field, kick and beat him unmercifully; every bone of his body is bruised, and his face disfigured. One of the sentries takes pity on him, and he is carried into a

peasant's house, where he is laid upon straw, and at last rescued from the violence of his fellow-townsmen, but still exposed to the abuse, malice, and contempt of the bystanders. This, however, grew so bad, that in the end the officer would allow nobody to enter; and begged me, whom, as an acquaintance, he would not have refused, to abandon all thought of witnessing this most melancholy and disgusting of spectacles.

On the 25th of July we occupied ourselves with looking at the continued and regular march of the French out of the town. I stood with Mr. Gore at the window of the Toll-house, a large crowd having collected below; the space, however, was large, and nothing could escape our observation.

Infantry—active, good-looking troops of the line—came along; many of the girls of Mentz accompanied them, sometimes at the side of the column, sometimes within the ranks. Their acquaintances in the crowd greeted them, shaking their heads at them, and addressing them in contemptuous phrases: "Ay, Lizzy, so you want to see a little of the world, do you?" and then: "It looks all very fine just now; but wait a little!" Further: "You've been learning French too!" "A pleasant journey!" and so on. The girls, however, seemed all in good

spirits, and did not mind them; some of them said farewell to their female neighbours; the most remained silent, and looked at their lovers.

In the mean time the people were very angry, abusing and threatening the girls. The women reproved the men for allowing these hussies to pass, taking with them, doubtless, the property of many an honest citizen in their bundles; and only the steady march of the troops, and the strict order maintained by the officers, prevented an outbreak: the excitement was fearful.

Just at this most dangerous moment appeared a party, who no doubt wished themselves any where rather than where they were. At some distance from the troops, and therefore rather unprotected, a good-looking man made his appearance on horseback, with a uniform somewhat different from that of a soldier, and at his side rode a very handsome woman, and some carriages drawn by four horses followed, covered with boxes and trunks: the silence was ominous. There was a sudden movement among the people, and some of them called out, "Stop him! kill him! That is the scoundrel of an architect who first plundered the deanery, and afterwards set fire to it with his own hand!" If there had been one determined man among them, his fate would have been decided.

Without further consideration than that the peace must not be broken before the Duke's quarters, and the thought striking me with the rapidity of lightning, of what the Duke would say if he found the entrance to his own quarters obstructed by the havoc caused by such a scene, I sprang down stairs, ran out among the crowd, and called out with a loud voice: "Hold!"

The people had already approached the man; nobody, indeed, dared to shut the gate, but the road was stopped up by the crowd. I repeated my "Hold!" and every body became silent. I continued to harangue the people with a loud voice and with great vehemence. "Here," I said, "were the quarters of the Duke of Weimar; the space in front of them was sacred; if they wanted to commit mischief and exercise their vengeance, they could find an abundance of space for that. The King had permitted free egress to all; if he had wished to make any conditions, and except certain persons, he would have appointed officers to turn back the guilty, or take them prisoners; nothing, however, had been heard of this, and no patrols were to be seen, and they, whoever they might be, here in the middle of the German army, had nothing else to do than to remain peaceful spectators of what passed; their misfortunes and their hatred gave them no right; and,

once for all, I would allow no violence on this spot."

The people seemed astonished, and remained silent, but soon began to move again, murmuring and swearing; some of them became violent, and two men pressed forward to take hold of the horse's reins. Singularly enough, one of them was the hairdresser whom I had warned the day before, whilst shewing him some kindness. "How," I exclaimed, addressing myself to him, "have you already forgotten our conversation yesterday? Have you not considered what I told you, that it is a crime to exercise self-revenge; that we should commit the punishment of the guilty to God and the established authorities, as we have to commit the termination of all this wretchedness and misery to them?" and such other short and convincing observations as occurred to me at the moment, speaking always in a loud and vehement tone. The man, who recognised me at once, stepped back; the child clung close to his father, and smiled over to me; the people had moved back, and left the place freer, and the passage through the bar was again unobstructed. The two figures on horseback scarcely knew what to do. I had penetrated a considerable way among the crowd; the man rode up to me, and said he wished to know my name, to know whom he

was to thank for such an important service; he would never forget it, and only regretted he could make no return. His pretty companion also approached me, and warmly thanked me. I answered that I had done nothing but my duty, and maintained the peace and sacredness of the place; I gave them a hint, and they moved on. The crowd had now been diverted from their thoughts of vengeance, and remained quiet; had it been thirty paces further, nobody could have hindered them. But such is always the case; he who has overcome one difficulty, finds the others vanish before him. *Chi scampa d' un punto, scampa di mille.*

On returning, after my adventure, to my friend Gore, he exclaimed, in his broken French: "What, in the name of wonder, is the matter with you? you might easily have burnt your fingers in such an affair as that." "I had no such fear," I replied; "and do not you yourself find it better that I have succeeded in keeping order before the house? How would it have looked, if every thing were lying in confusion before us, exciting evil passions, and doing no good to any body; supposing even that the fellow has carried away what does not belong to him?"

Whilst this was passing, the French continued to march quietly away beneath our win-

dows; the crowd, having lost their interest in the sight, dispersed; those who could find a way, stole into the town, to seek out the friends they had left behind; to collect their goods and chattels, and enjoy them again. But a more powerful motive was, the very pardonable desire to punish their hated enemies the Clubbists and Committee-men, against whom they kept uttering threats of vengeance as they went along.

My good friend Gore would not yet understand how I could have risked so much for the sake of an unknown and perhaps criminal person. I pointed always, jestingly, to the clean space before the house, and said at last, rather impatiently: "The fact is, it is part of my nature; I would rather commit an injustice than suffer disorder."

The 26th and 27th of July. On the 26th we were able, with some friends, to ride on horseback into the town. Here we found the most lamentable state of things. Ashes and ruins were all that was left of what it had cost centuries to build up. Placed in the finest situation in the world, the city had been the receptacle of the wealth of provinces, and here the Church had sought to establish and increase what her servants possessed. The mind became distracted at such a sight—a much more melan-

choly one than that of a town burnt down by accident.

In the absence of police regulations, a collection of all kinds of filth and offal was mingled with the ruins; traces of pillage were perceptible every where—the miserable consequence of the enmity of fellow-townsmen. High walls and spires stood threatening to topple over. But why should I give any further description, after the enumeration of the different buildings as they successively exploded? From old predilection, I hastened to the deanery, which always floated before my mind as a little architectural paradise; the portico was still standing entire; but I came only too soon amongst the ruins of the beautiful vaulted roofs, which had fallen in; the wire grates of the skylight windows were strewed about; here and there some remnant of old splendour and beauty was to be seen; and this model of architecture was destroyed for ever. All the buildings in the same square had met the same fate: it was the night of the 27th of June in which the destruction of these splendid edifices illuminated the district.

I then arrived in the neighbourhood of the Castle, to which all access was forbidden. Wooden erections built up against the walls indicated the desecration of the princely dwelling; in the square in front of it a confused

heap of cannon were standing, which had been disabled, partly by the enemy, and partly by too great a strain upon their own power.

As many a noble building, with all its contents, had been destroyed by hostile violence from without, so also had much destruction ensued from the violence, barbarity, and wantonness of internal foes. The Ostheim palace was still standing entire, but it had been turned into a tailor's workshop, and soldiers and sentries had taken up their quarters in it. It was a wretched spectacle. The halls were strewed with rags and tatters, and the marble walls defaced with hooks and nails stuck in them, upon which arms were hanging, with others ranged against them.

The College buildings appeared in their old state, except that a bullet had broken the windows of Sömmering's lodgings. I found him there, not exactly at home again, for the handsome apartments had been shamefully treated by their wild occupants. They had not been satisfied with destroying the clean blue paper on the walls, as high up as they could reach whilst standing on the floor; but they must have used ladders, or tables and chairs placed above one another, to defile the rooms with lard and other greasy substances as high as the roof. They were the same rooms in which

we had sat together so happily the year before, to our mutual instruction and amusement. But, to console Sömmering for what he had lost, he found his cellar unopened, and his apparatus, which had been placed there for security, quite uninjured. We paid a visit to it, and were led from it into an instructive conversation.

A proclamation of the new governor had been published; and I found that it spoke the same sentiments, and almost the same words, as I had used to the hairdresser. All self-revenge was forbidden; the right, according to it, of distinguishing between good citizens and bad belonged alone to the true sovereign of the country on his return. This order was very necessary; for, in the sudden dissolution of authority caused by the truce a few days before, the most daring of the citizens pressed back into the town, leading on the attacks on the Clubbists' houses, and exciting the newly-arrived soldiers to plunder them. The order was very properly couched in the mildest terms, to conciliate the justly exasperated feelings of the deeply-injured inhabitants.

It is difficult to quiet a mob which has once been excited. Even in our presence irregularities took place. The soldiers would go into a shop, demand tobacco, and whilst it was weigh-

ing out, would seize upon the whole supply. Our officers had to run to the rescue of the distressed citizens, and succeeded in bringing us gradually out of the disorder and confusion.

During one of our rambles, we found an old woman standing at the door of a mean house, which was almost buried underground. We expressed our surprise that she had returned so soon, and were told that she had never gone away, although she had been ordered to leave the town. "The fools came to me also," she said, "with their gaudy scarfs, ordering and threatening me; but I told them the truth to their faces; God, I said, will preserve me, poor woman as I am, in my hut, in life and honour, long after I have seen you overwhelmed with disgrace and shame. I told them to go elsewhere with their buffooneries. They were afraid my cries might raise the neighbours, and left me in peace. And so I have remained here the whole time, partly in the cellar, and partly in the open air; supporting myself upon little, and am still alive to praise God, whilst with them it will now fare badly."

She then pointed to a house at the corner of the street, to shew how near the danger had been. It was one of the better class of houses, and we could see into the corner room on the ground-floor; and a strange sight it was! Here,

for many years, had stood an old collection of curiosities, consisting of figures in porcelain and bildstein, china cups, plates, dishes, and all kinds of vessels; works in amber and ivory, and other carved and turnery ware; objects formed of moss and straw, and such other things as are usually found in such collections. These could now be recognised only by the fragments which were strewed about; for a bomb, forcing its way downwards through all the upper stories, had burst in this room; the terrific explosion, whilst overturning every thing within, drove out the windows; the wire gratings, which formed the inside screen, were also driven out, and were now seen distended through the iron stanchions. The good woman assured us, that when this explosion took place, she had given herself up for lost.

We dined at a large table-d'hôte, where, in the confusion and hubbub, we thought it best to remain silent. It was strange to hear the musicians requested to play the Marseillaise hymn and *ça ira;* all the persons present seeming to take a part in it, and enjoying it.

In strolling further about the town, we could scarcely recognise the place where the Favorite had stood. In August of the previous year, a splendid garden was seen on this spot; terraces, orangeries, and fountains, forming a delightful

retreat, close to the waters of the Rhine. Here were the green walks, on which, as the gardener related, the Elector had entertained the great generals, with all their attendants, at innumerable tables, with endless quantities of damask table-linen and silver plate. Such recollections only increased the melancholy excited by its present aspect.

The neighbouring Carthusian monastery had also well-nigh disappeared from sight: the walls of these buildings had been immediately demolished, to apply the stones to the construction of the Weissenau entrenchment. The convent was still recognisable in its ruins, but too much damaged to be again restored.

I accompanied my friends Gore and Krause to the citadel. Here stood Drusus' monument, very much in the same state as when I sketched it in my boyish days, and it was still uninjured, in spite of the fire-balls that must have whistled past or struck it.

Mr. Gore immediately placed his camera obscura upon the ramparts, with the view of making a sketch of the whole town, disfigured as it was by the siege. This succeeded completely in the centre, where the cathedral stood, and the adjacent parts, but not so well towards the sides; as may still be seen in his beautifully arranged posthumous sheets.

We then turned our steps towards Cassel. On the Rhine bridge we breathed again freely, as in days of old, and persuaded ourselves into the belief that those times might once more return. During the siege, operations had been ceaselessly carried on in order to strengthen the fortifications of Cassel; we found a trough of fresh lime and bricks, and an unfinished place that had been abandoned by the workmen; after the announcement of the truce and surrender of the town, every thing had been left standing in its place.

A singular and melancholy spectacle was presented by the abattis round the Cassel entrenchments; it was constructed of the fruit-trees in the neighbourhood, which had all been cut down for this purpose. Being sawed off by the roots, and the tender outer branches lopped off, the summits were dove-tailed into each other, and in this way an impenetrable outer bulwark was erected; they appeared to be trees which had been planted at the same time, to have flourished under like favourable circumstances, and were now used for hostile purposes, and devoted to destruction.

We could not long abandon ourselves to these melancholy reflections; for the landlord of the inn and his wife, and every inhabitant we met, forgetting apparently their own sorrows,

assailed us with endless details of the sufferings of the citizens of Mentz, expelled from their homes, and tossed about between domestic and foreign foes. For it was not war alone, but the madness and folly of misguided men amongst themselves, that had brought about this state of things.

It was some relief to us to listen to the accounts of the many heroic actions that were related of the brave townspeople. At first the bombardment was regarded as an unavoidable evil; the destructive power of the combustible balls seemed too great, the impending destruction too certain, to allow of any hope of successfully opposing it; but, better acquainted with the danger, at last they resolved to encounter it; the attempts to extinguish with water the bombs which fell in the houses, gave occasion to many a bold adventure; miracles were related of heroines who had saved themselves and others in this way. But we had to lament the destruction also of many brave and worthy men. An apothecary and his son were killed in an operation of this kind.

Whilst lamenting the calamities endured, and congratulating ourselves on their final conclusion, we could not at the same time help wondering that the fortress had not made a longer resistance. In the vaults under the

nave of the cathedral, which were uninjured, a great number of untouched flour-sacks were found, and other provisions were spoken of, with an exhaustless supply of wine. It was therefore supposed that the last revolution in Paris, which had placed in power the party to which the commissioners at Mentz belonged, had been the real cause of the early surrender of the fortress. Merlin von Thionville, Reubel, and the rest, wished to be in Paris now, where, after the defeat of their opponents, they had no longer any thing to fear, and an immensity to gain. They wanted, it was thought, first of all to establish themselves firmly in power, take possession of the important places in the government, and acquire large fortunes; then to take advantage of the foreign wars, and, during the continued success of their armies, again take the field to excite the popular sentiment, and try to regain possession of Mentz, and many other places besides.

No body could wish to remain amidst such devastation and ruin. The King with the guards took their departure first; the regiments followed. Further participation in the miseries of war was not required of me: I received permission to return home; but proceeded before doing so to pay another visit to Mannheim.

My first proceeding was to wait upon his

Royal Highness Prince Louis Ferdinand, whom I found in good spirits, lying on a sofa, but not quite at his ease, as his wound hindered him from lying comfortably: he could not conceal his desire of returning as soon as possible to the theatre of operations.

Afterwards I had a pleasant little adventure in the inn. I sat at one end of the long, crowded table-d'hôte, the gentleman-in-waiting on the King, Von Rietz, at the other,—a large, well-made, strong, broad-shouldered man; just such a figure as you would expect to find in the attendant of Frederick William. He and the persons nearest him had been speaking and laughing very loud, and now rose in high spirits to leave the table. Herr Rietz came up to me, bowed to me, and expressed the pleasure he felt in being able at length to make my acquaintance, which he had long desired, added something flattering to me, and then said, he hoped I would pardon him, but he had a personal interest in thus meeting me. He had been told that men of talent and genius were always small and lean, and looked sickly and ill-natured; of which examples enough had been produced. This had always annoyed him; for he believed himself to be not altogether a blockhead, although he was healthy and strong, and stoutly built; he was delighted, however, to find, that I was a man

who had also some flesh on my bones, without being considered the less a genius for that. This gave him great pleasure, and he wished us both a lengthened enjoyment of our health and strength.

I replied in equally courteous terms; he shook me by the hand; and it was some consolation for me to find that, as the honest Lieutenant-colonel at Mentz had avoided me probably because he did not find me the ill-natured looking person he expected, I had now been honoured for quite an opposite reason.

At Heidelberg, in the house of my old faithful friend Fraülein Delf, I met my brother-in-law and schoolfellow Schlosser. We discussed many things together, and he too had to endure a lecture on my doctrine of colours. He listened attentively and good-naturedly to what I said, although he could not give up the way of thinking in which he had fixed himself; and made it an indispensable condition to his going further, that I should tell him how far my treatment agreed with the theory of Euler, to which he was attached. I had unfortunately to confess, that, in my proceeding, I had never inquired about that; and that the only thing which concerned me was, to collect innumerable facts, to arrange them, to discover their relationship and position towards each other, and make them in-

telligible to myself and others. This, however, as I could shew him but few experiments, he could not quite understand.

The great difficulty of such an undertaking being apparent, I shewed him a paper I had written during the siege, in which I pointed out how an association of different men might work together, and each contribute his assistance, according to his opportunities and capacity, to the success of such an undertaking. I had laid claim to the assistance of philosophers, naturalists, mathematicians, painters, mechanists, dyers, and heaven knows how many others: all this he listened to with patience, as a general description of my plan; but when I proposed to read the essay to him, he begged to be excused, and laughed at me, saying, that I was still a child and novice, to imagine that any body would join me in any undertaking in which I took an interest, that any body would approve of or adopt the plans of another, or that joint co-operation in any object whatever could take place in Germany.

He expressed himself upon other subjects in the same way as he did upon this. He had no doubt suffered and undergone much, both as a man of business and an author; and, with his earnest character, he had shut himself out from the world, and renounced those happy delusions,

to which others abandon themselves often w
the best effect. But it produced the most
pleasant impression on me to find that, on
turning from the horrors of a state of war
the peaceful occupations of private life, I co
not so much as hope that any body would ta
an interest in an undertaking which occupi
me so much, and which I believed useful a
interesting to the whole world.

This again excited the old Adam with
me; inconsiderate assertions, paradoxical pr
positions, and ironical arguments, soon occ
sioned apprehension and uneasiness to m
friends: Schlosser defended himself with grea
vehemence against such attacks; our hostes
knew not what to make of either of us; and by
her means my departure took place sooner than
was intended; but she managed to prevent it
appearing precipitate.

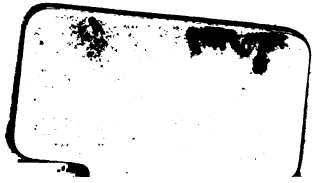
Of my stay in Frankfort I have little to say,
and just as little of the remainder of my jour-
ney home. At the close of the year, and be-
ginning of the following one, nothing was
spoken or thought of but the atrocities of a
half-savage nation intoxicated with victory.
But quite a new kind of life was in store for
me. The Duke of Weimar, at the close of the
campaign, left the Prussian service; the lament-
ations of the regiment were great amongst all

ranks: they lost a commander, a prince, an adviser, a benefactor, and a father, all at the same time. I also had suddenly to separate from many excellent men, between whom and myself a strong attachment had sprung up; and we parted, not without tears from the best. Veneration for our matchless Prince had brought us together, and bound us to each other; and we felt as if we ourselves were lost, when renouncing his guidance and our agreeable and rational intercourse with each other. The country around Aschersleben, the Harz, so conveniently visited from thence, appeared lost to me; and I have never since penetrated to any great distance within it.

We will therefore conclude, and not touch further upon the great events of the time, or the wild sea of troubles, which, after threatening us for twelve years, at length broke in, and nearly swallowed us up.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.



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